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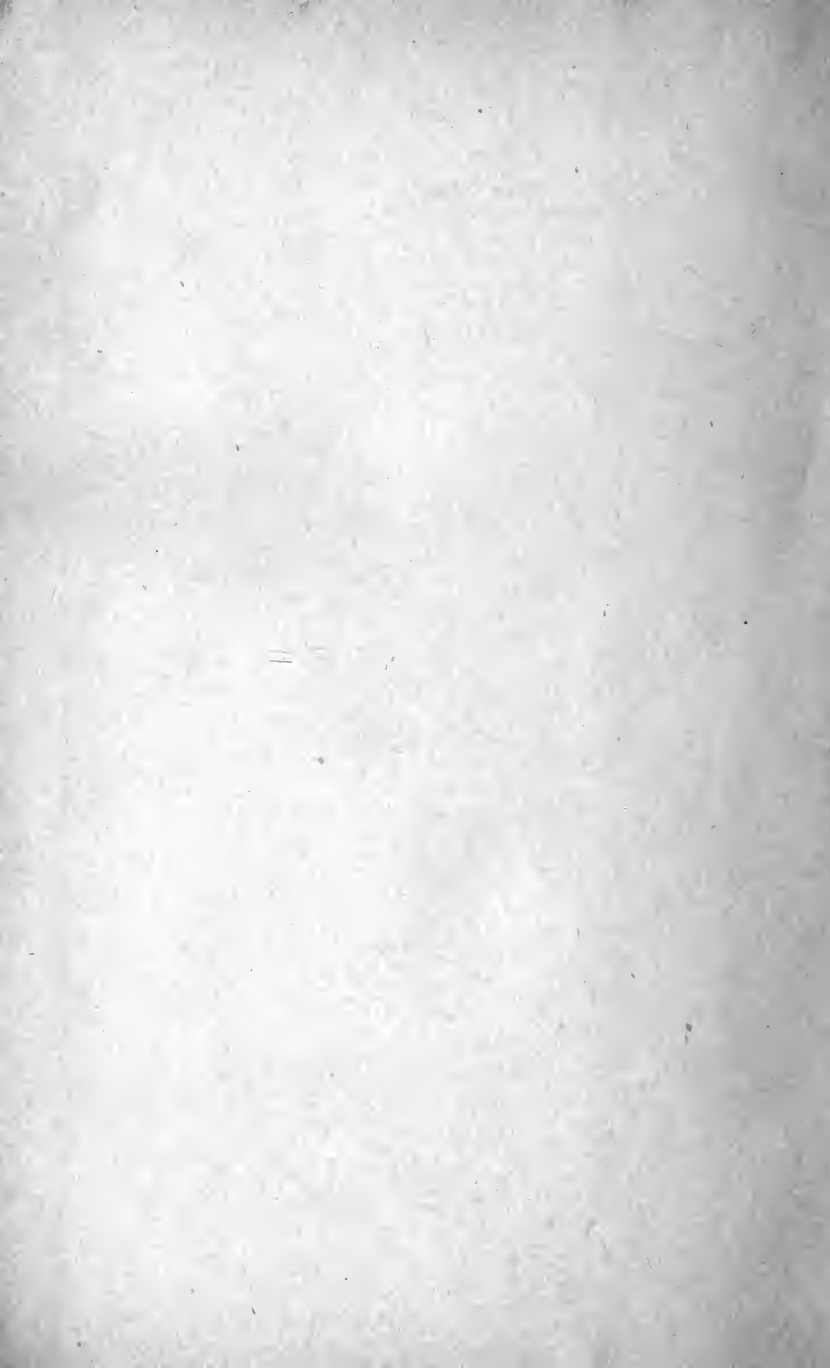
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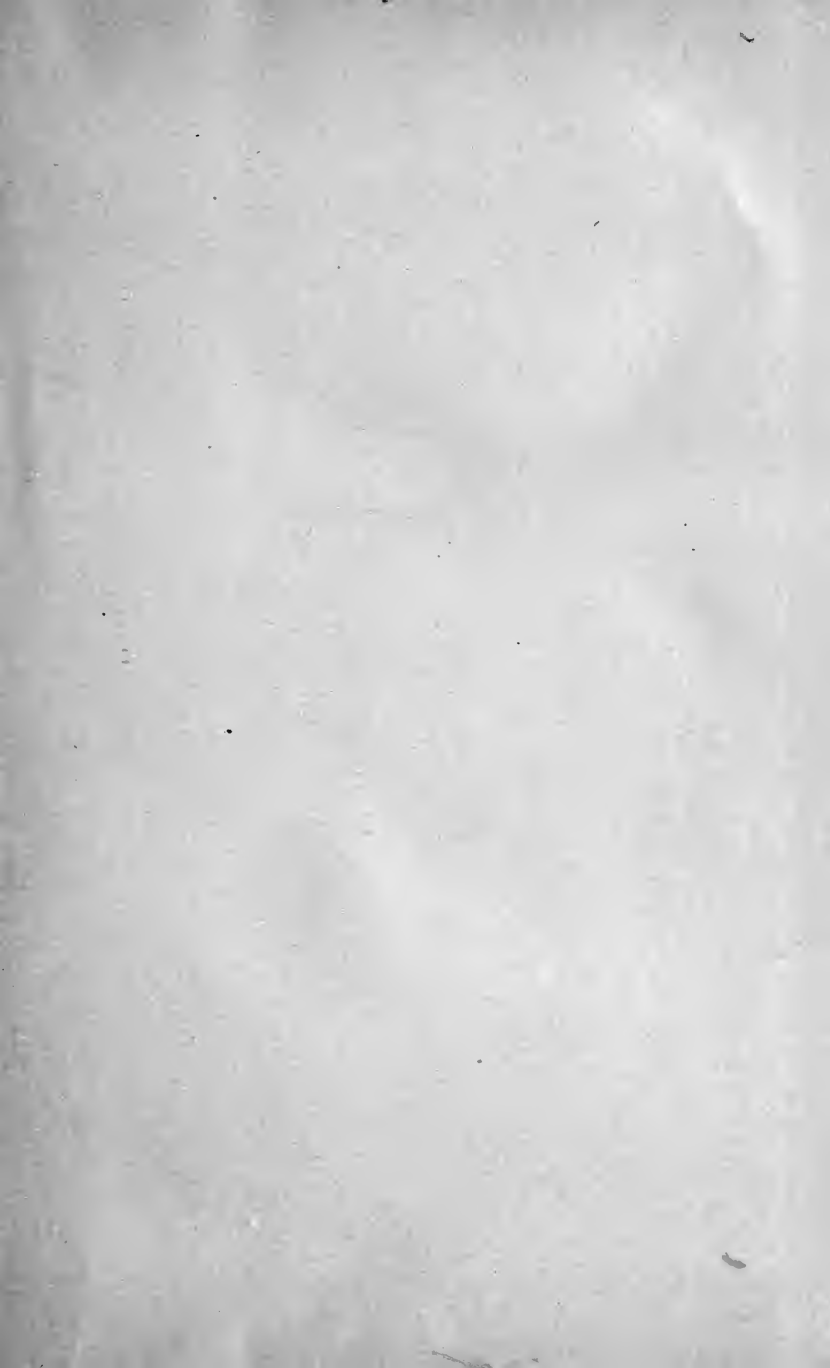
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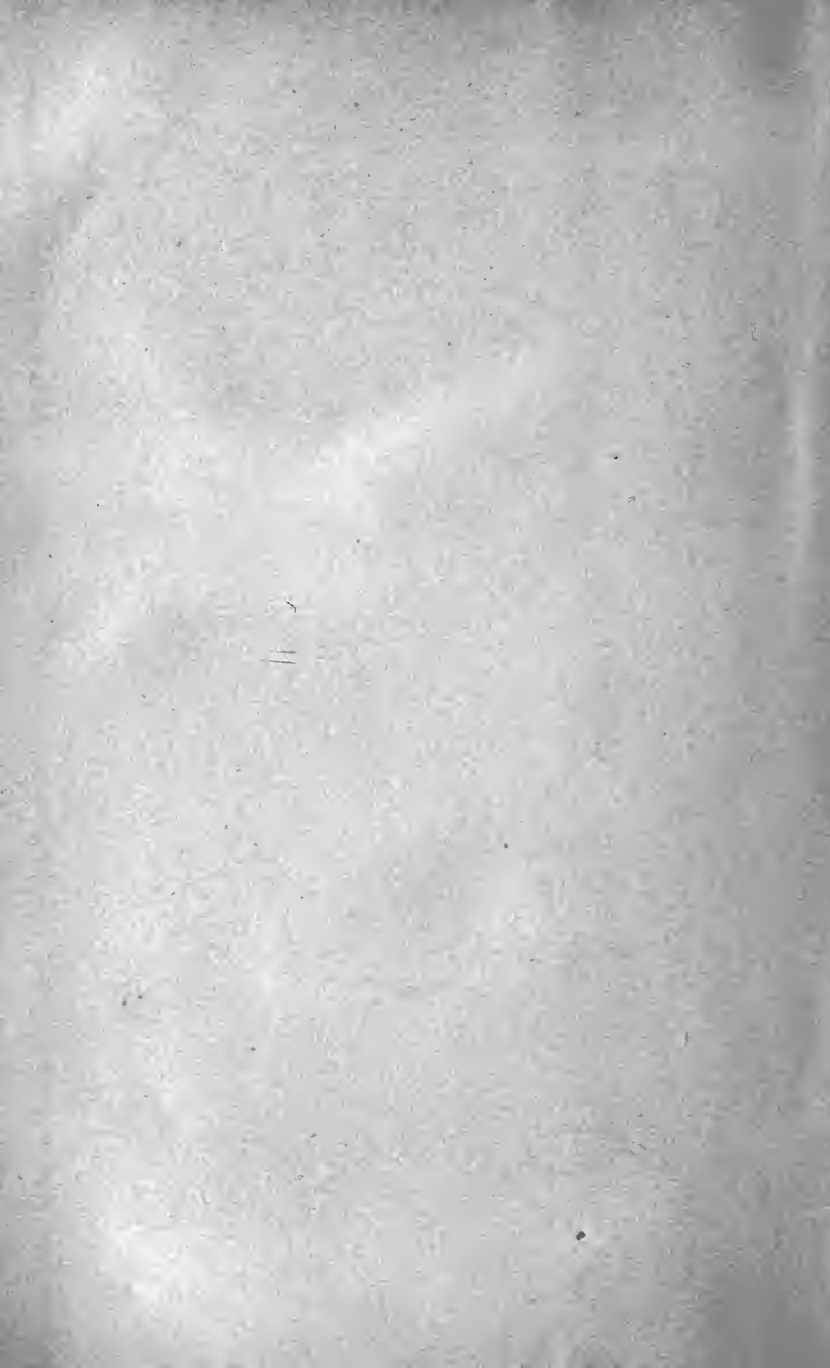
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BY

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AUTHOR OF "QUABBIN" "HANDBOOKS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE"

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First Series

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TO
WILLARD SMALL

IN TOKEN OF RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER, TALENT,
AND LEARNING.

M.E.W. 25 S'17

P R E F A C E.

THIS is a new book, written in the light of to-day, with the added experience of twenty years, — in which, however, certain obvious and unchanged judgments, copied from a former work, are incorporated.

In 1870-1872 were published two "Hand-Books of English Literature," prepared by the author of this work, — one of them devoted to British, the other to American, authors. They were welcomed by school-committees, teachers, and the reading public, and have continued in favor. They were made up of short biographical and critical notices of authors, with specimens of the writings of each. At present in some places, especially in cities, and in institutions of the higher grades, when an author is studied it is usual to consider his complete, or at least some one of his principal, Works rather than to depend upon selected passages. Where this usage prevails, the "Hand-Book" is wanted only for the prefatory notices. As these notices have been generally and warmly commended, it was felt that they should be

collected, and made to include later writers, so as to form a work for use in schools and libraries, as well as for private readers. It was determined, therefore, to revise these notices and to make a fuller collection, without specimens of style; but it was soon found that it would require two volumes of convenient size to give a fair estimation of authors up to date. This volume, therefore, ends with authors born before 1826.

In the course of twenty years some changes have occurred in literary rank and reputation, as well as in the public taste, and, naturally, some in the writer's own mind. The "Hand-Book" contains some authors who were primarily statesmen, and not literary builders, who are therefore omitted from this work. Some few able writers who before were passed by are now included. The critical estimates have all been reconsidered, and most of them are newly written. In some there will be seen a fuller or warmer appreciation than before; in others the tone is cooler and more judicial. The literary firmament does not remain the same from age to age: some stars grow brighter, while others are becoming dim.

As in the case of the brief sketches, the Historical Introduction, copied in part from the former "Hand-Book," has been newly written in view of the ideas and tastes of to-day.

There may be exceptions taken as to some of the literary estimates in this work, for no one mind is

equal to the task of awarding exact justice to so many different authors as are here considered. The reader will soon recognize the notions and tastes of the writer in regard to the excellences of prose, and to the divine qualities of poetry. Upon the substantial agreement of those notions with the trained perceptions and judgments of the literary world will depend the reception of this book.

The accounts of our elder authors—to use a mercantile phrase—have been generally passed upon, and not many of them are likely to be brought up anew. Some of them, undoubtedly, will in the course of another twenty years be mere names, while a few will continue to gain in lustre. In the end a dozen, or at most a score, of authors will represent this age.

It is in the next volume, which is to comprise authors born in and since 1825, that the real difficulty is to come. Fiction, poetry, history, Nature-essays, and the æsthetic aspects of science will demand of their critic fresh studies, will open before him new horizons, and lead to the evolution of new principles. For our age has almost completely broken with the past: the end of the century will be the end of continuity. What the next is to bring we cannot tell; but whatever comes will be a surprise. There will be no successor to the Autocrat, the “Scarlet Letter,” the “Knickerbocker,” “Thanatopsis,” “The Problem,” “Hiawatha,” “Walden

Pond," "The Eternal Goodness," "The Cathedral," "Philip II." "The Dutch Republic," or "Wolfe and Montcalm." These, and a few works like them, have eternal elements in them, though they belong to the age now closing. Let us hope that the outcome of the literary activity of the coming generation will be as honorable, as uplifting, and as lasting as that of the past has been.

F. H. U.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION	I
JONATHAN EDWARDS. Theologian, 1703-1758	40
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Philosopher, 1706-1790	44
JOHN ADAMS. Statesman, 1735-1826	47
THOMAS JEFFERSON. Statesman, 1743-1826	49
JOHN TRUMBULL. Poet, 1750-1831	51
TIMOTHY DWIGHT. Poet, 1752-1817	52
JOEL BARLOW. Poet, 1755-1812	53
ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Statesman, 1757-1804	55
FISHER AMES. Jurist and Essayist, 1758-1808	57
JOSIAH QUINCY. Statesman and Historian, 1772-1864	59
WILLIAM WIRT. Advocate, 1772-1834	60
JAMES KIRKE PAULDING. Novelist, 1779-1860	62
WASHINGTON ALLSTON. Poet, 1779-1843	64
JOHN JAMES AUDUBON. Naturalist, 1780-1851	66
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Theologian and Essayist, 1780- 1842	67
DANIEL WEBSTER. Statesman, 1782-1852	69
WASHINGTON IRVING. Essayist, 1783-1859	73
JOHN PIERPONT. Poet, 1785-1866	78
RICHARD HENRY DANA. Poet, 1787-1879	81

	PAGE
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Novelist, 1789-1851	82
CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK. Novelist, 1789-1867	85
LYDIA (HUNTLEY) SIGOURNEY. Poet, 1791-1865	86
CHARLES SPRAGUE. Poet, 1791-1875	87
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Poet, 1794-1878	88
EDWARD EVERETT. Orator, 1794-1865	91
JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. Poet, 1795-1820	95
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. Poet, 1795-1867	96
JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY. Novelist, 1795-1870	97
JAMES GATES PERCIVAL. Poet, 1795-1857	98
JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. Historian, 1796-1881 :	100
HORACE MANN. Educator, 1796-1859	102
WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. Historian, 1796-1859	103
FRANCIS WAYLAND. Preacher, 1796-1865	106
WILLIAM WARE. Historical Romancer, 1797-1852	107
GEORGE BANCROFT. Historian, 1800-1891	108
GEORGE PERKINS MARSH. Philologist, 1801-1882	112
THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY. Preacher, 1801-1889	113
HORACE BUSHNELL. Preacher, 1802-1876	115
MARK HOPKINS. Theologian, 1802-1887	117
LYDIA MARIA CHILD. Novelist, 1802-1880	118
RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Poet and Essayist, 1803-1882 . .	120
ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON. Theologian, 1803-1876 . .	125
ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD. Novelist, 1803-1854	126
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Romancer, 1804-1864	127
FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE. Scholar, 1805-1890	131
WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS. Novelist, 1806-1870	133
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Poet, 1807-1882	135

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS. Poet, 1807-1867	140
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Poet, 1807-1892	143
RICHARD HILDRETH. Historian, 1807-1865	147
EDMUND QUINCY. Reformer, 1808-1877	149
GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD. Essayist, 1808-1879	150
EDWARDS A. PARK. Preacher, 1808	151
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Poet, Essayist, and Novelist, 1809	152
ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP. Statesman, 1809	157
JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Theologian, 1810-1888	159
MARGARET FULLER. Critic, 1810-1850	161
THEODORE PARKER. Theologian, 1810-1860	164
EDGAR ALLAN POE. Poet, 1811-1849	167
GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. Historian, 1811-1883	171
ALFRED BILLINGS STREET. Poet, 1811-1881	172
NOAH PORTER. Metaphysician, 1811-1886	174
WENDELL PHILLIPS. Orator, 1811-1884	175
CHARLES SUMNER. Statesman, 1811-1874	178
ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY. Preacher, 1811-1893	181
JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER. Scientist, 1811-1882	183
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Novelist, 1812	184
CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH. Poet, 1813-1892	187
HENRY WARD BEECHER. Preacher, 1813-1887	189
JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT. Essayist, 1813	192
CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS. Poet, 1813-1883	194
SYLVESTER JUDD. Novelist, 1813-1853	195
HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN. Critic, 1813-1871	197
EPES SARGENT. Dramatist and Editor, 1813-1880	199
JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. Historian, 1814-1877	201

	PAGE
GEORGE EDWARD ELLIS. Historical writer, 1814	205
RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr. Jurist, etc., 1815-1882	207
JOHN GODFREY SAXE. Poet, 1816-1887	209
PARKE GODWIN. Essayist, 1816	210
ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL. Novelist and Poet, 1816- 1891	211
HENRY DAVID THOREAU. Essayist, 1817-1862	213
JAMES THOMAS FIELDS. Editor and Poet, 1817-1881	217
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Poet and Essayist, 1819-1891	218
WILLIAM WETMORE STORY. Poet, 1819	225
EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE. Critic, 1819-1886	227
JULIA WARD HOWE. Poet, 1819	228
THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Poet, 1819-1892	230
JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND. Novelist and Poet, 1819-1881	231
HERMAN MELVILLE. Traveller, 1819-1891	233
WALT WHITMAN. Poet, 1819-1892	235
ALICE CARY. Poet, 1820-1871	238
JAMES PARTON. Biographer, 1822	239
EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Historian and Story Writer, 1822	243
THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Poet, 1822-1872	245
RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Editor of Shakespeare, 1822-1885	247
DONALD GRANT MITCHELL. Essayist, 1822	248
OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM. Essayist and Biographer, 1822	250
FRANCIS PARKMAN. Historian, 1823	252
GEORGE HENRY BOKER. Poet, 1823-1890	255
WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Preacher and Essayist, 1823	256
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Essayist, 1823	259

CONTENTS.

xiii

	PAGE
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Essayist, 1824-1892	261
CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. Translator, Humorist, etc., 1824	264
WILLIAM T. ADAMS. Author of Juvenile Novels, 1822	266
BENJAMIN WEST BALL. Poet, 1823	269
ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY. Novelist, 1824	272
THOMAS STARR KING. Preacher, 1824-1864	273
BAYARD TAYLOR. Traveller and Poet, 1825-1877	275
JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY DORR. Poet and Novelist, 1825	279
JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER. Traveller, 1825	281
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Poet, 1825	283

ADDENDA	285
INDEX	301

THE BUILDERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

THE history of literature in the United States is naturally divided into three periods, corresponding with the various stages of the political, commercial, and social progress of the country: 1. The Colonial period, from the first settlements to near the middle of the eighteenth century. 2. The Revolutionary period, from the first awakening of the spirit of independence to the successful issue of the struggle and the peaceful close of the administration of Washington. 3. The period of national development in which we are now living.

For many and obvious reasons the Colonial period was not favorable to literature. All the energies of the early settlers were taxed to establish comfortable homes, meeting-houses, and school-houses; to secure the means of subsistence, and to protect themselves from hostile savages.

For the beginnings we must look to Massachusetts; the conditions in the other colonies will be referred

to later. The few letters sent to friends in Old England, the preachers' occasional discourses, and the homely annals kept by secretaries and magistrates were the principal intellectual performances for a generation. (Not that there was any lack of ability and learning, — the settlers of Boston in particular included many well-educated men; but only the clergy had leisure for literary culture, and they were, for the most part, so occupied with the duties of their calling that they wrote few books of general interest. It was truly a "church militant" that ruled in New England. Controversy was the means and end of education. The feet of the doubter or debater (on the wrong side) were sooner or later made acquainted with the stocks, or with the lonely ways that led into the un pitying wilderness, or to the haunts of the white man's mortal foe.

The department of dramatic literature, at that time the most prolific of any in the language, was avoided and reprobated by the Puritans. The stage was regarded as unchristian, and all its literature was under ban. Prose fiction had not then been created; science was but just dawning, and the powerful influence it was to exert on letters was then unsuspected. A little reflection will show that these causes were sufficient to confine the efforts of writers in a comparatively narrow compass; and it is not to be forgotten that religion had a constant and an overwhelming interest, especially with educated men, so that all other topics seemed trivial and barren in comparison.

Therefore let us be just to the memory of the

fathers of Massachusetts. They had their task, and they accomplished it. Let us own that the very unloveliness of their temper, the severity of their discipline, and their disdain of sentiment were indispensable to the great work of founding the colonies on an enduring basis; and that if they had come here to indite poems and romances, to dream of Utopias and Arcadias, and to dance around Maypoles, their mention in history would have been a brief one, and their place in the respect of mankind far different from what it now is.

There were other influences unfavorable to the growth of literature, which affected not only New England, but the other colonies as well. There were few libraries, scanty means for the communication of ideas, and a want of literary centres. These indispensable conditions could come only with the accumulation of wealth, the establishment of social order, and the opportunity for leisure. But the greatest obstacle was in the very condition of the people as colonists. They were Englishmen, but without a country. They had left the society, traditions, and history which made them proud of their lineage, and they had nothing, so far, as a substitute for these sources of inspiration.

Our early literature is interesting only to antiquarians and students of church history; there were few books written in America during the seventeenth century which the readers of our day, especially the younger ones, would peruse, except as a task. This is set down with a knowledge of the value of Win-

throp's Journal and Letters, of Bradford's History of the Plymouth Colony, of Wood's New England Prospect, of Cotton Mather's laborious ecclesiastical history, of Ward's quaint pamphlet, and some other works, as foundations.

The first book printed in America was the Bay Psalm Book, compiled by the apostle Eliot, aided by Rev. Richard Mather and Rev. Thomas Weld. The work was done by Stephen Daye, in 1640, at Cambridge, on a press set up in the house of the college president. He was remembered for his work by the government. In the Records of the Colony, December, 1641, may be seen an order in these words: "Stephen Daye, being the first that set upon printing, is allowed three hundred acres of land where it may be convenient, without prejudice to any town." Not much can be said in favor of the poetry of the Bay Psalm Book. The verses have but little grace, and less melody. As a sample of

"The stretchèd metre of an antique song,"

we give some lines, in which David bewails his desolate condition:—

(From Psalm lxxxviii.)

Thy fierce wrath over mee doth goe,
thy terrors they doe mee dismay,
Encompasse mee about they doe,
close mee together all the day.
Lover & friend a far thou hast
removed off away from mee,
& mine acquaintance thou hast cast
into darksom obscuritee.

(From Psalm civ.)

For beaſts hee makes the graſſe to grow,
herbs alſo for mans good :
that hee may bring out of the earth
what may be for their food :
Wine alſo that mans heart may glad,
& oyle their face to bright :
and bread which to the heart of man
may it ſupply with might.
Gods trees are ſappy : his planted
Cedars of Lebanon :
Where birds doe neſt : as for the Storke,
Firres are her manſion.
The wilde Goates refuge are the hills :
rocks Conies doe incloſe.
The Moone hee hath for ſeaſons ſet,
the Sun his ſetting knows.

Not more than half a dozen copies of the original edition of this book are known to be extant.

The Journal and Letters of Governor Winthrop are more interesting in matter and more simple and effective in manner than any works that have been preserved of this period. The Journal is at once a history of the church, town, and colony. We give, in modern spelling, a short specimen from his defence, made after the election of Governor Thomas Dudley: —

“ The great questions that have troubled the country are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. It is yourselves that have called us to this office; and, being called by you, we have our authority from God, in the way of an ordinance such as hath the image of God eminently

stamped upon it, the contempt and violation whereof hath been vindicated with examples of divine vengeance. I entreat you to consider, that when you choose magistrates you take them from among yourselves, men subject to like passions as you are. Therefore when you see infirmities in us you should reflect upon your own; and that would make you bear the more with us, and not be severe censurers of the failings of your magistrates when you have continual experience of the like infirmities in yourselves and others."

His letters contain many beautiful passages. We print an extract from his farewell to his wife, when about starting to this country:—

"It goeth very near my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to him who loves thee much better than any husband can; who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in his bottle; who can, and (if it be for his glory) will, bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living, — that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in and beheld with so great content! . . . Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thy heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband or children. Therefore I will only take thee now and my sweet

children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with my God. Farewell! farewell!"

The "Simple Cobler of Aggawam," by the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich, written in 1645, and printed in London in 1647, is a production very characteristic of the times. It contains a satire upon the prevailing extravagance of women's dress (a theme not wholly obsolete yet), a furious attack upon the toleration of theological errors, some counsel to the English people upon the civil war then beginning, two or three vigorous and sensible letters to King Charles I., and various shots at the Baptists and lesser sectaries that disturbed the serenity of the colony. This is a sentence of his upon allowing freedom of religious opinions: --

"I dare averre that God doth no where in his word tolerate Christian States to give Tolerations to such adversaries of his Truth, if they have power in their hands to suppresse them."

Here is another sentence in the author's favorite style: "Truth does not grow old (*non senescit veritas*). No man ever saw a gray hair on the head or beard of any Truth, wrinkle or morpew on its face; the bed of Truth is green all the year long."

The title of the "Simple Cobler" is a misnomer, for the author is neither simple nor amusing, but is painfully pedantic; his sentences are crammed with Latin, and he delights in barbarous words of his own coining. In striving for wit he seldom gets further than a play upon words. For example, read the following: --

“It is a more common than convenient saying, that nine Taylors make a man; it were well if nineteene could make a woman to her minde: if Taylors were men indeed, well furnished but with meer morall principles, they would disdain to be led about like Apes by such mymick Marmosets. It is a most unworthy thing for men that have bones in them to spend their lives in making fidle-cases for futilous women’s phansies, which are the very pettitoes of infirmity, the gyblets of perquisquilian toys.”

But in spite of all these evident blemishes, the “Simple Cocker” was a vigorous writer, with a power of clear statement, and no lack of forcible illustration. One of his sentences shows that he appreciated the critic’s function. In these days, when the bobolink is reproached because it is not an eagle, it may not be amiss to quote: “It is musick to me to heare every Dity speak its spirit in its apt tune, every breast to sing its proper part, and every creature to expresse itself in its naturall note; should I heare a Mouse roare like a Beare, a Cat lowgh like an Oxe, or a Horse whistle like a Redbreast, it would scare — mee.”

Misstress Anne Bradstreet, daughter of Gov. Thomas Dudley, and wife of Simon Bradstreet, secretary of the colony, wrote a volume of poems that was printed in 1647, and seems to have excited great admiration. Mrs. Bradstreet was a learned woman, and appears to have aimed at putting a compendium of what was known of history, philosophy, and religion into ten-syllabled verse. First comes a dialogue be-

tween “the four elements” personified, — Earth, Air, Fire, and Water; next, one between “the four humors” in the constitution of man, — Choler, Blood, Melancholy, and Phlegm. Then appear “the four ages of man,” “the four seasons of the year,” and “the four monarchies of the world” (the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman). New and Old England next discourse together upon the civil war then arising between the king and the Commons; and then a collection of elegies and epitaphs ends the book.

It would seem that some discussion had taken place, even at that early day, upon the proper sphere of woman, for Mistress Anne says: —

“I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits.
A poet’s pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on Female wits:
If what I do prove well, it won’t advance,
They’ll say it’s stol’n, or else it was by chance.”

We print a few lines from “An Elegie upon that Honourable and renowned Knight, Sir Philip Sidney, who was untimely slain at the Siege of Zutphen, Anno 1586”:—

“When England did enjoy her Halsion dayes,
Her noble *Sidney* wore the Crown of Bayes:
As well an honour to our *British* Land
As she that sway’d the scepter with her hand.
Mars and *Minerva* did in one agree,
Of Arms and Arts he should a pattern be;
Calliope with *Terpsichore* did sing,
Of Poesie and of Musick he was King.

O brave *Achilles*, I wish some *Homer* would¹
Engrave in Marble with Characters of gold
The valiant feats thou didst on *Flander's* coast,
Which at this day fair *Belgia* may boast.
The more I say the more thy worth I stain,
Thy fame and praise are far beyond my strain.
O *Zutphen*, *Zutphen*, that most fatal city,
Made famous by thy death, much more the pity:
Ah, in his blooming prime death pluckt this rose,
Ere he was ripe his thread cut *Atropos*."

It is quite needless to observe that Mrs. Bradstreet's poems are rather hard reading, and that the patient gleaner will find few blossoms among all the briery sheaves.

Let us turn to a great name in New England history, — to Cotton Mather, who above all men was an epitome of the learning, the theological subtilty, the political opinions, and the credulity of the age. His family might almost be called Levitical, since ten members of it within three generations were settled ministers of the gospel in Massachusetts. He was the son of a venerated clergyman, and may be said to have had his nurture and training in the sanctuary. His industry as a writer was amazing, his published works — chiefly sermons and memoirs — being three hundred and eighty-two in number. His principal work is commonly called the "*Magnalia*;" its full title is "*Magnalia Christi Americana*," the meaning of which is best expressed by a paraphrase, — "the great things wrought by Christ for the American

¹ The rhyme would seem to indicate that the sound of *l* in "would" had not then become wholly silent.

church." It contains a detailed account of the settlement of the New England colonies; lives of the governors, other magistrates, and clergy; the principal events in the Indian and French wars; a treatise upon special providences, including a great number of accounts of God's judgments by shipwreck, lightning, and sudden death; and narratives of the trials for witchcraft in Salem and elsewhere.

The general tone of the work makes a painful impression upon the mind; nor is the pervading gloom relieved by the intended amenities of style. Scraps of Latin, Greek, or Hebrew are set in nearly every page. Quotations of heathen poetry are forced into unhappy association with polemical theology, in a way almost to recall Virgil and his fellow Romans from the shades to claim their own; and the narration, though intelligible enough, often hobbles along until the reader fancies himself jolting over some of the dreadful roads that crossed the ancient wilderness. After the fashion of the time, Mather indulges in never-ending quibbles and puns. In his controversy with Mr. Calef, he must shorten his name to *calf*. In mentioning President Oakes, he hopes that gentleman will be transplanted to the heavenly pasture, and he speaks of the students under him as young Druids. Three clergymen came over in the same vessel, named Cotton, Hooker, and Stone. Mather said the people had now something for each of their three great necessities, — *Cotton* for their clothing, *Hooker* for their fishing, and *Stone* for their building. Later on he calls the latter a *gem*, then a *flint*, and then a

loadstone. In the epitaph upon Francis Higginson, the passer-by is admonished to be of this order of *Franciscans*. In the life of Ralph Partridge, we see him hunted by Episcopal beak and claw upon the mountains until he makes a *flight* to America.

As Cotton Mather was a man of uncommon ability and learning, it is a matter of some difficulty to state the reasons why he occupies a place so much lower in literary than in ecclesiastical annals. What is said of him will apply, with some qualification, to other writers of his time. Parables, emblems, and metaphors were the prevailing fashion, both in England and America. To use this pictorial style effectively and with taste requires an instinctive judgment and sense of the fitness of things which few men in a generation possess. Speakers and writers who are in the habit of employing figurative language are apt to leave sentences with lame conclusions, because it is not every illustration that can be carried out to a symmetrical close. The image that rises to the mind is often like that seen by the prophet in vision, of which though the countenance was golden, the feet were of clay.

Michael Wigglesworth was the author of "The Day of Doom," or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment, with a short Discourse about Eternity, and other pieces. This work was very successful at the time, owing more to the subject and to the religious character of the colonists than to the merit of the verses. The style is rugged and tasteless, and if we should give any specimens, even the best, it

might be considered as tending to bring sacred things into ridicule.

Wood's "New England Prospect" is a lively description of the country and its resources, written in both prose and verse. It hardly belongs to our literature, as the author printed it in London in 1634, after a very brief residence in the colony, and it is doubtful whether he ever returned here.

There were many learned and able men among the New England clergy, — such as Thomas Hooker, Thomas Shepard, John Eliot, and John Cotton; but their works belong to the history of theology.

The Plymouth Colony was even less fruitful in literature than the Colony of the Bay. The latter had a very large number of graduates of old Cambridge and Oxford among its magistrates and clergy. But if the settlers of Plymouth were less educated, they were more tolerant, charitable, and amiable. The annals of the Old Colony were written by its governor, William Bradford; later, Nathaniel Morton wrote "New England's Memorial," based on Bradford's History, and including contemporary elegies and anecdotes. Roger Williams, who has the honor of being the first advocate of liberty of conscience, at least in America, was the author of controversial tracts only.

The peculiar genius of the Puritans seems to have attained its highest development in Jonathan Edwards, who was born in East Windsor, Conn., in 1703, graduated at Yale College, and settled as preacher in Northampton, Mass. He was an original metaphysician, equal in sustained power and in clear-sightedness

to any modern investigator. His works are masterpieces of abstract reasoning, written for thinkers, and are as abstruse and technical as treatises upon the higher mathematics.

Thomas Hutchinson was the author of a History of Massachusetts during the period from 1620 to 1691, — a very well written, and in the main trustworthy, work. It was based upon original memoirs, and is regarded as an authority; but, further than that, it calls for no special mention.

In any just account of our literature, the influence of Harvard College must have a prominent place. Founded in 1636 as a seminary for religious teachers, it shared the poverty of the New England colonies in their day of small things; but it grew with their growth, and was ready to act its part on the larger field which spread with the increase of wealth and the demand for higher culture. For the first century its standard of scholarship was not very high, but its influence was constant and cumulative. By the end of the eighteenth century there was an army of its graduates in the learned professions, and every one communicated something of the spirit of his *alma mater* to the society of his neighborhood. Later came Yale, William and Mary, Princeton, and Union colleges, all centres of active influences.

The literary history of the Colony of Virginia does not begin until a later period. The story of its discovery and early settlement was written by the famous Captain John Smith, who was not permanently identi-

fied with its interests, but returned to England. A few expatriated Englishmen of a classical turn amused themselves by making Latin translations, which afterward appeared in London; but there was no printing-press to strike off, no booksellers to publish, no public to read or enjoy literature, in Virginia. Bancroft, under the date of 1674, says: "The generation now in existence were chiefly the fruit of the soil; they were children of the woods, nurtured in the freedom of the wilderness, and dwelling in lonely cottages, scattered along the streams. No newspapers entered their houses; no printing-press furnished them a book. They had no recreations but such as Nature provides in her wilds, no education but such as parents in the desert could give their offspring."

Elsewhere the historian mentions the boast of the governor, Sir William Berkeley, that there was not a printing-press in all Virginia.

In Pennsylvania there was liberty of the press, but the influence of Quakerism was even less favorable to literature than Puritanism had been. And, besides, there was no college like Harvard in Penn's otherwise thriving colony.

In New York the mixed origin of the people, the succession of conflicting governments, and other circumstances, kept back the development of literature until a much later period.

With the growing discontent of the colonies, the literature of the eighteenth century began to assume a new phase. Those who were engaged in manufac-

tures and commerce began to demand freedom of action. The clergy, except the members of the English Church, were universally active in resisting the royal claims over the colonies. The sense of wrong indited petitions to Parliament, and stimulated discussion upon the duties of rulers and the rights of their subjects. Slowly new theories were evolved. Some thinkers, like Jefferson and Paine, had pondered over the doctrines of Rousseau and other French philosophers. Others, like Franklin, Quincy, Otis, and the Adamses, had been applying the reasoning of Hampden and the English patriots to the case of the colonies. It was a period of great intellectual activity, but of activity directed exclusively to one subject. Of general literature, whether history, essay, poem, or story, the country was almost barren. Besides the works of a few well-known writers, and the printed sermons (of which great numbers doubtless remain in country parsonages for future explorers), the intellectual efforts of the period were entirely ephemeral. No report has been preserved of the powerful arguments of John Adams, or of the brilliant speeches of James Otis; and the traditional eloquence of Patrick Henry lives only in imperfect fragments. The energies of men were spent in action. The fancies of the poet and the arts of the rhetorician were laid aside with the scholar's gown. Men lived poems, radiated eloquence, and exemplified philosophy.

The cause of liberty in America was indebted probably more to Thomas Paine than to any writer of the time. His "Common Sense," which was pub-

lished in January, 1776, says Dr. Rush, "burst upon the world with an effect which has rarely been produced by types and paper in any age or country." In December of the same year, when the utmost depression prevailed, the first number of his "Crisis" appeared. The first sentence has been "familiar in our mouths as household words" ever since: "These are the times that try men's souls." This was read at the head of every regiment, and revived the drooping spirits of the troops. The impartial historian must declare that liberty owes nearly as much to the courageous advocacy of Paine as to the military services of Washington.

Unless we feel an interest in the causes that led to the Revolutionary War, and in the arguments by which the patriotic fathers upheld their action, we shall not need to dwell long on this period. As in all times of excitement, ballads, songs, and versified gibes were abundant, and those who are fond of this species of literature will find a collection of them in Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia*. Besides these, there were the verses of Phillis Wheatley, a negro woman, sold as a slave, and educated in Boston, — verses that were remarkable considering the birth and education of the author, but of little positive value to-day. There was one other author who has some claims upon our consideration, — Philip Freneau. He was an active, not to say virulent, political writer, and the author of many poems. His prose works are no longer interesting, and his poems have been so completely eclipsed in later times that they are seldom

read. The "Indian Burying Ground" contains the best lines we have been able to find in his poems:

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep:
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands;
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds and painted bowl,
And venison for a journey drest,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of bone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit;
Yet mark the swelling turf and say,
They do not *lie*, but here they *sit*.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
 (Pale Marian with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
 To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
 In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
 The hunter and the deer — a shade.

And long shall timorous Fancy see
 The painted chief and pointed spear,
And reason's self shall bow the knee
 To shadows and delusions here.

Mention should be made of Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, a man of brilliant parts, devoted to his chosen pursuits, and a master of a beautiful style of writing. He will always share the regard of the world with his great contemporary, Audubon.

The "Federalist" is the name of a series of papers, written chiefly by James Madison and Alexander Hamilton, upon the Constitution of this country. The work is an invaluable one to lawyers and statesmen, and should not be overlooked by the student of history.

The prominent novelist of the last century was Charles Brockden Brown, born in Philadelphia in 1771. He was a man of unquestioned ability, and will have a place in all histories of our literature. His novels, however, are formed upon the model of William Godwin's "Caleb Williams," and, though powerful and absorbing in interest, are at the same time repulsive to the last degree. The hero is always

involved in the meshes of fate, either the witness or the victim of unspeakable atrocities which no human foresight could avert. The influence of such morbid productions is neither exhilarating nor improving, and for that reason we do not include the author in this collection, but refer the reader to the cyclopædias.

William Clifton, born in Philadelphia in 1772, was possessed of fine poetical powers, and has left many agreeable poems, which barely miss excellence. In any full collection he would be sure of a place.

There will always be a charm in the prose of Franklin ; Jefferson will always have some readers ; and students of history may pore over the writings of a few other contemporary authors. But our literature has its real beginning with BRYANT and IRVING. When "Thanatopsis" was printed in the "North American Review," and "The Sketch Book" was printed in New York, the day of commonplace rhymes, and of dull and pedantic essayists, was gone.

It is proper, however, that we should mention the names of a few literary periodicals which were published near the beginning of this century. They do not contain many articles of permanent value, but their influence was powerful in moulding the public taste, and in preparing the way for the authors who were to follow. Among the first, and by far the best, of these early magazines was "The Farmer's Museum," established in Walpole, N. H., in 1793, by Isaiah Thomas and David Carlisle. Among its early contributors was Joseph Dennie, a native of Boston

and a graduate of Harvard College, who in 1796 became the responsible editor, and who called to his aid a circle of the brightest wits and best writers of the time. Royal Tyler, Thomas G. Fessenden, David Everett, and Isaac Story were of the corps. Dennie, among other things, wrote a series of mildly pleasant essays entitled "The Lay Preacher," which were much admired. In 1799 he removed to Philadelphia, and the next year established a literary periodical in that city called "The Port Folio," edited by Oliver Oldschool. This was devoted to *belles lettres* and criticism, and was addressed wholly to cultivated readers. It contained elaborate treatises upon the poems of Gray and others, and many of the poems and epigrams printed in its columns were in French or Spanish. Thomas Moore, who was then sojourning in the United States, contributed original poems for its pages. Dennie died about the end of the year 1811, but "The Port Folio" was continued under the management of other editors until 1827. The essays of "The Lay Preacher" were collected in a volume published at Walpole in 1796, and another edition appeared in Philadelphia in 1817; but the work has now fallen into almost total neglect.

There was an earlier venture, the "American Museum," started in Philadelphia, in 1787, by Matthew Carey, an Irish emigrant. This was a meritorious and useful, periodical, but could hardly be styled literary. It was a repository of old and new matter, chiefly designed for the instruction of the people in domestic economy and in their practical duties under the new

Constitution. The editor, among other things, reprinted Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," Trumbull's "McFingal," and a rather tedious poem by David Humphreys. The undertaking appears to have had the valuable aid of Benjamin Franklin and of Dr. Benjamin Rush. The "Museum" was continued until 1799.

Another magazine was published in Philadelphia from 1803 to 1808, conducted with considerable ability, by the celebrated novelist, Charles Brockden Brown. It was called "The Literary Magazine and American Register." In 1813 "The Analectic Magazine" was begun in Philadelphia, remembered chiefly as being edited by Washington Irving. This was mainly a compilation from foreign sources, although Irving wrote for it several able critical articles and biographies of naval commanders.

Isiaah Thomas, already mentioned in connection with "The Farmer's Museum," published "The Massachusetts Magazine" from 1789 to 1796.

In New York, in 1811, was published "The American Review," edited by Robert Walsh. This was the first quarterly established in this country. It continued for two years only.

One other magazine in this period deserves mention, and that is "The Monthly Anthology," issued in Boston from 1803 to 1811. It was founded by a club (first of the series of Mutual Admiration Societies of the city) purely for the love of literature. It was conducted without reward, and the printer was magnanimously paid by the contributors. It numbered

among its members Rev. William Emerson, father of the essayist and poet, Judge William Tudor, author of the "Life of James Otis," Rev. William E. Channing, the famous preacher and essayist, Richard H. Dana, the poet, Dr. J. C. Warren, Dr. James Jackson, Dr. J. S. J. Gardiner, and others. To this club Boston owes the Athenæum Library and Gallery. There are valuable critical and didactic articles in the "Anthology," but it would not be considered a very brilliant magazine in our day. We give an extract from a poem by Thomas Paine (not the Thomas of the "Age of Reason" and the "Rights of Man," but a Boston Thomas, who afterward had his name changed to Robert Treat Paine, Jr., because he had not, he said, a *Christian* name). The poem was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge in 1797, and the reviewer in the "Anthology," without rating it very high, considered that the poem, on the whole, was the best that had been written in the country at that time.

(From "The Ruling Passion.")

"To fame unknown, to happier fortune born,
The blythe SAVOYARD hails the peep of morn;
And while the fluid gold his eye surveys,
The hoary GLACIERS fling their diamond blaze;
GENEVA'S broad lake rushes from its shores,
ARVE gently murmurs and the rough RHONE roars.
'Mid the cleft ALPS his cabin peers from high,
Hangs o'er the clouds and perches on the sky.
O'er fields of ice, across the headlong flood,
From cliff to cliff he bounds in fearless mood;

While far beneath a night of tempest lies,
Deep thunder mutters, harmless lightning flies;
While far above, from battlements of snow,
Loud torrents tumble on the world below.
On rustic reed he wakes a merrier tune
Than the lark warbles on the *Ides of June*.
Far off let Glory's *clarion* shrilly swell;
He loves the music of his *pipe* as well.
Let shouting millions crown the hero's head,
And PRIDE her tessellated pavement tread;
More happy far, this denizen of air
Enjoys what NATURE condescends to spare;
His days are jocund, undisturbed his nights;
His *spouse* contents him, and his *mule* delights."

A few years later, in 1815, the "North American Review" was established. It was conducted mainly by the coterie that had maintained the "Anthology." The country had become independent and prosperous. Public and private libraries were doing their silent but prodigious work; the tone of public sentiment was hopeful and patriotic. The Review became a leader of public opinion, and promoted the interests of learning and the development of taste. When we remember that most of its early contributors have been active men within the memory of the present generation, and that one of them, Richard H. Dana, Sr., survived until 1879, we shall be sensible of the short space of time in which the bulk of our literature has been created. The venerable Review also survives, like an ancient line-of-battle ship, with a record of brilliant service and a new modern armament.

Let us not be misunderstood. All the libraries and learning, all the literary clubs and reviews in the world, can never produce a work of genius; but they create a literary atmosphere in which genius is nourished, they attract authors and artists to literary centres, and many minds are brought through these influences to a consciousness of their own powers.

As we have before mentioned, Bryant is the earliest of our poets, as Irving is of our prose writers. From the time of their appearance the enumeration of our authors becomes more difficult, and we can mention only a few conspicuous names. With all our disadvantages, and in spite of the absence of an unsatisfactory international copyright law, our literary fields show abundant culture and fruit. It is evident that this is our Elizabethan age, and that the names of our chief poets will be hereafter remembered as the constellation of the nineteenth century. Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, — and in a measure Poe and Whitman, — are already classic on both sides of the Atlantic, and have their assured place in history. There are many others who, if they do not eventually come into the first rank, will have an enduring remembrance. Among elder novelists and romancers the world will not forget Cooper, Hawthorne, or Mrs. Stowe. Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, and Parkman are secure for this age in the fields of their historic labors. Future generations, we like to believe, will turn over the pages of our brilliant essayists such as Thoreau, Higginson,

Whipple, Curtis, and Warner, with the delight we feel in Lamb, Sydney Smith, and Leigh Hunt.

In literature, as in life, there is an ever-moving procession. At the most, we can give only an instantaneous view of living writers and their works, and before the picture can be prepared for exhibition we may find the grouping and perspective all wrong. Immature geniuses have begun to dwindle, and some venerable reputations to grow dim; monuments fondly thought to be more enduring than bronze have begun to crumble; the wisdom we revered is growing obsolete, and the humor we relished has gone, like the expression from poor Yorick's skull; while new men with strange names are coming to take the leading places without the least consideration for the elders whom they crowd into the background. Even while we write, and before the printer has done his work, new poems, new histories, and new travels may be appearing, which will totally disarrange the best-considered estimates of contemporary literature. Some author, inconspicuous hitherto, may blaze with a new and unexpected lustre. The attraction of some great genius may draw the thoughts and emotions of men into new channels, and leave our present favorites in hopeless neglect, until the turn of the tide.

The booksellers tell us that the lifetime of books does not exceed thirty years. (We do not refer to novels and tales, which the public expects fresh daily, like muffins.) It will be in vain to look on their shelves to-day for a volume bearing the date of 1860, unless it is one of the few that have become classic,

in which case it will be catalogued as Vol. — of the Complete Works of ——. If it were only the worthless books that are whelmed in oblivion, there would be some satisfaction in the sure though slow vengeance which overtakes dulness and pretension; but there are notable exceptions. Some of the early poems of Cranch are imaginative, thoughtful, and delicately wrought; and it may surprise the reader to learn that he cannot find a copy of the original volume in any bookstore in America. There are numerous instances of the same kind in our literary history.

It is obvious that our literature has from time to time to a great extent adopted the thought and reflected the changing taste of the mother country. Every English master has been acknowledged here as faithfully as in London. A collection of our articles in chronological order, whether in prose or verse, will hardly need marginal dates, since the style will enable us to fix the period to which it belongs. Even to this day the independence of this country has not been fully achieved so far as literature is concerned. Admirable works in many departments have been written here, and a feeling of nationality has begun to penetrate literary classes; but we have not produced many authors who are not greatly indebted to English models. All the stately, heroic lines of the provincial period, as well as the poems for college anniversaries still in vogue, are so many tributes to Pope. The "Lay Preacher," by Dennie, and the "Letters of a British Spy," by Wirt, were only heartfelt acknowledgments to the Addisonian essayists. Wordsworth,

without being directly imitated (which, considering his occasional tendency to prosiness, is fortunate), has strongly influenced most of our poets. New York gave its homage to Byron in Willis's "Lady Jane" and in Halleck's "Fanny" and "Marco Bozzaris;" and later a new echo of his ringing verse came from the Californian sierras. Were Tennyson to claim his own laurels, many of our bards would find their brows as bare as Cæsar's. But this is an ungracious theme.

One thing more should be said, however; and that is, our great indebtedness to English scholarship seems likely to continue. While education is more generally diffused in the United States, conspicuous scholarship is far more frequent in England. Literary labor is generally poorly paid in this country. It is the demand for *cheap* books that has made the profession of authorship a beggarly one; and until literature as a profession is remunerative, it will not retain the best minds permanently in its service. The few men of genius — half a dozen in a generation — will write because they must; and they will have their reward. But the maintenance of a national literature requires the co-operation of a great body of men of talent, who must be enabled to earn a living. So long as the results of an English scholar's labor can be imported and used without payment, the American scholar can find no market in his own country. Two thirds of all the reviewing, condensing, translating, and other literary work, are done in England. This transfers the power and influence also. The present international copyright law bristles with diffi-

culties, and, except for the few great writers, may prove to be of small practical benefit.

The progress of events has greatly changed the character of modern literature. The great discoveries in physical science have not only given birth to an immense number of special treatises, but have affected our thinking, supplied us with new words for the new ideas, and furnished illustrations for philosophers and poets. Our essayists, preachers, and lecturers have resources at hand which the fathers of our literature never dreamed of. While investigation has been pointing out the errors of the past and building our knowledge on sure foundations, the experiments of natural philosophers, — as in spectrum-analysis, for instance, — and the observations of astronomers, have been de-magnetizing our common figures of speech (once suited to the world's childhood) and raising our conceptions of the grandeur of the universe. The mind deals with vaster measures of space and time, and man has thereby grown in intellectual and moral stature. And as thought has expanded, so language, the instrument of thought, or rather its *body*, has had a corresponding development. Whoever shall write a great poem hereafter will have at his hand virtually a new and living vocabulary. The reinforced and perfected language waits for the master who can display its accumulated stores.

Another influence, which is slowly but powerfully affecting our literature, is the doctrine of equality in political affairs and economic relations. The point

of separation between us and the English people is where democracy and Christianity meet in asserting the rights of man *as man* against prescription and the accidents of birth. So long as we are loyal to the ideas on which our government rests, — the ideas which alone give us an individuality among nations, which have cast out slavery and left the republic firm, and which are to overthrow all other intrenched privileges of special classes, — we can look forward hopefully to the development of a national character, and of a national literature in harmony with it. The qualities that make the essential differences between American and English literature are those which have sprung from different theories in regard to the natural rights of man. The people of Great Britain do not generally admit this, but there is no other rational explanation for the evident higher tone and freer expression of ideas in the United States since the intellectual independence of the country has been asserted.

A change in the observer's point of view is a very important fact ; and it is clear that if the experiment of free government is to be permanently successful, much of the history as well as the political and moral philosophy of the world must be re-written. It is one thing that the issue of a battle shall bring a nation of peasants, united and content, to the foot of one man exalted on a throne, and quite another that the same people shall gain by their own swords the right to be greatly free, to be educated for their responsibilities, and to enter upon an illimitable career of progress. The beliefs of the historian and the faith of the bard

will color, if not wholly control, their accounts of such a struggle and their celebration of the victory. We have therefore a right to expect from our authors that they shall be animated by a spirit in harmony with our national ideas, and by a faith in the future of our institutions. Without this, there is not even a beginning for a national literature. Kings and courts may interest us like mediæval castles, but the philosophical American will think more of his sixty million fellow sovereigns, and of the influences which are to make them fit rulers over themselves. In this view the ideal historian is not only an impartial observer, but a believer in humanity, and in the perfectibility of institutions for humanity's sake. History will be the record of the progress of ideas, of the gradual elimination of error and wrong, and so a prophecy of ultimate justice and tranquillity.

In looking over the body of modern literature we notice the absence of dramatic works. A little over two hundred years ago the noblest poetry, the profoundest views of life, the wisest maxims of statesmanship, as well as the most masterly studies of character, were to be found in plays. The theatre degenerated as education became more general, and poetry was gradually superseded by prose in dramatic literature. The last classical plays were Talfourd's, unless we except Lord Lytton's "*Richelieu*" and "*The Lady of Lyons*." Few plays of the sentimental class were written afterward. Plays are still written by scholars, but acting dramas are no longer a part of literature. A new Shakespeare could not get a

play represented on the modern stage unless it were a melodrama or a burlesque. Even then, the manager at the first rehearsal would cut out every speech on which the dramatist prided himself,— every gem of sentiment and epigrammatic turn, every flower of song. “To be or not to be,” “What a piece of work is man!” “Hark! the lark at heaven’s gate sings,” “All the world’s a stage,” would be found as so many scraps of paper in the waste-basket. A play, being no longer a literary work, is “reduced,” as in fractions, “to its lowest terms.” Action is the thing; and as a ship of war that had before moved on in beauty, a stately pile of canvas towers, now, when the enemy nears, takes in her light sails, sends down her slender spars, and strips to fighting trim, so the serious play, to suit the impatient temper of audiences, is shorn of its graces and its fine sentiments, and is made a mere exhibition of the conflict of human passions in their most tumultuous form. The play-goer may be safely challenged to repeat a single line from any modern work that has delighted him. He may recall an attitude or a tableau, but not a sentence worth remembering.

Once, for the pensive Milton, —

“gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall came sweeping by;”

now, it is an infuriated being, with skirts and sleeves tucked up, rushing across the stage and brandishing a butcher’s knife.

The novel has gained in character and influence as

much as the drama has lost. The demand for entertainment seems rather to have grown with the world's growth, and now a vast army of writers is occupied, more or less profitably, in furnishing stories by tape-measure for periodicals, and filling bookstores, circulating libraries, and railway trains with weekly supplies of completed novels. Though the greater part of this mass of fiction is outside the pale of literature, it is still probable that in no other department has the genius of British and American authors been more conspicuous. Of course it is not possible to put one form of genius in the scales to be weighed in comparison with another; one cannot say what novelist or novelists would outweigh Tennyson. But among readers of English it is probable that Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe, and a few others, have illuminated, instructed, and entertained more minds, and filled a larger space in hearts and memories, than all the poets of Britain and America since Wordsworth.

The novel exhibits the increased refinement of manners and the elevation of moral tone; and though many weak, frivolous, and commonplace productions, and some of questionable morality, find readers, yet the current is daily stronger in favor of those in which purity of character and noble aims in life are inculcated. In the United States the trouble is in the other direction; the novel has been enfeebled by the influence of a silent but all pervading prudery. There can be no great work done in the drama or in fiction by an author who has not the courage to represent

HUMAN NATURE, and the tact and skill to do it without offence to modesty. In many of our popular novels the characters are conventional types, more like figures in fashion-plates than men and women. If a novelist aims at depicting scenery, inventing incident, and reporting the vapid talk of Newport and Bar Harbor, that is one thing; but the master of fiction must take as his theme the human heart, with all its possibilities of passion, its interior struggles, its lapses, its wrestlings with ambition or crime. Until some writer appears with clear insight, courage, tact, and skill, there will be no novelist of the highest rank.

Rightly viewed, the ideal novel is a creation of a high order. The opportunity it offers to a man of genius is practically without limit. So long as the author can hold his readers by their interest in the unfolding of his story, he can give time to studies of character, to lively sketches of manners, to historical scenes, or to discussions upon letters, philosophy, or art. Some of the most brilliant and suggestive writing of our times, worthy of the first essayists and thinkers, may be found interspersed in the pages of modern novels. The authors of these works naturally represent all shades of opinions; the various religious sects as well as the schools of philosophy and politics have all pressed fiction into their service. But when we have learned the character and doctrinal drift of such works through the newspapers and reviews, we can then make choice of such fiction for our entertainment as will be in harmony with our settled convictions, and can advise the young and in-

experienced to avoid those which are calculated to disseminate false principles or low views of duty. It is true in this department of literature as in the arena of philosophic controversy, that error can be safely tolerated so long as truth is left free to combat it.

The judicious public will not understand us as approving the indiscriminate and continual reading of novels to which so many young people are addicted. Used at proper intervals for relaxation and amusement, a well-written and high-toned novel, especially of the historical kind, has a most favorable influence upon the faculties, — restoring elasticity and freshness after study, filling the mind with noble images, tending to the improvement of taste, and aiding in the acquirement of a fluent and effective style, both in writing and speaking.

In historical writing, — since Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, and Parkman, — much of the work has consisted of digests of antecedent labors, or of memoirs to serve future historians. In the Eastern States there appears to have been a general search in old garrets, lumber-rooms, and secret drawers; and the annals of commonwealths, cities, and towns have been explored and written up. At the call of publishers, writers have assembled and taken position in squads, each under the lead of an “editor” as orderly-sergeant, and books are fulminated in volleys. There are so many of them! — statesmen, literati, generals, pioneers, — enough to occupy the whole time of a conscientious reader. It is pleasing to see so many uniform rows behind the glass doors

of the bookcase, and, perhaps, pleasing to think that one has in sets all the Annals and the Complete Lives of American Everythings. But when one reflects that durable literary works have been rarely written to order; that "editing," unless it is a mere form, is fatal to originality; that no platoon of authors was ever marched down through history by "company front;" that genius has a whim of going its own byways, and does not wear a uniform nor recognize an orderly-sergeant,—one is content that so much solid and useful work is done and placed within convenient reach for reference, but does not look in the sets for many permanent classics.

It is praiseworthy to rebuild the tombs of the fathers, but it is not the chief work of a period of great enterprises. Yet certain monographs, and histories of movements of mind, are most creditable to our literature. They will be of use when modern history comes to be rewritten. The world waits for a thorough and dispassionate account of the Great Rebellion, within reasonable limits, and for a complete, philosophical, and attractive history of the United States.

It is probably too soon yet to apprehend clearly the tendencies of our time. The prevailing vice or error is imitation. Scores of ambitious youths try to follow in the steps of Mark Twain; and the riotous fun or sardonic humor which is so natural to that original and powerful writer is painfully travestied by the imitators. Plenty of ballad-mongers have striven to copy the masterly swing of Bret Harte:

one or two have done it very well. Essayists in country (and city) newspapers think it not beyond their powers to assume the delicate grace and suave deliberation of the "Easy Chair." If one poet of repute, when he has a poetic blossom of the bigness of a pansy, prints it in a magazine, thereupon numerous bards (whom the world unfortunately does not know) all come up out of dark corners with *their* little pansy quatrains. The flower simile does not always hold: oftentimes it would be better to call them "Chips from a Poet's Workshop," — and then sweep them out. Others imitate a prevailing sentiment or tone, — most commonly one of sweet sorrow. The essence of all Schopenhauer would not yield enough of *bitters* for the makers of the melancholy verse in vogue. We can say in general that what is truly excellent, and is likely to endure, is so from its basis of thought and from its accord with the immutable laws of Nature and of man. If we are sure of anything, it is that the popularity which rests upon tricks of expression, or insincerity of any kind, is short lived. The world has done with imaginary woes, and with fictitious sentiment of all hues. That life is real and earnest is as true in the domain of imagination as in the world of fact. Among certain writers the prevailing tendencies are not altogether healthy. There is still an impression among many readers that sentences made up of hints and suggestions, — sentences stuck over with pet epithets, until they have an enamelled look; sentences that are constructed with a view to make the thought stammer and hesitate, — are models

of good taste. It is this spirit which pronounces any direct and manly utterance vulgar, and prefers the *etching in* of a thought by some soft-voiced stammerer. A writer of this school is praised for his "delicate" traits of style, even though there may be scarcely a ripple of mirth and never a gleam of wit on the placid stream of his prose. This is the spirit which induces young authors to strive for conceits, prettinesses, and affectations, and to consider a sentence beautiful only when, as Turner said of Guido's *Mater Dolorosa*, it is "polished to inanity." This is the spirit which in music prefers the nice form of expression to the thought itself; which sets the technical proficiency of the player and singer above the God-given feeling by virtue of which they are artists at all.

Traits of this kind are among the surest signs of intellectual decay. The student of English literature ought to be warned that extraneous characteristics of style are peculiar to each author, and cannot be put on by another like a second-hand garment; that solid thought and unaffected feeling are the things chiefly valuable in any literary composition; and that graces of manner, like those of the person, are most winning when unconsciously worn.

The field of literary activity has spread from year to year, until there is scarcely any large city that is not to some extent a literary centre, and scarcely any region in which authors may not appear. There was no reason why Massachusetts should continue in the lead, when colleges were established throughout

the country, when time had brought general comfort and leisure, and literary taste was widely diffused. American literature is becoming the expression of the thought of the American people, and every region furnishes what is peculiar to its local character, scenery, and circumstances. The New England novels of Howells, the Hoosier novels of Eggleston, the Creole romances of Cable, the tales of Rose Terry Cooke and of Miss Wilkins, the stories of the Tennessee mountains by Miss Murfree, the California tales and ballads of Bret Harte, the overflow of Western comedy in the indescribable books of Mark Twain, and many other original works that might be mentioned, are guaranties that our literature will be as broad-based and representative as is our government.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, theologian and metaphysician, was born in East Windsor, Conn., Oct. 5, 1703, and died in Princeton, N. J., March 22, 1758. The concurrent opinion of contemporaries and of succeeding generations places him among the four or five men of original intellect whom the New World has produced. He was the flower of the Puritan race and culture in New England; an exemplar of its logic, its inflexible purpose, its reverence, personal holiness, and steadfast faith; an exemplar, too, of its gloominess, asceticism, narrowness, and provincial spirit. His works have had a larger share in forming the religious views of English-speaking Protestants than any since the times of Luther and Calvin. He was the last great Puritan divine.

The characteristic traits and tendencies of Mr. Edwards were manifested at an early age. He wrote an essay upon the immateriality of the soul at the age of ten. He was early familiar with the speculations of the leading philosophers, among whom Locke was at first his favorite; but his matured views were wholly different from those of Locke. His preparatory studies were carried on at home, and at the age of twelve he entered Yale College, graduating at sixteen, — an instance of remarkable precocity.

He studied divinity for two years, and soon after preached for a few months in the city of New York. Later he was a tutor in Yale College for two years, and in 1727 was settled in Northampton, Mass., as colleague of his grandfather, Rev. Solomon Stoddard, whom he succeeded in 1729. He remained in this place until 1750, when the connection was severed, owing to difficulties with his congregation, growing out of the "half-way covenant," under which the religious privileges of the church were not denied to certain of the unconverted. Edwards wished to return to the rigid rule of former days; but this was strenuously resisted by his people, who would not listen to him on this point, and being weary of the struggle he resigned.

In 1751 Edwards removed to Stockbridge, Mass., where he preached to the Indians, but without notes, and gave his time to unremitted study. It was during his residence there that he produced some of his most important works, including the famous treatise on the "Freedom of the Will," published in Boston in 1754. This is an attempt to reconcile the freedom of human volition with the sovereign foreknowledge of God, and consequently to establish the justice of electing a certain number to be saved, and of consigning the rest of mankind to everlasting punishment. As a tissue of connected logic it is at once subtle and strong, demanding close attention to comprehend it, and mastery of dialectics to refute it; yet it differs from most metaphysical treatises in one important particular; namely, in the dexterous use of texts of

Scripture in critical stages of the argument, where reason, consciousness, or experience would bar the way to the author's desired conclusions. "The Freedom of the Will," therefore, is not a web of pure logic, but of schoolman's logic, reinforced and illustrated by Biblical quotation, without too much regard to the original meaning and purpose of the passages cited. As literature, it is idiomatic and simple to baldness. The English is a mingling of philosophical phrases with the every-day talk of common people. "Do not" is "don't;" "have not" is "han't;" "them" is generally "em;" "cannot" is "can't," etc. There is not a word of ornament, nor a sentence that looks rhetorical; no quotable passages, only a steady and urgent progress from certain propositions to certain conclusions. In spite of occasional quibbles, the mental "grip" is astonishing; so that the reader is drawn on, however much against his will, to admit the plausibility of doctrines which his moral sense rejects. The definitions leave something to be desired; but, all deductions made, this is undoubtedly the ablest of Calvinistic works.

Later writers have discovered in the pages of Edwards germs of doctrine which, it is certain, he would have reprobated with horror. For instance: the immanence of the Holy Spirit in the converted soul, as he understood it, was something quite different from the inner presence of God with all men, as preached by the Transcendentalists.

Traditions of the overwhelming power of the preaching of Mr. Edwards are still current in Western

Massachusetts. On one occasion (in Enfield, Connecticut) the house resounded with the sobs and groans of the congregation. Yet the effect was produced by a purely intellectual presentation of his subject, without oratorical artifice or appeal to feeling.

Mr. Edwards's life and character were blameless, and his domestic relations tender and beautiful. The most attractive passages in his Works are to be found in letters of courtship written in his youth, wherein the utterances of the lover, the poet, and the saint are unconsciously blended. All that he wrote was marked by a beautiful simplicity beyond the reach of art. Of himself, and of his joy in Nature and in the consciousness of God's presence in his soul, he says he was as "a little white flower, which may be seen in the meadows in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the rays of the sun's glory; rejoicing as it were in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrantcy; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about, all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun." This little image, which reminds us of Jeremy Taylor, will show that he sought to express his thoughts in language unadorned. He wrote out his discourses carefully, but when he came to preach he spoke fluently and without regarding his notes.

Mr. Edwards accepted an invitation to the presidency of Princeton College, and removed there early in 1758. As small-pox was prevalent, he was innoculated (it being before the discovery of vaccination);

but the result was fatal. He lived but thirty-four days in his last home.

Among the Works left by this learned divine are "A Treatise concerning the Religious Affections" (1746); "Qualifications for Free Communion in the Church" (1749); "Original Sin" (1757). Others were published after his death, as for instance, "The True Nature of Christian Virtue," "The History of Redemption," and "God's True End in creating the World."

Several Lives of Edwards have been published, of which the fullest is by Sereno Edwards Dwight, the latest editor of his complete Works. That Aaron Burr, one of the most brilliant, evil, and unscrupulous men of his generation, should have been the grandson of Jonathan Edwards is one of the mysteries of the law of heredity.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, January 6 (O. S.), 1706. He was one of the youngest of a family of seventeen children, and received but a limited common-school education. As he early manifested an adventurous disposition, and proposed going to sea, his father bound him as an apprentice to his brother James, who was a printer. His daily employment stimulated his active mind; he became an assiduous reader, and gradually acquired

the power of writing. At the age of seventeen, having quarrelled with his brother, he went to New York and Philadelphia in search of employment. His account of this trip forms an amusing portion of his Autobiography, one of the most charming works in the language. After many vicissitudes he became a successful business man, at the same time constantly growing in public estimation as a philosophic inquirer, a man fertile in wise projects for the general good, and endowed with the clear perceptions and sound judgment of a statesman.

The first work of Franklin that attained a general popularity was "Poor Richard's Almanac," which appeared in 1732, and was continued for many years. The homely proverbs which accompanied the calendars form an epitome of thrift, foresight, and worldly prudence. He learned Latin and several modern languages after he was twenty-seven years old. At the age of forty he began the researches in electricity which made his name immortal. But with his active mind and liberal principles he was unable to keep out of political affairs; and in the long discussions that preceded the Revolution he took a leading part. His mission to the French court, which resulted in bringing the aid of fleets and armies to his struggling countrymen, and his other diplomatic successes in England and on the Continent, are matters of history, of which no intelligent person is ignorant. He lived on till 1790, the Nestor of the young republic, exerting an influence upon the opinions and character of the people that is without a parallel.

If Franklin's precepts may be considered as tending too much to selfishness, it must not be forgotten that labor, diligence, and economy were vitally necessary for a new country, and that the accumulation of capital, no less than courage and free principles, was essential to the preservation of the nation's life. While we do ample justice to the wisdom, probity, and beneficence of our great philosopher and statesman, we may yet recognize a higher ideal of character, and aspire to a more complete and generous culture than was possible in his time.

The Works of Franklin have been published in ten volumes, edited by the late President Sparks. They do not contain much that is interesting except to special students. His letters are a valuable part of our national history, and his philosophical papers have an important place in the records of inventions as well as of electrical science. His iron fireplaces and stoves were of great utility; and readers will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that the custom of regular street-sweeping in London was due to him. The Autobiography, which first appeared in London, was wantonly garbled by the editor, William Temple Franklin, a grandson of the author. A new edition, which is believed to follow the original manuscript with exactness, was edited by John Bigelow, formerly United States minister to France. The style of this work is inimitable; it is as simple, direct, and idiomatic as Bunyan's; it is a style which no rhetorician can assist us to attain, and which the least touch of the learned critic would spoil.

JOHN ADAMS.

JOHN ADAMS was born in Braintree, Mass., in that part now forming the town of Quincy, October 19, 1735. He entered Harvard College at the age of sixteen, having had a meagre preparation under two clerical tutors. The fact that he studied Virgil and Homer painfully after his graduation, is not calculated to give us a very high idea of the state of classical learning in Cambridge at that time. He taught school and afterward read law in Worcester. He began the practice of his profession in his native town at the age of twenty-three, and with many discouragements slowly won his way to the first place among lawyers. He was early a friend of the popular cause against the British government; but his sense of justice was so strong that he undertook the defence of the soldiers concerned in what has been termed the Boston Massacre, at the risk of his personal popularity and business interests. The kind of courage which we agree to call "pluck" was always the eminent characteristic of the elder Adams.

From the time of the discussions upon the Stamp Act until the declaration of independence, the life of John Adams is a part of our national history. His patriotism, courage, eloquence, and zeal have been celebrated in sentences which future generations will read with ever-increasing enthusiasm. Nor is there need even to mention his services and honors as

diplomatist, Vice-President, and President; every schoolboy knows his history.

Mr. Adams lived in an age of action, and had little time for rhetorical arts. But few of his speeches have been preserved. His letters form the most valuable part of his published Works, and are among the best in our literature. Those addressed to his wife, in particular, are delightfully frank, tender, and manly.

In his later days, when the doctrines of the Federalists had become unpopular, Mr. Adams suffered unspeakable indignities alike from political enemies and summer friends; but before the close of his life the substantial integrity and purity of his character were honored by both friends and foes, and all the din of party strife was hushed in admiration of his long services and unselfish patriotism. The doctrines of his antagonists have thus far prevailed, for the most part, in directing public affairs; but it is not settled yet that universal suffrage, without restraints upon the ignorant and vicious, will make a republic either perpetual or desirable.

Mr. Adams died at the ripe age of ninety-one, on the 4th of July, 1826, on the same day with his illustrious friend and rival, Jefferson. His "Life and Letters" were published in ten volumes, under the care of his grandson, Charles Francis Adams.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born at Shadwell, in Albemarle County, Virginia, April 2, 1743. He received a classical education at the College of William and Mary, and subsequently studied law. He was successful at the bar, but was soon drawn away from practice into political life. As he had inherited a handsome estate, and had besides a large fortune with his wife, he was able to give his whole time to public affairs. It was remarkable that a man who never made a set speech should have been the most able and most successful politician of his time. It was by his private correspondence that he disseminated his views, and maintained his ascendancy as a party leader. Many volumes of his letters have been published, and these, with his "Notes on Virginia" and his state papers, constitute his Works. His name will forever be connected with the immortal Declaration of Independence, a production that is nearly as conspicuous in literary as in political annals.

During his whole career, as member of the House of Burgesses, as governor, as member of the Provincial Congress, as secretary of state under Washington, as ambassador, and as President, Jefferson adhered, with singular tenacity, to the doctrines of equality and to popular rights as against prescription. It was owing to him that primogeniture and the law of entail, the chief bulwarks of a landed aristocracy, were abolished by the new constitution of Virginia.

His influence as a law reformer made it possible for that State to adopt and maintain a republican form of government. He was firmly opposed to slavery, though himself a slaveholder, and strove by legal means to prevent its increase, and to prepare the way for its abolition. He was averse to titles of honor, and maintained, both in official station and at home, a severe republican simplicity. The later years of his life were devoted, in a great measure, to the establishment of the University of Virginia, an institution in which he took a great and just pride.

Though the political principles of Jefferson were warmly combated in his day, and by men of high character and undoubted patriotism, it is noticeable that his ideas have been most efficient in moulding the institutions and inspiring the legislation of the country. This influence is not inherited by any one party; it has come to pervade all thinking minds.

The style of Jefferson is easy, natural, and perspicuous. He seldom rises to eloquence, although many of his sentences contain powerful strokes. His manners were very attractive, and his hospitality at Monticello was unbounded. He died July 4, 1826, just fifty years after the Declaration.

Of the several biographies of Jefferson, the best is by H. S. Randall (3 vols, 8vo). His Works were published by order of Congress, and fill nine volumes. A new selection of letters, including some not before printed, was published by his granddaughter, under the title of "The Domestic Life of Jefferson."

JOHN TRUMBULL.

JOHN TRUMBULL was born in Watertown, Conn., April 24, 1750, and belonged to a family distinguished for ability and character. He entered Yale College at the age of thirteen, although it was said he passed a satisfactory examination for admission when he was *seven years old*. He was an intimate friend of Timothy Dwight in college and in after life. In 1771 he was tutor in college for two years, and afterward read law in the office of John Adams, in Boston,—which was a good school for law, and for patriotism likewise.

Upon his return to New Haven in 1774, Mr. Trumbull began the composition of “McFingal,” the poem by which he became famous. This attained a great and deserved popularity. It is obviously an imitation of “Hudibras” in its structure, epigrammatic turns of thought, and grotesque rhymes; but its spirit is the author’s own, and many of its couplets are fully as pungent as those of its prototype. It has been often observed that the wit of one generation is rarely appreciated by the next, and this is especially the case when the point of a sentence depends upon a knowledge of contemporaneous persons and events. The jokes that require an appendix for their elucidation are apt to miss fire with the reader. For this reason “McFingal,” which is an embodiment of the spirit of the Revolution, is fast passing to oblivion. A few passages only will be remem-

bered. For that matter, how much of "Hudibras" is *read*? Trumbull wrote another poem of some length, entitled "The Progress of Dulness," a satire upon prevailing errors in training and manners. An edition of his Works was published in Hartford in 1820. The "McFingal," with notes by B. J. Lossing, was published by G. P. Putnam, New York, 1857. In this reprint the original spelling is preserved.

Mr. Trumbull was never robust in body, but he lived to an advanced age. He died at Detroit, Michigan, May 12, 1831.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT,

TIMOTHY DWIGHT was born in Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752. He was a descendant of the famous Jonathan Edwards, and related in blood to other eminent men. He entered Yale College at the age of thirteen, and upon his graduation taught school in New Haven. He served as chaplain in the Revolutionary army, under General Putnam, and devoted himself with great zeal to the cause of liberty. After some years spent in preaching, he was chosen president of Yale College in 1795, in which office he continued until his death, in 1817. His personal influence was unbounded over students and parishioners, and his unremitting industry enabled him to accomplish a vast amount of literary labor in addition to his daily duties.

Mr. Dwight wrote a number of poems, all possessing a certain kind of merit, but not sufficiently inspired to give them a permanent place in literature. His best remembered performance is the patriotic song, beginning, —

“Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies.”

His principal poems are “The Conquest of Canaan,” “Greenfield Hill” (which has a number of felicitous rural scenes), and “The Triumph of Infidelity.” Besides a number of theological treatises, he wrote four volumes of “Travels in New England and New York,” the results of his tours in college vacations. This last work is valuable for its pictures of scenery and manners in what now seems a remote age. The author had an instinctive perception of the picturesque, but the narrative lacks simplicity, and the descriptions are overloaded with epithets.

JOEL BARLOW.

JOEL BARLOW was born in Reading, Conn., in 1755. He entered Dartmouth College, but completed his education at Yale. During the vacations he served in the army, and was present at the battle of White Plains. Upon his graduation he studied theology, for the purpose of becoming an army

chaplain; and after six weeks' application (which seems to have been considered sufficient to equip a clergyman *militant*), he was licensed to preach, and served for the remainder of the war. His "Vision of Columbus" — afterward expanded into the more pretentious and less pleasing "Columbiad" — was written in camp.

Barlow left the church and the army, and began the study of law, being admitted to the bar in 1785. He edited a newspaper at Hartford, and, at the request of the General Association of Congregational Ministers, revised and added to Dr. Watts' version of the Psalms. One of Barlow's versions, beginning, —

"Along the banks where Babel's current flows,"

retains its place in the hymn books.

The practical poet next set up a bookstore to dispose of his own wares, which being done he returned to his profession. In 1788 he went to Europe, and remained (mostly in France) seventeen years. It is impossible, in our brief limits, to follow him in his adventures. He was in the midst of the French revolution, and was constantly active with his pen, not forgetting at any time the enterprise and thrift of the true Yankee in accumulating property. On his return to the United States, in 1805, he settled in Washington. He was the object of violent hatred on the part of the Federalists, and his name was linked with Jefferson's and Paine's in a savage attack in verse written by John Quincy Adams. The "Columbiad" appeared in 1807, a costly and elegant volume.

The poem is vigorous and is smoothly versified, but has little of true poetry. The "Hasty Pudding," a far more genial composition, was written abroad in 1793, and was dedicated to Mrs. Washington.

In 1809 Barlow was about beginning a history of the United States, when his design was interrupted by his appointment as minister to France. In October, 1812, he was sent for by Napoleon, then on his Russian campaign, to meet him at Wilna. His rapid journey across the Continent in the severely cold weather brought on an inflammation of the lungs, of which he died near Cracow, in Poland, December 22, 1812. From his dying bed he dictated a poem, entitled "Advice to a Raven in Russia," a bitter and prophetic warning to the Emperor.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON was born in the Island of Nevis, in the West Indies, January 11, 1757. His father was a merchant from Scotland; his mother was the daughter of a French Huguenot; and the son appears to have inherited, in equal measure, the vigor and endurance of the one race and the address and vivacity of the other. His education was not at all systematic; but his active mind instinctively found its proper stimulus, and he began to show his great natural powers at an early age. While

attending to his studies at Columbia College, in New York city, the war broke out, and he entered the patriot army as a captain of artillery. In 1777 he was made aide-de-camp to General Washington, and distinguished himself by his ability in correspondence as well as by active personal service in the field. At the close of the war he began the practice of law in New York.

Hamilton's chief work, as an author, was the series of papers entitled "The Federalist," of which he wrote the greater number, — an elaborate exposition of the Constitution of the United States. These papers, though necessarily abstruse in character, are perspicuous in style and powerful in reasoning. He was the first secretary of the treasury, and in that position displayed unrivalled skill. The sentences of Daniel Webster upon Hamilton's financial ability are worth quoting anew: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet."

After six years' service, Hamilton retired from office and resumed the practice of his profession. As he had opposed Aaron Burr, first in his endeavors to become President, and afterward in his canvass for the office of governor of New York, that unscrupulous demagogue, maddened by defeat, challenged him to fight a duel. Hamilton fell at the first fire, and died the next day, July 12, 1804. His body rests under a pyramidal monument in Trinity churchyard, New York.

It may be doubted whether among the brilliant men of the last century there was any one who was distinguished by so many traits that win the admiration of the world as was Hamilton. Ability of the highest order in public affairs, literary skill, oratorical power, personal intrepidity, graceful manners, and a fine presence have rarely been seen so exemplified in combination.

The writings of Hamilton were published by his son, in seven volumes.

FISHER AMES.

FISHER AMES was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, April 9, 1758, and died in his native place July 4, 1808. He was a precocious youth, and was sent to Harvard College at the age of twelve. After graduation he spent a few years in teaching, and then entered upon the study of law in Boston. He began practice at Dedham in 1781, and was early prominent in his profession, becoming equally distinguished as a political speaker and essayist. He was the first member of Congress from his district, which included Boston, and continued to represent it for eight years. During his whole career he was an ardent Federalist,—a fact which the reader is rarely allowed to forget in any speech, essay, or letter.

Mr. Ames possessed uncommon vigor of mind; his memory was stored with literary treasures; his fancy was active, furnishing illustrative images that were as much to the purpose as his logic. And such was the effect of his oratory, even upon deliberative bodies, that on one occasion Congress adjourned on motion of Ames's chief opponent in debate, for the alleged reason that the members ought not to be called upon to vote while under the spell of his extraordinary eloquence. The speeches of Mr. Ames that have been preserved fully sustain his great reputation, being vigorous and logical in statement, and adorned with the graces of a lively and learned style. His letters, also, are fresh and charming. When we remember how much was done to influence public opinion by the private correspondence of leading men in the last generation, we must lament the decay of letter-writing as a fine art.

Mr. Ames was a man of amiable temper and irreproachable character; and though he was idolized by the public, it was only in the light of his home that he was fully known as he was, — one of the wisest, wittiest, as well as the most tender and constant of men. His *Life* was written by President Kirkland, of Harvard College, and his *Works* were edited by his son, Seth Ames, Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts (2 vols., 8vo).

JOSIAH QUINCY.

JOSIAH QUINCY, the son of the famous orator of the Revolution, Josiah Quincy, Jr., was born in Boston, February 4, 1772. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1790, and began the study of law with Judge Tudor; but he was soon engaged in political affairs, and was, during the whole of his long life, in the noblest sense a public man. He was a member of Congress from 1805 to 1813; a State senator from 1813 to 1821; speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1821; judge of the municipal court in 1822; second mayor of Boston, from 1823 to 1828; and president of Harvard College from 1829 to 1845, when he retired from office and from active pursuits to enjoy his deserved repose. He was an ardent Federalist, aggressive and uncompromising in temper, spotless in personal character, and possessing the rare combination of brilliant parts and varied learning with eminently practical abilities. He died July 1, 1864, leaving a reputation for integrity and high-mindedness that may be likened to the fame of the noblest historic Romans.

Mr. Quincy's published Works are a Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr.; "The History of Harvard University;" "The Journals of Major Samuel Shaw," first American Consul at Canton, with a Life of the Author; "History of the Boston Athenæum;" "The Municipal History of the Town and City of Boston during

Two Centuries;” “The Life of John Quincy Adams,” besides numerous speeches and addresses.

Public services, however eminent, would not entitle a statesman to a place in a book like this; but the literary merit of Mr. Quincy’s speeches is conspicuous. The speech upon the embargo is remarkable for its energy, its power in dealing with details, its polished style, and for an ironical wit which must have been scathing.

His Life was written by his son, Edmund Quincy, and is one of the most valuable and interesting of American biographies. Lowell wrote an admirable article upon the Life, entitled “A Great Public Character.” A statue of Mr. Quincy in bronze stands in front of the City Hall in Boston.



WILLIAM WIRT.

WILLIAM WIRT was born in Bladensburg, in Maryland, November 8, 1772. He was the son of a Swiss father and a German mother, both of whom died while he was quite young. He received his education in the private school of a Presbyterian clergyman, and though it is fair to presume that his progress in classical learning was only moderate, we know that he early acquired a taste for reading, and devoured all the contents of the master’s library. So rapidly had he gone over his preparatory course, that

he was admitted to the bar in Virginia and began practice in his twentieth year. At that time, he tells us, his library consisted of Blackstone's Commentaries, two volumes of Don Quixote, and "Tristram Shandy." His first step in public life was in being chosen clerk of the Virginia House of Delegates. Soon after, he was made chancellor of the eastern district of the State.

During his residence in Richmond Mr. Wirt wrote "The British Spy," a series of papers of very unequal merit. Two of them, one upon Pocahontas, and the other an account of the Blind Preacher, are in his best style, animated, picturesque, and touching; the scientific disquisitions that burden most of the others are of little value. Later appeared another series, entitled "The Old Bachelor." They were labored essays, resembling those of Johnson, Addison, and Steele only in form; and in spite of the favorable judgment of Wirt's biographer, Kennedy, they must be considered as dull; they have fallen into total neglect. Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry attained a great popularity. It is not based on those foundations generally thought essential to biography, since Wirt never saw Henry, and could only write according to tradition; moreover, nothing authentic remained of the eloquence that had dazzled the generation preceding. But the book was written in a spirit of hearty sympathy; and though the style at times is open to critical objections, all things are forgiven to the author who carries his readers on with unwearied attention to the close.

Wirt was appointed attorney-general of the United States in 1817, and held the office twelve years. His forensic speeches were learned, ornate, and fervid. Perhaps the most favorable specimen of his oratory is the speech upon the trial of Aaron Burr, in which occurs the episode of Blennerhasset's Island, — a passage dear to generations of schoolboys, and lingering like a memory of beauty in maturer years. His discourse upon the lives of Adams and Jefferson, delivered in 1826, was also a fine production. Upon his retirement from office in 1828, he went to reside in Baltimore, where he spent the remainder of his life. He died in Washington, February 18, 1834, while attending the Supreme Court. He was a strikingly handsome man, with graceful manners and a musical voice. He was twice married, and was happy in his domestic relations. Both in public and in private life his character and conduct were irreproachable. His Life was written by John P. Kennedy, of Baltimore.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING was born in Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, N. Y., August 22, 1779. With the exception of some assistance from the village school, he was self-taught. He went to the city of New York while still a youth, and obtained employment through the aid of William Irving, who had mar-

ried his sister. Becoming intimate with Washington Irving, a younger brother of William, he turned his attention to literature, and in connection with his since-illustrious friend he published "Salmagundi," a series of satirical papers. We have space only for the titles of his numerous Works: "The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan" (1812); "The Lay of the Scotch Fiddle" (1813), a parody upon Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" "The United States and England," a political pamphlet (1814); "Letters from the South by a Northern Man" (1817); "The Backwoodsman," a poem (1818); a new series of "Salmagundi" (1819); "A Sketch of Old England by a New England Man" (1822); "John Bull in America," (1824). His first novel, "Konigsmarke," was published in 1823; "Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham," in 1826; "The Traveller's Guide," in 1828; "Tales of the Good Woman," in 1829; "The Book of St. Nicholas," in 1830. Then appeared, in 1831, his best work, and the one by which his name will be remembered, "The Dutchman's Fireside." This is a genuine, life-like story, full of stirring incidents, of picturesque scenes and striking characters, for which the author's early experiences had furnished the abundant materials. The amiable and whimsical peculiarities of the Dutch settlers, the darker traits of Indian character, and the vicissitudes of frontier life have rarely been more powerfully sketched. In 1832 he published another successful novel, "Westward Ho!" In 1835 appeared his *Life of Washington*, for youth, a well-considered and valuable work. The next year

he published "Slavery in the United States," a treatise in which the institution is warmly defended. From 1837 to 1841 he held the post of secretary of the navy. Upon his retirement he wrote two more novels, "The Old Continental" (1846), and "The Puritan and his Daughter" (1849). He died April 6, 1860.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON was born in Charleston, S. C., November 5, 1779. He was prepared for college at a private school in Newport, R. I., and was graduated at Harvard in 1800. Being determined to devote himself to art, he sold his property, and passed three years as a student of the Royal Academy in London. He pursued his studies for several years afterward in Rome. It was at this period that Washington Irving met him, and recorded his impressions of him: "There was something to me inexpressibly engaging in the appearance and manners of Allston. I do not think I have ever been more completely captivated on a first acquaintance. He was of a light and graceful form, with large blue eyes, and black silken hair waving and curling around a pale, expressive countenance. Everything about him bespoke the man of intellect and refinement. His conversation was copious, animated, and highly

graphic, warmed by a genial sensibility and benevolence, and enlivened, at times, by a chaste and gentle humor."

Allston was married in 1809 to a sister of Rev. Dr. Channing, and lived in Boston two years. He then returned to Europe, and remained abroad until 1818. His longest poem, "The Sylphs of the Seasons," was published in London, 1813, the year in which his wife died. In 1830 he was married to a sister of the poet Dana, and lived in Cambridgeport from that time until his death in 1843. "Monaldi," an Italian romance of singular power and marked individuality, was published in 1831. His Lectures on Art, four in number, did not appear until after his death.

During his residence in Cambridgeport, Allston came under the observation of another author, Professor Lowell, whose poetical portrait of him in later years is worth setting against Irving's affectionate sketch: "So refined was his whole appearance, so fastidiously neat his apparel, — but with a neatness that seemed less the result of care and plan than a something as proper to the man as whiteness to the lily, — that you would at once have classed him with those individuals, rarer than great captains and almost as rare as great poets, whom Nature sends into the world to fill the arduous office of gentleman. . . . A nimbus of hair, fine as an infant's and early white, showing refinement of organization and the predominance of the spiritual over the physical, undulated and floated around a face that seemed like pale flame, and over which the flitting shades of expression

chased each other, fugitive and gleaming as waves upon a field of rye. . . . Here was a man all soul, whose body seemed a lamp of finest clay, whose service was to feed, with magic oils rare and fragrant, that wavering fire which hovered over it."

Allston's writings, both in prose and poetry, have much of imagination and force, and are set forth in such a pure and fitting style, that we can but regret that he produced so little. His fastidious taste kept him so long retouching and refining both pictures and poems, that a single lifetime was not sufficient for the completion of any large number of either. A collection of his poems and lectures was made by his brother-in-law, R. H. Dana, the poet.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the son of an admiral in the French navy, was born on a plantation in Louisiana, May 4, 1780. Nature had destined him to be her enthusiastic student and interpreter. He was passionately fond of birds from his infancy, and began to draw and color at a very early age. He was sent to France to be educated, and passed some time in the studio of the eminent painter David. He returned to America, and lived in Pennsylvania, and afterward in Kentucky, supporting himself by trade, but devoting most of his time and all his thoughts

to the prosecution of his favorite studies. After encountering difficulties, and meeting with accidents enough to have checked the enthusiasm of ordinary men, his great work was accomplished. His "Birds of America" is a monument of genius and industry; the designs are exquisite, every bird appearing with its native surroundings. Nor are they merely correct in form and color; on the contrary, they are shown in characteristic attitudes or in natural motion, and every figure is instinct with life. The letter-press descriptions mostly concern us. They are simply perfect, equally removed from the insipidity of a so-called "popular" style and from the scientific dryness which usually marks the mere naturalist. His own personal adventures are modestly told, and give a rare charm to the work. Scattered through his volumes are many touches of nature and hints of scenery that are inimitable, — especially because they are the unconscious utterances of a soul highly susceptible to beauty, and without the least vain desire of parading its emotions. He died in New York, January, 1851.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING was born in Newport, R. I., April 7, 1780. He was prepared for college under the tuition of his uncle, the Rev. Henry Channing, at New London, Conn., and entered Harvard in 1794. After graduation he spent

some time as a tutor in a private family in Richmond, Va. He studied theology at Cambridge, and subsequently, in 1803, became pastor of the Federal Street Church in Boston. Not long after occurred the separation between the two wings of the Congregational Church, and Channing became the leader of the Unitarian party. His fame as a spiritually-minded and powerful preacher constantly increased, and the sphere of his influence widened. He made a tour of Europe in 1822, returning refreshed and strengthened to his parochial duties.

Channing first became widely known as a writer by his admirable critical articles on Napoleon, Milton, and Fénelon, published in the "Christian Examiner." The appearance of these essays marked a new era in American letters. No periodical in the country had, up to that time, contained such elaborate articles, clothed in a style of such simplicity, animated by such high moral principles, and evincing such imaginative power and cultivated taste. His religious doctrines led him to espouse with ardor the antislavery cause, to protest against the settlement of international disputes by appeals to arms, and to strive for the education and elevation of the laboring classes. From boyhood his sense of right and duty was strong, and his fidelity to his inward convictions unwavering. He was not renowned as a logician or as a thinker upon abstract subjects; but his enthusiasm, purity of character, and deep natural piety gave him an ascendancy over his hearers such as few preachers have possessed.

In his youth Channing was a passionate admirer of Shakespeare; in maturity, his love for Milton increased; in later years he found more pleasure in the philosophic poetry of Wordsworth. By the succession of these preferences the drift of his mind is indicated. Miss Sedgwick, who met him in 1826, says: "There is a superior light in his mind that sheds a pure, bright gleam on everything that comes from it. He talks freely upon common topics, but they seem no longer to be common topics when he speaks of them. There is the influence of the sanctuary, the holy place, about him."

Dr. Channing died in Bennington, Vt., of a typhus fever, October 2, 1842. His Works are published in six volumes, 12mo. His biography was written by his nephew, Rev. William H. Channing, published in 1848.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER was born in Salisbury, N. H., January 18, 1782. His early education was obtained in district schools, under great difficulties. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Phillips Academy, in Exeter, N. H., but remained only a year, on account of the poverty of the family. He pursued his studies under the care of a clergyman in a neighboring town, and entered Dartmouth College in 1797. He finished his course with credit, having acquired a

tolerable knowledge of the classical languages, as well as of history and English literature. He was the foremost man of his class, though not the highest in academic rank. He was preceptor of an academy in Fryeburg, Maine, for a short time, and then began the study of law in his native town. He was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1805, and, returning to New Hampshire, began practice at Portsmouth. He took a prominent place in his profession at once, and in 1812 was elected a member of Congress. In 1816 he declined a re-election, and removed to Boston, where he soon established his reputation as the ablest advocate in the United States. It was in this period that he distinguished himself in the famous case of Dartmouth College against the usurpations of the New Hampshire legislature. His intellectual activity was not confined to legal discussions: the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims (1820) gave him an opportunity such as few orators have had, and his genius illustrated the themes it suggested in sentences that are as immortal as the event.

In 1822 Mr. Webster was again elected a representative in Congress, where he remained until, in 1828, he was chosen a United States senator. He continued in the Senate for twelve years, when he was appointed secretary of state by President Harrison. During those eighteen years of public life his fame was steadily rising, until he was everywhere acknowledged the foremost of constitutional lawyers and debaters, and without a peer in the fields of

classic and patriotic oratory. The oration at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument in 1825, the eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson in 1826, the speech upon the trial of the murderers of Stephen White, and the reply to Hayne of South Carolina, in the debate upon "nullification," in 1830, are beyond parallel in this century. :

In 1845 Webster returned to the Senate, and remained in that position until 1850, when he was appointed secretary of state by President Fillmore. He left Washington, September 8, 1852, and retired to his country-seat in Marshfield, where he died October 24 of the same year.

Mr. Webster and his friends had considered, with some reason, that his talents and services entitled him to the nomination of his party for the Presidency. His claims were pressed strongly at the national convention of the Whig party in 1848; but he was set aside, that his party might avail itself of the military reputation of General Taylor. In 1850 he made a speech in favor of the Compromise measures, including the Fugitive Slave Law, which had the effect of alienating many of his friends throughout the Northern States, and was the beginning of a fierce controversy that embittered the remainder of his life. In 1852 the Whig national convention again set him aside, and nominated General Scott; and it was noticeable that the members from the Southern States, for whose interests Mr. Webster had sacrificed so much, hardly gave him the poor compliment of a vote. There is no gratitude in politics.

The intellect of Mr. Webster had a firm basis of common-sense. His grasp of facts and his power of arranging them in argument were prodigious. In abstract reasoning he was not so strong; it was when his feet were planted upon the earth that he showed his power. His imagination reinforced and illuminated his reason; his conceptions and his figurative illustrations often approached the sublime; but he had little of the fancy and few of the graces that adorn the declamation of an inferior order of men. His style was the natural expression of his great thoughts; it was based on good models, but was imitated from no master, and is itself beyond the reach of imitation. No rhetorician could forge a characteristic Websterian sentence any more than a Shakespearian line. His delivery was in perfect keeping with what he had to utter, — full of majesty, and fitted less to please than to command.

This man, so highly endowed, sent into the world with such a form, such a face, such a presence, would have appeared to be the consummate flowering of our race; and we must lament that he could not see, as we now see, how exalted was his position as a man of genius, and how little lustre his name could receive from any official title.

In the light of the subsequent tremendous events the history of the attempts at conciliation, previous to 1860, is full of instruction. The topic belongs to the historian and the moralist, rather than to the literary critic; but some mention of it could not be omitted in any fair view of Webster's career as a

public man. Let us be thankful for the grand works he left, and rejoice that in spite of some errors, cruelly expiated, we find in his character so much that is worthy of admiration.

A terrible arraignment of Webster for his compromise speech (March 7, 1850) is contained in Whittier's poem "Ichabod." Years later Whittier relented, and his old admiration, mingled with keen regrets, was poured out in "The Lost Occasion," — perhaps the noblest tribute ever paid to the great orator.

Webster's Works were published, with a memoir by Edward Everett, in six volumes. Two volumes of his correspondence were published afterward; also a biography, by George T. Curtis.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783. He received only a common-school education, which ended in his sixteenth year, and thenceforward his mind had its own development. He read "Robinson Crusoe," some narratives of voyages, and afterward Chaucer and Spenser, and other English classics; he studied law for a time, made river excursions, and with great assiduity travelled over his island-home in search of adventures. Civilization had then extended no farther

than Chambers Street. Dutch houses with stoops and gables were common, and the streets were bordered with rows of tall poplars. The burgomasters of Peter Stuyvesant's time were not so remote as they now seem. Spuyten-Duyvel Creek and Hell Gate were in regions of mystery. The island, the broad bay, and the north river, with its noble shores, were all rich in traditions connected with the settlement of the country and the changes that had occurred among the people and their rulers. In the "Author's Account of Himself," prefixed to the "Sketch Book," we see glimpses of his rambling disposition, and understand how he acquired that perfect knowledge of the country, with its customs and legends, which gives to the "History of New York," and to the tales of "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow," their peculiar charm.

In 1802 Irving began to write for a newspaper conducted by his brother, Dr. Peter Irving. Being threatened with pulmonary disease, he sailed for Europe in 1804, landing at Bordeaux, and visiting Genoa, Sicily, Naples, Rome, and Paris, and from thence journeying through Brussels, Maestricht, and Rotterdam to London. It was at Rome that he met Allston, and for a time thought of being a painter. He returned to New York in 1806, resumed the study of law, and was admitted to the bar; but it does not appear that he ever practised his profession.

In company with his brother William and James K. Paulding, Irving engaged in a serial publication entitled "Salmagundi." It was filled with clever satire

upon the follies of the day, and was immediately successful. His next venture was the publication of his "History of New York," which is, perhaps, the most unique, perfectly rounded, and sustained burlesque in our literature. It has a slight basis of sober history, and its ludicrous incidents and studies of the whimsical traits of Dutch character are painted with a grave air of verity that is infinitely amusing. It is to be regretted that the descendants of the old families whose names figure in the book, as well as members of the Historical Society and critics like Verplanck, took this so seriously and condemned the pleasantry as a wrong to the memory of the Dutch forefathers. He conducted the "Analectic Magazine" in Philadelphia for two years, and contributed many articles that afterward appeared in the "Sketch Book" and other later volumes.

In 1814 Irving went to Europe for the benefit of his health. His life for the next seventeen years was full of interest, but its events cannot be compressed within the narrow space allotted to a single author in our collection. After making a tour of the Continent, he enjoyed a season of literary companionship in London, and of wanderings through England and Scotland, when he was suddenly thrown upon his own resources by the failure of his brother's house, in which he was a partner.

Irving now wrote the "Sketch Book," and sent it to New York, where it was published, in 1818, in a serial form. It was subsequently published in London by Murray; but this was brought about by the persua-

sion of Scott (who had read and enjoyed an American copy of the "Knickerbocker") after Murray had once declined it. This work was at once accepted as classic, and the author's reputation was placed upon a permanent basis. The judicious variety of subjects, the delicate pathos and humor, the freshness of feeling, and the finish of style it exhibited, together with the fact that it was the work of an author born and reared in a country supposed to possess neither learning nor refinement, made the appearance of the "Sketch Book" a literary event. Irving's next work, "Bracebridge Hall," written in Paris, where he had been a companion of Moore, appeared in London in 1822. Though successful, it was thought to be over-refined in style. The following winter was spent in Dresden, where he was much in gay society, and took part in private theatricals; and the next season in Paris, where he was the friend and adviser of J. Howard Payne, the dramatist. In December, 1824, he published the "Tales of a Traveller." He was commissioned in 1825 by Alexander H. Everett, then minister to Spain, to make translations of newly-discovered papers in Madrid, referring to Columbus. This led to the composition of the admirable "History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," published in 1828, followed by the "Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus." During his residence in Spain he also collected the materials for the "Conquest of Granada," "The Alhambra," "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," and "Mahomet and his Successors."

In 1829 Irving was appointed secretary of legation to the American embassy in London, and in 1832 returned to New York, where he was welcomed at a public dinner. He next made a trip beyond the Mississippi, and shortly after gave to the public "A Tour on the Prairies." This was followed by "Astoria," "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville," and a volume of miscellanies entitled "Wolfert's Roost." In 1841 he published the "Life of Margaret Davidson," with an edition of her poetical works. The next year he was appointed minister to Spain. On his return, four years later, he published his biography of Oliver Goldsmith. His last and most elaborate work was his "Life of Washington," in five volumes.

The last years of Irving's life were spent at his country-seat, "Sunnyside," near Tarrytown, N. Y., the scene of his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." He was never married. In his youth he was betrothed to Miss Matilda Hoffman, who died in her eighteenth year. He remained faithful to her memory; and her Bible, kept for so many years, was upon a table at his bedside when he died. He enjoyed the society of loving relatives and friends, for whom he always kept open house; and he retained his self-denying, cheerful temper, his simple tastes and unostentatious habits, to the last. His death occurred November 28, 1859. His Letters and Memoirs were edited by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving.

It is not difficult to assign Irving's place among our authors. Thackeray happily spoke of him as "the

first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old." In our lighter literature he is almost without a rival as an artist. He is equally happy in his delineations of scenery and character. His works have all an admirable proportion; nothing necessary is omitted, and needless details are avoided. He never fatigues us by learned antithesis, nor by labored ornament. In short, we can say that his style is unsurpassed in its fluency, grace, and picturesque effect. The vivacity of his youth never wholly deserted him; although he ceased writing humorous works, it served to animate his graver histories, and to give them a charm which the mere annalist could not attain. Irving's life, on the whole, was fortunate; his fame came in season for him to enjoy it; his works brought him his bread, honestly earned, and not merely the monumental stone. Other authors may perhaps excite more of wonder or of keen admiration, but Irving will be remembered with delight and love.

JOHN PIERPONT.

JOHN PIERPONT was born in Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785. He received his education at Yale College, graduating in 1804, and then passed four years as a teacher in South Carolina. He studied law in the then famous school at Litchfield, Conn.,

and began practice at Newburyport, Mass. He had neither the means nor the inclination to wait for the slow tide of success in his profession, and was induced to go into mercantile business with his brother-in-law, Mr. Lord, and John Neal. Though the firm prospered for a while, the rapid decline in prices after the war of 1812 swamped their little capital in a few months. Mr. Pierpont then studied for the ministry, and was settled over Hollis Street Church in Boston. His ardent advocacy of the temperance and antislavery causes displeased a portion of his congregation, and at length, in 1845, he asked for a dismissal, and removed to Troy, N. Y. He remained in his new field of labor four years, when he accepted a call from a church in Medford, Mass. In his later years he became a Spiritualist, and no longer acted with his former Unitarian brethren. He was employed for a few years in the treasury department at Washington, in making a digest of decisions. He died in Medford, August 27, 1866.

Mr. Pierpont was a man of talent in many directions. He had mechanical skill, especially in engraving and in turning delicate figures. One of his inventions, says John Neal, "the 'Pierpont or Doric Stove,' was a bit of concrete philosophy, — a cast-iron syllogism of itself, so classically just in its proportions, and so eminently characteristic, as to be a type of the author." Mr. Neal thinks that Pierpont's first choice, the law, would have been his true sphere, and that he would have been a leader in the profession if he had been willing to wait. His first poem, "The

Portrait," written at Newburyport, has some vigorous lines, though in palpable imitation of the style of Campbell. "The Airs of Palestine," published in Baltimore, contains many beautiful passages. Of hymns for ordinations and dedications he wrote a great number that still hold their place in the collections for public worship. He wrote also a great many odes for various occasions, as well as poems upon reformatory subjects. Few of his pieces have the completeness that belongs to enduring works; but in almost all of them there are traces of fire, and here and there are couplets that any poet might be proud to own.

Mr. Pierpont was tall and vigorous in person, very animated in conversation, and full of an ultra-apostolic zeal. He was thoroughly honest, fearless, and outspoken. With more suavity and more tact he would have had a pleasanter pathway through the world; but then he would not have been John Pierpont. His life-long friend, John Neal, contributed an interesting brief memoir of him to the "Atlantic Monthly," December, 1866.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

RICHARD HENRY DANA was born in Cambridge, Mass., November 15, 1787. He remained three years in Harvard College, and afterward finished the usual collegiate education at Newport, R. I. He was admitted to the bar in 1811, but did not remain in the profession long, being drawn by his natural tastes into literary pursuits. He aided in establishing the "North American Review" in 1814, and in 1818 was one of its editors. In 1821-22 he published "The Idle Man," in numbers. His principal poem, "The Buccaneer," appeared in 1827, and was recognized as a production of originality and power. His collected Works in prose and verse were published in two volumes in 1850. He edited the Works and wrote the memoir of his brother-in-law, Allston. He wrote also a series of lectures upon Shakespeare, which were delivered in many of our principal cities. Mr. Dana lived to a serene old age, passing his summers at his sea-side home in Manchester, Mass., and his winters in Boston. He was seldom seen in public, but the frequenters of classical concerts and of Emerson's lectures were familiar with his intellectual features and long, silvery hair. He died February 2, 1879.

The Works of Mr. Dana are neither numerous nor popular. His ideas, whether in poems or essays, were addressed to the thinking few, and undoubtedly

did much to mould the public taste. His literary life began when the rhymed couplets of Pope were thought to be the highest form of poetical expression; he lived to see the decline of that artificial school, and the rise of the nobler philosophical poetry of Wordsworth and his successors.

In the "Fable for Critics" there is a characteristic passage, a couplet from which may survive: —

"There goes Dana abstractedly loitering along,
Involved in a paulo-post-future of song."



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born in Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789. His father, Judge William Cooper, became possessed of large tracts of land in the State of New York, on the shores of Lake Otsego, and removed there during the infancy of our author. The prominent position he occupied as a gentleman of wealth, culture, and energy in a new country is brought to view in the character of Judge Temple in "The Pioneers." Young Cooper was sent to Yale College at the age of thirteen; but he does not appear to have made any figure there, and at the end of his third year he entered the United States navy as a common sailor. After two years service he was promoted to the rank of midshipman,

and eventually to that of lieutenant. Upon his marriage, in 1811, he left the service, and a few years later began his career as an author. His first novel, "Precaution," published in 1819, followed popular English models, and gave no indication of his powers, nor of the field he was to occupy. "The Spy," the first of his truly original work, appeared in 1821.

The novel-reading public had been accustomed to depend wholly upon foreign literature; no works of fiction worth reading had been produced in the United States, except the powerful but intensely disagreeable novels of Charles Brockden Brown. The early home of Cooper had been upon the border of the wilderness; he knew Indians and hunters, and was familiar with all the incidents of frontier life. During his term of naval service he had acquired a thorough knowledge of sailors and of nautical affairs. When he turned his attention to writing, his mind was stored with vivid pictures of the woods and of the scenery of the sea; and he produced in rapid succession a series of fascinating novels, abounding in stirring incidents, and presenting some characters new to the world of fiction. The effect upon the public mind was prodigious; the novels were received with an enthusiasm of which the present generation can have but a faint idea. His Works are too numerous to be mentioned in detail; in any one of the thirty-two volumes of the last edition may be seen a complete list. The most popular sea novels are "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover." "The Spy," a tale of the Revolutionary War, is his best work, and the one by which he first became known.

The tales of frontier life are numerous, and nearly all excellent: "The Pioneers," "The Deerslayer," "The Pathfinder," "The Prairie," "The Last of the Mohicans," are among the best. His tales have a permanent charm, since they are based upon Nature, and are constructed with great skill. In some elements, however, their merit is unequal: his original characters are not numerous, and the same persons, under different names, reappear in successive stories as in a masquerade; besides, as Lowell says,—

"The women he draws, from one model don't vary;
All sappy as maples, and flat as a prairie."

If Cooper had been content to please his countrymen with his delightful fictions, his life would have been far happier. But he was a man of decided opinions, and endowed with the talent for criticism, as well as with the courage to present his strictures in a blunt way. In "Homeward Bound," and "Home as Found," and other works, he commented upon blemishes in our national character with so little reserve as to draw upon him a storm of newspaper abuse. He retorted by prosecutions for libel, and at one time had about twenty suits on hand. He generally gained his cases, but the results were barren of honor or profit. His "History of the United States Navy" also caused a controversy, because it was alleged he had not been quite just in his allotment of praise to the different commanders.

Cooper was a tall, robust man, and very animated in expression. Though always conscious of his birth

and social rank, he possessed a generous and kindly nature. He died in Cooperstown, N. Y., September 14, 1851.

CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK, daughter of Judge Theodore Sedgwick, was born in Stockbridge, Mass., on the 28th day of December, 1789. She was descended from a family in which talent was hereditary, and the influence of her distinguished father and brothers early directed her attention to literature. Her first work, "A New England Tale," was published in 1822. This was followed, in 1824, by "Redwood," and in 1827 by "Hope Leslie," the best of her novels, especially valuable as a picture of primitive manners, and as a transcript of the thought and opinion of a now half-forgotten age. "Clarence: A Tale of the Present Day," appeared in 1830; "The Linwoods," a romance of the Revolution, in 1835. She also wrote a series of popular works, of which the principal ones are "Live and Let Live," "The Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man," "Means and Ends," and "Home." Having made a European tour, she published, on her return in 1841, her "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home." Her "Memoir of Lucretia Maria Davidson" appeared in Sparks's "American Biography." Her last novel, published in 1857, was entitled "Mar-

ried or Single." A biography of Joseph Curtis, a philanthropist of New York, published in 1858, was her last work. This extended list, together with magazine articles and miscellanies, forms a fitting record of a long and useful life. She died in Stockbridge, July 20, 1867.

Miss Sedgwick's style was very attractive; her love of Nature was strong, and her sympathies were ready and active. Her novels had a wide popularity, both in English and in the many languages into which they were translated, and a number of them are eagerly read by the new generations. A collection of her letters, with a brief narrative to connect them, was published by Miss Dewey.



LYDIA (HUNTLEY) SIGOURNEY.

LYDIA (HUNTLEY) SIGOURNEY was born in Norwich, Conn., September 1, 1791. She early manifested poetic talent, and composed verses at the age of seven. She received a careful education, with such advantages as the country then afforded. In her nineteenth year she removed to Hartford, and opened a young ladies' school. Her first volume, entitled "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," appeared not long after. In 1819 she was married to Mr. Charles Sigourney, of Hartford, and lived in that city for the remainder of her life.

Mrs. Sigourney was a most prolific writer, having published no less than forty-five volumes, consisting of poems, biographies, tales, and miscellanies. (The reader will find a list in Duyckinck's *Cyclopedia*, vol. ii., p. 137.) Her poems have a musical flow, and are inspired with deep religious feeling; her thoughts are not profound, but are expressed in clear phrase, and are frequently enlivened by poetic fancy. Many of her productions have qualities that should preserve them, and a judicious collection would undoubtedly be welcome, especially with religious readers. Her death occurred June 10, 1865.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE was born in Boston, October 24, 1791. He entered into mercantile life at a very early age, and was indebted for his intellectual cultivation solely to his own efforts. He was appointed cashier of the Globe Bank in 1825, holding the office until 1864, when he retired from active life. He obtained the prize offered for an ode for the opening of the Park Theatre in New York, in 1821, and subsequently wrote odes for a number of similar occasions. That which he recited at the Shakespeare celebration in Boston, in 1823, has been greatly admired; it is a carefully elaborated poem, and gives pictures of the prominent creations of the

great dramatist in a vivid light. In 1825, on the Fourth of July, he delivered the annual oration before the municipal authorities of Boston. This production has been "got by heart" by more than one generation. The sentiment is elevated and philanthropic, and the style animated and smoothly finished, though with rather too much of formal antithesis in its balanced periods. No one of the line of civic orators has had such a popular success. In 1830 he wrote an ode for the centennial celebration of the city, which is the best of his longer poems. His poems were few in number, but graceful and melodious.

Mr. Sprague died January 14, 1875. His writings were published in one volume, 12mo, Boston, 1850.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. He was carefully educated under the advice of his father, who was a physician and a man of superior talents and attainments. The son was named for a medical writer in Scotland. Like most poets, he began rhyming early, and two of his productions were published in a thin volume while he was under fourteen years of age. "Thanatopsis" was printed in the "North

American Review" when he was but nineteen. He entered Williams College in 1810, but remained only two years, and then began the study of law. After being admitted to the bar, he continued in the profession nearly ten years, when, in 1825, he removed to New York city, and thenceforth gave his time to literary pursuits. He became connected with the "Evening Post" in 1826, and during his life remained one of the editors and proprietors of that journal. His residence was at Roslyn, L. I. He made several visits to Europe, besides travelling extensively in this country. The accounts which he published of his various journeys show his keen observation and enjoyment of Nature. In his youth Bryant was associated with R. C. Sands and G. C. Verplanck in editing "The Talisman;" and he wrote much and ably in prose in his long career; but his fame as a poet has overshadowed his prose works. His verse is characterized by smoothness and elegance, but its polish is not superficial; there are no meaningless lines tolerated for melody alone; the current of thought and the results of poetic observation are so arranged by a nice instinct that one might suppose the combination had been predestined. Bryant has been said to be an imitator of Wordsworth; and it is true that his poems are characterized by the same intense love of Nature, — especially of mountains, forests, and streams, — the same contemplative mood, the same exclusion of human passions, the same absence of gayety and humor, which we find in the philosophical poet of England. Indeed, few poets

of that time escaped Wordsworth's influence. But the Nature Bryant loved was under American and not under English skies; and if he drew his early inspiration from that great master, he acquired power to develop a style of his own, and could not be considered an imitator. The poem which is, perhaps, the highest expression of his genius, and the best known of any American poem, is "Thanatopsis," before mentioned. There is not, probably, an educated man now living among our English race in whose mind this solemn and beautiful meditation is not associated with "the last bitter hour." Its pictured phrases recur at every coming up of the grisly thought that haunts us all. Its serene philosophy has touched thousands who could never reason calmly for themselves upon the inevitable order of Nature. It leaves a clear impression upon the memory that defies the blur of misquotation, for its well-chosen words are united into imperishable forms by the cohesive power of genius.

Among Bryant's later works were his admirable translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Blank verse, to be sure, has not much of the music of the original hexameters, but the spirit of the poems has seldom been more faithfully presented.

The poet has probably been the severest critic upon his own productions. We cannot recall a single poem which we could wish omitted from the collection.

There can be no question that Bryant has won a lasting place as the eldest and among the noblest of American poets. The chief defect in his poems is

the lack of human sympathy; but in one of them, "The Future Life," there is a throb of emotion which assures us that his heart was not moved by inanimate Nature alone. In his newspaper he advocated the doctrine of universal freedom. He died June 12, 1878.

EDWARD EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794. He entered Harvard College at the age of thirteen, and was graduated with the highest honors. On leaving college he was appointed tutor, the duties of this position not interfering with his pursuing at the same time the study of divinity. He was settled in Boston as pastor of the Brattle Street Church, and very soon attracted great attention by his scholarly discourses. In 1814 he was appointed professor of Greek literature at Cambridge, being allowed time for travel and study abroad before beginning his duties. He spent four years in Europe, visiting the principal cities and seats of learning, and extending his researches into a wide range of subjects. On his return, he gave a brilliant series of college lectures, of which Emerson has given an animated account, and, besides, conducted the "North American Review." In 1824 he delivered an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa So-

ciety of Harvard. The occasion was distinguished by the presence of Lafayette, and the orator's reference to the nation's guest in the closing paragraph was especially happy. Indeed the whole oration, as we can readily believe, produced an extraordinary effect. It was as carefully studied as though it were to be judged in silence by critical readers, and was pronounced with an energy, tempered with unobtrusive art, which literary men are apt to neglect, and by which literary audiences, just as readily as the unlearned, are surprised into enthusiasm.

In 1824 Mr. Everett was elected a member of Congress, and continued to represent his district for ten years, when he was chosen governor. After serving four terms, he was defeated in 1839 by Marcus Morton, by a majority of one vote. In 1841 he was appointed minister to England by President Harrison. Upon his return to the United States in 1845, he was chosen president of Harvard University; but he found the official routine irksome, and resigned at the end of three years. In 1852 he was appointed secretary of state by President Fillmore, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Daniel Webster. In the spring of 1853 he was chosen a member of the United States Senate, but his health was so much impaired by the duties and anxieties of the office that he resigned in May, 1854. He became deeply interested in the plan of purchasing Mount Vernon, and delivered his oration on Washington in all the principal cities of the country for the benefit of the fund. The amount so contributed by him for this patriotic

purpose exceeded fifty thousand dollars. He died in Boston, January 15, 1865.

It is evident from this brief summary that Mr. Everett was a man of rare powers and rarer cultivation. He might truly say, "What could I have done unto my vineyard that I have not done unto it?" From his infancy he seemed to have been marked out for a scholar, and through his life he enjoyed exceptional advantages in acquiring knowledge and the best use of his naturally brilliant faculties. His orations were composed for widely differing occasions, but in each case the treatment is so masterly that one would think the subject then in hand had been the special study of his life. But his care did not cease with the preparation; his voice, gestures, and cadences were always in harmony with his theme, so that he was absolute master of his audience. It is seldom that the literary annalist has to record a career in which the preacher and essayist is developed by natural growth into the statesman and diplomatist, while his scholastic tastes and habits grow in parallel lines, and the man at threescore is an epitome of the knowledge and an exemplar of the eloquence of his generation.

Mr. Everett's political career, though an honorable one, was not highly successful. He was a cold man, and was not in the least popular, except in academic circles, when off the platform. He was naturally a conservative, and success more frequently waits upon the advocate of positive ideas; and, besides, at the time of his senatorial career conservatism was no

longer in accordance with the temper of the majority in his State. Though he might not have been deficient in moral courage,—and he certainly took no pains to conceal his opinions,—he was at times placed where downright Saxon would have been more to the purpose than his gracefully turned phrases. His natural sensitiveness and his excessive refinement made him shrink from the personal sacrifices which a popular leader must make, and from the sharp contests with opponents in high places which it is political suicide to shun.

Mr. Everett's works are always interesting to the reader. Open a volume at random, and the thought at once engages attention. It is true we do not find passages, like those in Webster's speeches, which come upon us like thunder-strokes; but, on the other hand, there are fewer arid spaces. Webster is often uninteresting, if not dull, for pages together. Everett, if he never astonishes, never fails to delight.

Mr. Everett's Works are comprised in four volumes, 8vo. He edited also the Works of Webster, and wrote an introductory biography.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE was born in New York city, August 7, 1795. The death of his father left the family in adverse circumstances; the young poet, however, obtained a good education, and began the study of medicine. He was married, a few months after coming of age, to the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and so had no further struggles for a livelihood. In 1819 the symptoms of consumption appeared, and he went to New Orleans to pass the winter. The mild climate having no power to arrest the disease, he returned home in the spring, and died on the 21st day of September following.

Drake began by writing verses, mostly of a satirical sort, which were published in the New York "Evening Post," and signed "Croaker." Soon after, he was joined in this pleasantry by Fitz-Greene Halleck, and their productions appeared as the work of a partnership, "Croaker & Co." "The Culprit Fay," which is the longest and best of his poems, was written, it is said, in three days. It is a bright and delicate conceit; and though Shakespeare and earlier poets furnished most of the "properties" (in stage parlance), the scenery is local, and the management of the story, without the introduction of any mortals, is the author's own. Speculations upon what might have happened are not always satisfactory, but it is easy to believe

that if Drake had lived long enough to mature his powers and perfect his art, he might have occupied a high place among poets.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK was born in Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1795. He removed to New York at the age of eighteen, and entered a banking-house as clerk, afterward becoming book-keeper in the office of John Jacob Astor. On the death of Mr. Astor, in 1848, he retired to his native town, where he resided until his death, which occurred November 19, 1867.

Some of Halleck's earliest productions were printed with Drake's, and signed "Croaker & Co." The poet did not consider them worth preserving, though their local hits made them popular at the time. His longest poem is entitled "Fanny;" it is not above mediocrity. "Marco Bozzaris" is doubtless the most popular and perhaps the most brilliant of his poems, and its sonorous lines are recited in all the school-houses. His tribute to Burns is charming in its spirit, and contains some noble and memorable stanzas. There is also a touching and beautiful tribute to the memory of his friend Drake, beginning, —

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days."

The life of Halleck appears devoid of incident, and his productions are in a very narrow compass. Still, his versification is finished, and the best of his poems have a telling quality, like those of his favorite, Campbell; and his name bids fair to outlast many that are connected with more pretentious works.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY was born in Baltimore, Md., October 25, 1795, and received his education at the College of Baltimore. He was admitted to the bar in 1816. He entered political life in 1820, as a member of the House of Delegates. He was a representative in Congress for several terms, and was one of the recognized leaders of the Whig party.

Mr. Kennedy's first attempts in literature were in the columns of a periodical, entitled "The Red Book." "Swallow Barn," a volume of sketches of rural life in Virginia, was published in 1832. "Horseshoe Robinson," a story of the Revolution, appeared in 1835. This is a novel of considerable merit, founded upon actual events, and dealing with historical personages. In 1849 he gave to the public an elaborate Life of William Wirt, in two volumes, 8vo. He published also occasional addresses, etc. Mr. Kennedy was a fluent and often elegant writer, and showed in

his descriptions a love of the beautiful and a refined taste. He continued to reside in his native city, and took a deep interest in its welfare. He was one of the trustees selected by Mr. Peabody for the institute of letters and art established in Baltimore. He died August 18, 1870. His *Life*, written by Henry T. Tuckerman, appeared the same year.



JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL was born in the parish of Kensington and town of Berlin, Conn., September 15, 1795. He entered Yale College at the age of sixteen, and a year after his graduation began the study of medicine. He was not successful as a practitioner, principally because the profession was distasteful to him. He was for a brief period a professor at West Point, and afterward a surgeon connected with the recruiting service in Boston. He removed to New Haven in 1827, where he revised the translation of Malte Brun's *Geography*, and assisted Dr. Noah Webster in the preparation of his *quarto Dictionary*. In 1834 he was appointed by the governor to make a geological survey of the State. The work proved much greater than was expected, and his report was not published until 1842. In 1853 he went to Wisconsin to make a similar survey of that State, and remained there until his death, which occurred at Hazel Green, May 2, 1857.

Dr. Percival was an eminent scholar, not only in his special pursuits, but in linguistic studies. He was familiar with many ancient languages, and with the dialects of the Norse, Gaelic, Slavonic, and other modern tongues. His poems, which are numerous, were generally written in haste, and with little revision. A few editions were published at intervals, but they did not meet with popular success, and the poet was for most of his life miserably poor. His constitutional melancholy was intensified by his failure to receive sympathy and applause; and some of his bitter lines, with the interpretation which his misfortunes furnish, leave a most painful impression.

Percival's poetry (though more highly esteemed forty years ago) fails to answer the reader's expectations, or to hold the attention beyond half a dozen pages. He undoubtedly had a perception of the beauty of Nature, and there are frequent glimpses of this beauty in his poems; but they are fragmentary, scattered hints, rather than completed pictures, and remind us of the "broken crockery" school in the sister art of music. His thoughts, or rather his phrases, deflected by the turning corners of rhyme, run away with him, taking a new direction in every verse, and leading into eddies of words that even his friend the lexicographer could not have helped him out of, and which make the perplexed reader wonder where, when, and how the many-jointed sentence is going to end. Percival had his poetic visions, doubtless, but he neglected the continuous labor and thought which might have shaped his conceptions into

forms of enduring beauty. His name and his Works belong to the literary history of the country, but only a few of his simpler poems, including some fine sonnets, will remain to justify in some measure his reputation among his contemporaries. His poems were published in two volumes, 18mo.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY was born in Boston, May 2, 1796, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1815. He studied for the ministry, and was ordained as pastor of the Brattle Street Church in Boston, succeeding Edward Everett in that position. In 1831 he was appointed a professor in the Divinity School at Cambridge, and held the chair till 1839, when he resigned, and left the clerical profession. He was editor of the "North American Review" from 1835 to 1842. He was secretary of the Commonwealth from 1844 to 1847, when he was chosen a representative in Congress. At that session the contest between the North and South for the speakership was unusually violent. Robert C. Winthrop was the candidate of the Whigs, and Howell Cobb of the Democrats. Dr. Palfrey, who was a distinctive antislavery man, and had previously emancipated certain slaves which he had inherited from a Southern relative, persistently voted for a third party candidate, so that Mr. Cobb was elected.

This action caused great excitement in Massachusetts,¹ and when Dr. Palfrey was brought forward for re-election, after seventeen trials in which there was no choice, he was defeated. He retired from public life from that time, although he was afterward post-master of Boston. He died in Cambridge, April 26, 1881.

Dr. Palfrey's earlier and professional Works are "Evidences of Christianity," two vols., 8vo. (1843); "Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities," four vols., 8vo. (1838-52); also a "Harmony of the Gospels," and various sermons and lectures. His last work, which is more properly within our view, is his "History of New England," a full and able account of the beginnings of the eastern colonies, and without any rival in its field. The work consists of five volumes, bringing the narrative down to 1688.

Dr. Palfrey's style is clear and exact. It is lacking in vivacity, but it shows conscientious care, and is free from the verbiage that sometimes passes for rhetorical ornament.

¹ See in Biglow Papers, first series, No. 4, beginning, —

"No? Hez he? He haint though! Wut? Voted agin him?
Ef the bird of our country could ketch him, she 'd skin him!"

HORACE MANN.

HORACE MANN was born in Franklin, Mass., May 4, 1796. His parents were poor, and his early life was a season of hard work, with few of the circumstances that give to boyhood its long-remembered charms. He fitted for college *in six months*, by an amount of labor that did him a lifelong injury, and entered the sophomore class in Brown University at the age of twenty. He studied law and settled in Dedham, but afterward removed to Boston. He was elected to the State senate in 1836, and the following year was chosen Secretary of the State Board of Education. The school system of Massachusetts, in its present efficiency, was almost wholly created by Mr. Mann's heroic efforts and personal sacrifices. Ignorance and routine stood in the way, and his diary records only a series of struggles made under all kinds of discouragements. He continued in this office for twelve years, during which time he made a series of annual reports which form a library of educational science. Upon the death of John Quincy Adams, he was chosen to represent his district in Congress, and remained in that service six years, giving his whole heart and soul to the antislavery cause. In 1853 he was invited to become president of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio. His life there was full of anxiety and toil. The college was new, in debt, and wanting in almost all things. Many of the persons with whom he was associated did not share in his

aspirations for a high standard of attainment. Physical discomforts were numerous and annoying. He lived to see great improvements in the college, but not until he was worn out, mind and body, by his life of excessive labor. He died August 2, 1859. His remains rest in a burying-ground at Providence, R. I. His statue in bronze stands in the State House yard in Boston, opposite to that of Webster.

The writings of Mr. Mann are full of good sense and apt illustrations, and are clear and often elegant in style. His *Life*, written by his wife, with selections from his *Works*, has been published, in five volumes, 8vo., by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born in Salem, Mass, May 4, 1796. He entered Harvard College in 1811, and had intended on graduation to study law, but an injury to one of his eyes, received while in college, so far impaired his sight that his plans in life were changed. He went to Europe to consult eminent oculists, but received no benefit from their treatment. After two years he returned home and began literary studies, with the aid of a reader and amanuensis. His first work, the "*History of Ferdinand and Isabella*," appeared in 1837, having cost the author more than ten years

of labor. "The Conquest of Mexico" was published in 1843, and the "Conquest of Peru" in 1847. He next undertook the "History of Philip II.;" two volumes were published in 1855, and a third in 1858. The work was unfinished at the time of his death, which occurred in Boston, January 28, 1859.

By common consent, Prescott is accorded a leading place among historians. In spite of his partial blindness, his surroundings were highly fortunate. He inherited a good but not a great intellect, had scholastic training, abundant wealth, the aid of friendly criticism, and the choice of new and untrodden fields. His histories are based on a thorough study of original documents, and are composed with exceeding care. Contrary to the usual tendency, his fondness for pictorial effect seemed to increase, and his last work is, more than any former one, filled with brilliant scenes and episodes. But he was not a philosopher, and made no attempt to deduce the political and moral laws of history; and, besides, he is often cool in the narration of atrocities which would make most men's sentences blaze with indignation.

Besides the histories mentioned, Prescott wrote a continuation of Robertson's "History of Charles V.," giving an account of the cloister life of that monarch. He published, also, a volume of miscellanies, mostly essays, written for the "North American Review."

Mr. Prescott was a tall and handsome man, with singularly pleasing manners and amiable character. His habits were methodical, and his ample fortune enabled him to gratify his tastes. He had three resi-

dences, — all charming in their way, — one in Beacon Street, Boston, facing the Common; one at Lynn, with a magnificent ocean view; and another at Pepperell, the home of his grandfather, who commanded the American forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. His migrations accorded with the seasons; and such was the perfection of his domestic arrangements that he had only to wish for a change, and, like Prince Houssain with his magic carpet, he found himself in the desired place, with his necessary books, and other conveniences, ready to his hand. His library in Boston was a beautiful room, filled with treasures of literature and art. The visitor upon entering might be surprised to find the author absent; but if it was a favorable time for receiving callers, a section of the shelves swung open, disclosing a passage to the plain upper room where the real work of the author was done.

In the first chapter of Thackeray's "Virginians," the reader will see a reference to a pair of swords that belonged to Mr. Prescott. The swords are now in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Mr. Prescott's histories have a great and undiminished popularity, both in England and America. In a single year over forty thousand volumes of his Works were sold by his Boston publishers. They belong to that small class of books which have a solid basis of fact, and at the same time the fascination of romance. This statement is not wholly true in regard to his "Mexico" and "Peru." Later investigation seems to have made it probable that the Spanish

authorities on which he relied were not altogether trustworthy, and it may be that those works will eventually be superseded. His Life was written by George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish Literature.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

FRANCIS WAYLAND was born in the city of New York, March 11, 1796. He received his education at Union College, and gave three years to the study of medicine, in Troy, N. Y.; but having joined the Baptist Church, he changed his original intention as to a profession, and entered Andover Theological Seminary. He was tutor four years at Union College, and was afterward settled in Boston as pastor of the First Baptist Church, where he remained five years. He was a professor at Union College for a few months, and was then (1827) chosen president of Brown University, at Providence, R. I. His great practical talents, no less than his high qualities of intellect and commanding personal influence, were soon felt in the prosperity and advanced standing of that institution. He brought about a change in the collegiate instruction, by which special courses were open to students, with corresponding degrees for proficiency. He resigned his office in 1855, and died in Providence, September 30, 1865.

Dr. Wayland was a man of power and originality of thought, and his tastes and studies inclined him to the pursuit of fundamental truths. His style was a reflex of his mental traits, — clear, cogent, and direct. His greatest work was his “Elements of Moral Science,” which has long been a standard text-book. He also wrote the “Elements of Political Economy,” a “Treatise on Intellectual Philosophy,” “Limitations of Human Responsibility,” a “Life of Adoniram Judson” the missionary, “Thoughts on the Collegiate System of the United States,” besides several volumes of sermons. His sermon on the “Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise” is a powerful production, noble in its leading motive, and rising into passages of true eloquence.

Dr. Wayland was tall in stature, with a dignified presence, a massive, overhanging brow, and deep-set eyes. His manners were simple and affable, though habitually grave.



WILLIAM WARE.

WILLIAM WARE was born in Hingham, Mass., August 3, 1797, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1816. He entered the ministry, and preached in New York for sixteen years. He is the author of three historical romances that have gained for him a permanent reputation. The first (published in 1836) is “Zenobia; Or, the Fall of Palmyra,” — a

series of letters purporting to be written by a Roman, in which the splendors of the desert city, and its final overthrow by the Emperor Aurelian, are described. The work shows an intimate acquaintance not only with the history, but with the private life and manners of the age, and its style is vivid and picturesque. The second (1838) is entitled "Probus," and is a sequel of the narrative of Zenobia. The third (1841) is "Julian," a picture of the scenes and events in Judea during the latter years of Jesus Christ. "Zenobia" is the most brilliant of the series, but all possess a high order of merit.

Mr. Ware was afterward settled over a church in West Cambridge, but resigned on account of ill health in 1845. He died in Cambridge, February 19, 1852. It is a curious link with the last century that he was the pupil in Italian of Da Ponte, author of the libretto of Mozart's opera, "Don Giovanni."



GEORGE BANCROFT.

GEORGE BANCROFT was born in Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1817. His college course was but the beginning of his education. He went to Europe, and pursued a great variety of studies for five years at Göttingen, Berlin, Heidelberg, Paris, and in several Italian cities, forming acquaintances with

the most eminent scholars of the time. He applied himself to modern languages and literature, also to Oriental languages, ancient history, and Greek philosophy. On his return in 1822 he was tutor at Harvard College for a year, and had a share in bringing about the new birth of learning which in the end transformed that obscure provincial school into a noble university. The return of eminent Harvard graduates from Germany about that time (described with so much enthusiasm by Emerson) was an event most important in its results to the college.

Bancroft was next connected, for one year, with the classical school at Round Hill, Northampton, Mass. The results of his study and observation had made him an advocate of universal suffrage and an uncompromising democrat. He was invited to enter political life, and was elected to the legislature without his consent; but he declined to serve, as he had already formed the project of writing a history of the United States.

The first volume of the History appeared in 1834. The second volume was written in Springfield, in which place he resided for three years. In 1838 he was appointed collector of the port of Boston; but neither official duties nor party services drew his attention from historical composition, and his third volume was published in 1840. He was an unsuccessful candidate for governor in 1844, and the following year was appointed secretary of the navy by President Polk. It was due to his efforts that the Naval Academy at Annapolis was established. In

1846 he was appointed minister to England, and remained abroad until 1849, when he returned and resumed his literary work. The fourth and fifth volumes were published in 1852, the sixth in 1854, the seventh in 1858, the eighth in 1860, the ninth in 1866, the tenth in 1874.

Bancroft wrote two other volumes upon the "History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States," virtually a continuation of his larger work. There was also issued a condensed edition of the History in six volumes. These received a final revision in 1884-85. He continued literary work to the last, — a period of nearly sixty years from the publication of his first volume. His favorite recreation was horseback riding, and his delight was in the cultivation of roses, — a taste which he shared with his fellow-historian Parkman. His manners were rather austere. He died in Washington, January 17, 1891.

The philosophical studies of Bancroft thoroughly prepared him for his great work. History, when it is merely a naked statement of events, is dry and comparatively profitless; it is only when it recognizes the laws of human progress, and the principles of ethics in government and social relations, that it makes intelligible sequences between causes and results, and vindicates the eternal supremacy of ideas in the apparently wayward course of events. Bancroft, more than almost any other, is a philosophical historian. The brave doctrines of the colonists and of the framers of republican constitutions

are in him an ever-living force. The modern ideas of the liberty of the individual between moral lines, of the inviolability of conscience, and of the freedom of worship from control by Church or State, have in him an eloquent and fully armed defender. The sketches of the Puritans, of the Quakers, and of individuals such as Penn and Roger Williams, are so justly discriminating, so earnest, so glowing with conviction, that they fascinate every reader. The application of "divine philosophy" is almost as new and beneficent as the discovery of the continent. It is worthy of observation that the doctrine of the "inner light" which distinguished the Quakers, and the sweet Christian toleration which Roger Williams was the first to preach in New England, were united in the faith of the Transcendentalists, to which Bancroft held, and which has been substantially the basis of our noblest literature, both in poetry and prose.

The conscientious study of the documentary sources of American history carried on for the unparalleled period of sixty years has had a worthy result; and it will be long before any similar task will be undertaken with any reasonable hope of greatly changing the conclusions arrived at. It must be admitted that Bancroft takes the part of Jefferson strongly against the Federalists; but that is no longer a living issue, since the general convictions of the present generation, and the almost unbroken traditions of the government, have fully established the Jeffersonian doctrines.

Bancroft's style is perspicuous and forcible, and at times, when some important principle is discussed, has a quality of intimate conviction that is almost tender, and even passionate. But of style as a purely literary art, embracing originality and melody of diction, with delicacy of suggestion, and lightened by gleams of poetic imagination, he is not an eminent master. The interest and power of his work, however, do not depend upon style. It is broad-based, thorough, and enlightened, and is permeated with the principles to which our republic is irrevocably committed. It ought to be conscientiously studied by every man and woman capable of comprehending its drift and profiting by its lessons. If one is asked by a foreigner for a reason for the faith that is in him, or for an account of ideas distinctly "American," he has only to refer to the masterly expositions of Bancroft. But it must be admitted that his works are not and never will be popular.

GEORGE PERKINS MARSH.

GEORGE PERKINS MARSH was born in Woodstock, Vt., March 17, 1801, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1820, and died July 23, 1882. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Burlington, Vt. He was chosen a representative

in Congress in 1842, and remained in service until 1849, when he was appointed minister to Constantinople. In 1852 he was sent on a special mission to Greece. On his return he was almost constantly in public service in his native State until 1861, when he was appointed minister to Italy, where he remained until his death.

Mr. Marsh was an eminent scholar in the northern languages of Europe, and held a high place among philologists. His principal work, entitled "Lectures on the English Language" (1861), is a treatise of great value and interest. He published an "Icelandic Grammar," a treatise "On the Origin and History of the English Language and its Early Literature;" "Man and Nature; Or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action;" "The Camel, His Organization, Habits, etc., with reference to his introduction into the United States;" besides a great many philological and linguistic addresses and letters.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY was born in the city of New York, October 31, 1801. He received his education at Yale College, graduating in 1820. He spent two years in the study of theology at Princeton, N. J., and two more as tutor at Yale. In 1831 he was appointed professor of Greek

at Yale, and in 1846 was chosen president of the college, which place he held until 1871. He edited several Greek text-books, and was a frequent writer for the Reviews, especially the "New Englander," which is published at New Haven. He published a treatise upon the elements of International Law in 1860, and one upon Divorce in 1869. A volume of his university sermons appeared in 1871 under the title of "The Religion of the Present and the Future." Besides the foregoing he published (in 1877) "Political Science; Or, The State, Theoretically and Practically Considered;" "Communism and Socialism" (1880); "Helpful Thoughts for Young Men" (1882); also several smaller works. He edited new editions of Dr. Francis Lieber's "Civil Liberty" and "Manual of Political Ethics."

Dr. Woolsey was conspicuous among American scholars for the extent and thoroughness of his learning, his power of thought, and his clear and admirable style. The moral elevation of his character gave great and almost authoritative weight to his opinions, especially upon questions of public law. During his long connection with Yale College his personal influence was constantly on the increase, and he was regarded by the graduates with respect and love. His sermons, according to the unanimous testimony of Yale students, have seldom been surpassed in grandeur of moral conceptions or in intellectual power. He died July 1, 1889.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

HORACE BUSHNELL was born April 14, 1802, in Litchfield, Conn., but at ten years of age went to the town of Washington, in the same county, where he was reared. He was graduated at Yale College in 1827, and was for a time literary editor of the New York "Journal of Commerce." In 1829 he was appointed tutor in Yale College, where he remained two years, studying law and afterward theology. In 1833 he was settled in Hartford, Conn., as pastor of the North Congregational Church, where he remained until June, 1859, when he resigned. His discourses attracted great attention on account of their rare qualities of style and of their suspected heretical tendencies. On one occasion he was brought before the Association of Congregational Ministers to answer the charge of invalidating the doctrine of the Trinity. He was acquitted, and thereupon published a work in which he maintained that "human language is incapable of expressing, with any exactness, theologic science," and that many of the religious controversies have been disputes over mere words or phrases. Neither his tastes nor his mental traits inclined him to polemical theology; not that he was not a logical reasoner, but his nature was a sensitive one, and his discourses all show strong poetic feeling, and a tendency to illustrate spiritual truth by natural images and analogies, rather than to define it in exact formulas by sharp

mathematical lines. It will be difficult to find in the sermons of any modern divine so many passages of moral and intellectual beauty as Dr. Bushnell's discourses furnish. The current of his thought is strong but not dogmatic; his piety was evidently the main-spring of his life, but it had no tinge of asceticism; his imagination was his strongest intellectual faculty, but it was made subservient to the noblest uses.

Dr. Bushnell was a man of unpretending and natural manners, of great energy, and with a certain decision that belongs to the leaders of men. His genius was exemplified in conversation as well as in his works, and he was among the most active and public-spirited of citizens. The beautiful park in Hartford was secured, in a great measure, by his efforts.

We give a list of his Works: "Christian Nurture," (1847); "God in Christ" (1849); "Christ in Theology" (1851); "Sermons for the New Life" (1858); "Nature and the Supernatural" (1858); "Christ and his Salvation" (1864); "Work and Play" (1864); "The Vicarious Sacrifice" (1866); "Moral Uses of Dark Things" (1868); "Woman Suffrage: The Reform against Nature" (1869). In addition to these he printed essays and addresses upon a wide range of topics, principally in the "New Englander." He died in Hartford, February 17, 1876.

MARK HOPKINS.

MARK HOPKINS was born in Stockbridge, Mass., February 4, 1802. He received his education at Williams College, where he was subsequently a tutor. He studied medicine, and, after taking his degree, removed to New York city, and began practice. In 1830 he returned to Williams as professor of moral philosophy and rhetoric, and in 1836 was chosen president of the college,—a position which he held until 1872, when he became once more professor of moral philosophy. He died June 19, 1887.

Among this author's published Works are "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity" (1846); "Miscellaneous Essays and Discourses" (1847); "Lectures on Moral Science" (1862); "Love as Law, and the Law of Love" (1863); "Baccalaureate Sermons and Occasional Discourses" (1863); "An Outline Study of Man" (1873); "Strength and Beauty" (1874),—this last being reissued in 1884 with the title of "Teachings and Counsels,—"The Scriptural Idea of Man" (1883).

Dr. Hopkins was a man of remarkable vigor, and combined high intellectual qualities with great practical and administrative talents. That Williams College has maintained so high a rank among its contemporaries, while its income has been so small compared with that of Harvard or Yale, was in a great measure owing to his wise management, and to the confidence

felt in his character and in his high aims for the institution.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD, daughter of David Francis, was born in Medford, Mass., February 11, 1802, and died in Wayland, Mass., October 20, 1880. Her first book, a story of the early settlement of the country, entitled "Hobomok," was published in 1824. The next year appeared "The Rebels: A Tale of the Revolution." In 1826 she began the publication of the "Juvenile Miscellany." In 1828 she was married to David Lee Child, an editor and author. Subsequently there appeared from her pen "The First Settlers of New England" (1829); "An Appeal for that class of Americans called Africans" (1833); "Ladies' Family Library," a series of biographies, 5 vols. (1832-35); "Philothea: A Romance of Greece in the days of Pericles" (1836); "Letters from New York," 2 vols. (1843-45); "Fact and Fiction" (1846); "Flowers for Children," 3 vols. (1844-46); "The Power of Kindness" (1851); "Isaac T. Hopper: A True Life" (1853); "The Progress of Religious Ideas," 3 vols. (1855); "Autumnal Leaves" (1856); "Looking Toward Sunset" (1864); "The Freedman's Book" (1865); "Miria: A Romance of the Republic" (1867); "Aspirations of the World" (1878).

In this list there is no mention of various juvenile works, and a book on domestic economy. In the capacity to interest young people Mrs. Child was without a rival in her day. From the beginning of the antislavery crusade she was an earnest helper, and for the sake of the cause relinquished in great measure her lighter and more pleasing literary pursuits.

Mrs. Child was a woman of strong and generous impulses, with a lively sense of beauty; especially fond of music, and of tracing fanciful analogies between its subtle suggestions and the sister arts; believing in absolute truth and justice, but somewhat too enthusiastic to preserve always the just balance of judgment. Her works apparently reflect her own nature, and bring the reader and author face to face. In the haste of composition there are occasional slips, and among so many works there is not a uniform standard of merit; still, there are few authors who have added so much to the pleasure and to the moral culture of a generation. It is to be hoped that a revised edition of her Works may be published, as many of them are out of print. A volume of her letters was printed in 1882.

In the "Fable for Critics" there is a playful passage upon this author, under the name of "Philothea," which is, on the whole, a warm tribute to her noble qualities. We can give only the concluding lines:

"Yes, a great soul is hers; one that dares to go in
To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,
And to bring into each, or to find there, some line
Of the never completely out-trampled divine.

If her heart at high floods swamps her brain now and then,
'T is but richer for that when the tide ebbs again ;
As, after old Nile has subsided, his plain
Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain.
What a wealth would it bring to the narrow and sour
Could they be as a Child but for one little hour !”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He was descended from a line of clergymen ; and if he inherited their bookish tendencies, he had also the stooping shoulders, flat chest, and other marks of studious men. By the early death of his father (1811) his mother was left to bring up her family of five young children with very little means. But poverty — if such it was — was serenely, unconsciously borne, and in some way three of the sons were enabled to graduate at Harvard College. The severe and ennobling moral training bestowed by this heroic mother, assisted by a maiden aunt, produced the best results. Those who well knew the subject of this sketch revered him as one in whom the loftiest virtues were exemplified, with fewest of human failings. After graduation, in 1821, he taught school for a few years ; and it was during this period — wandering in the woods of West Roxbury — that he wrote the poem “Good Bye, Proud World.” He entered the ministry in 1826, and in 1829 was settled

in Boston. On account of a change in his opinions he left the church and the ministry in 1832, when he went to Europe and remained a year. Upon his return he began his career as a lecturer, and soon after settled in Concord, Mass., which was his home for the remainder of his life. His first wife died soon after their marriage. His second wife, Miss Jackson, was the mother of his children, and survived him.

Emerson was an acute observer both of Nature and man. In his study he passed the hours with Plato and the philosophers, with Swedenborg and the mystics, or with Shakespeare and the poets; but his most fruitful meditations were in the woods and fields. Though he quoted much from favorite authors, it was from wild Nature that he drew his inspiration; and its infinitely varied phases furnished him with never-failing analogies. His thoughts ran upon the powers of the soul, the play of the passions, the elements of society, and the growth and collective movement of ideas. He had an astonishing and apparently intuitive perception of truth; and if the word had not been vulgarized by base usage, he might be called a seer. His sentences have frequently the conciseness, weight, and crystal clearness of proverbs. There can be gathered from his works specimens of aphoristic sayings, spiritual and ennobling in tendency, — so many, and of such quality, that it is doubtful if they could be paralleled by selections from any author since Lord Bacon.

Side by side with this record in prose was the endeavor to work out in verse the results of the

philosopher's observation of human life and of the external world. Many of his poems are the expression of thoughts found also in his essays. Some of his poems are of the highest beauty; others appear to have been wrought without much art, and are unmelodious and obscure. "The Problem," "Each and All," and some others may be named as absolutely unsurpassed in our time. In grandeur of thought and power of expression, Emerson at his best is first of American poets.

Emerson's prose works, having been written chiefly in the form of lectures, were not printed until they had been kept a long time and revised. Hence it came that his writings have no logical continuity. He has formulated no system; he never argues nor expounds a proposition; he appears to be writing of what lies before the open windows of his soul. This mode of treatment gives rise to ellipses; but the reader who has imagination will find stepping-stones between the sentences, and an order in the thoughts.

Emerson's view of life is eminently cheerful; he is the philosopher of courage and hope. He was loath to employ the common phrases in reference to things of the spiritual world, but he believed in the immanence of the Divine Spirit in the soul, and was at all times one of the most profoundly religious of men. In ethics he took always the highest tone, and found no language too severe for the frauds of trade or the deceptions of politics. He was interested in the Transcendental philosophy, — which, however, he

preferred to call Idealism, — which was one of the main elements in the awakening of New England. He was an earnest advocate of freeing the slaves, and never hesitated to espouse any cause he thought just because it was unpopular.

Emerson's religious and philosophical opinions can hardly be definitely stated in brief limits. Widely different views are held as to the tendencies of his writings; but they are read and enjoyed by many belonging to all the schools of modern thought. In spirit they are opposed to materialism and pessimism, and are inspiring, like mountain air.

Upon his return from his second visit to Europe, Mr. Emerson wrote "English Traits," a book of concrete philosophy, full of subtile wit, and one of the best *summaries* of English men and institutions. It is, perhaps, the most interesting of his works. His courses of lectures were usually first delivered in Boston, and were eagerly heard by those who could appreciate wisdom at high proof. Meanwhile, other lecturers gained more temporary renown by retailing his wisdom diluted. It required more than thirty years to make the public acquainted with the treasures in his works, and to silence the inane ridicule of the lower order of newspapers. But there were those who from the beginning felt that he was predestined to fame. In Concord, where he lived for half a century, he was adored by his townsmen, without distinction of sect or party.

For some years before his death Mr. Emerson's faculties underwent a painful eclipse. He was still

master of himself in the sphere of ideas, but he forgot persons and names, and relied upon the prompting of attendants. He died April 27, 1882. Concord has become a place of pilgrimage since Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau sleep in its rural cemetery.

Emerson's Works are contained in eleven volumes: "Nature, with Addresses and Lectures;" "Essays, First and Second Series;" "Miscellanies;" "Representative Men;" "English Traits;" "Poems;" "The Conduct of Life;" "May Day, and Other Poems;" "Society and Solitude;" "Letters and Social Aims;" "Lectures and Biographical Sketches," the last volume being posthumous. He had also a share in writing the Life of Margaret Fuller. He was a contributor to the "Dial," a quarterly published 1840-44, and for a time its editor. He was also warmly interested in the "Atlantic Monthly," and wrote for it from its beginning in 1857. His Life was written by J. Eliot Cabot. Oliver Wendell Holmes also wrote an interesting biography of him. Dr. Edward Emerson, his son, has published an account of his father's private life, entitled "Emerson in Concord." His Works were published in London, with an introduction by John Morley, in which the place of Emerson in literature is certainly not overstated, and which few of Emerson's friends or disciples can read with equanimity. In spirit, it is much like the inadequate estimate of Matthew Arnold.

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON.

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON was born in Stockbridge, Vt., September 16, 1803, and died April 17, 1876. He was early inclined to religious and philosophical discussion, and sought truth through every conceivable avenue of approach. Beginning with the creed of New England Congregationalism, he joined the Presbyterian Church at the age of nineteen, while attending an academy. After some struggles he became, in 1825, a Universalist minister, preaching and writing in his usual strong and aggressive style. He next gave his sympathies to the social reforms proposed by Robert Owen; but finding progress slow in that direction, he was attracted by the influence of Dr. Channing, and became the pastor of a Unitarian society. In this period he enlarged his acquaintance with languages, literature, and philosophy. This phase of thought lasted until 1836, when he organized a new society in Boston for "Christian union and progress." In 1838 he established the Boston "Quarterly Review," which he edited for five years. In 1840 he published "Charles Elwood ; Or, the Infidel Converted," a strongly "medicated" novel, as the Autocrat's friend would have termed it. Having gone the round of speculative ideas in theology, he began to experience a mental reaction, and in 1844 joined the Roman Catholic Church. In the same year he began the publication of "Brownson's Quarterly Review," which was

continued until 1864, and revived in 1873-75. The following is a list of his later Works, though perhaps not complete: "The Spirit Rapper" (1854); "The Convert" (1857); "The American Republic, its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny" (1865); "Liberalism and the Church" (1869). He removed from Boston about the year 1854, and thereafter resided in or near New York.

Dr. Brownson was an exceedingly able and acute reasoner, as well as a clear and forcible writer. As might be expected, his religious convictions permeate nearly every sentence. With most authors there are certain fields on which there is a truce to controversy; but Dr. Brownson, with more logic, perhaps, but with less amenity, treated every subject, from metaphysics to an album sonnet, in its relations to the Church.



ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD was born in Newcastle, Del., in the year 1803. He received his classical and medical education in Philadelphia, and for many years resided in that city. He was the author of several novels of more than ordinary merit, among which are "Calavar: A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico;" "The Infidel; Or, the Fall of Mexico;" "Nick of the Woods; Or, the Jibbenaino-say," a story of life in Kentucky in early times; "The

Adventures of Robin Day." He wrote three tragedies, one of which, "The Gladiator," was made popular by the acting of Mr. Forrest. "Calavar" contains many beautiful descriptive passages, and is believed to present a faithful picture of the ancient city as it was before the conquest. "Nick of the Woods" is full of startling border adventures, and though it has suffered in consequence of the horde of later imitations, it shows originality and power in the author.

Dr. Bird left the field of literature at an early age, retired to his native place, and died there in January, 1854.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born July 4, 1804, at Salem, Mass., where his family, remarkable for robust physical and mental traits, had been settled from the beginning of the colony. His father, a shipmaster, died in Surinam when the boy was four years of age. His mother was a woman of capacity, and encouraged his taste for reading. His favorite authors were Thomson, Spenser, Bunyan, Milton, Shakespeare, and Froissart. At the age of fourteen he spent a year in Maine with an uncle, in a township of wild land, where he lived the free life of a bird, and also acquired the habits of solitude which grew upon him in after years. At an early age and against his will he was sent to Bowdoin College, in

Maine. Several of his classmates and friends had an important influence upon his after life. Among them, Longfellow was the first to recognize his genius in a review; Lieutenant Bridge, U. S. N. guarantied the cost of his first successful book; and Franklin Pierce, afterward President, gave him the lucrative place of consul to Liverpool.

After graduation Hawthorne wrote a novel called "Fanshawe," which was of little value. He also wrote a number of short stories and sketches, almost all founded upon some weird fantasy; and these were, a few years later, collected under the title of "Twice Told Tales." They could have been conceived only by a man of genius, and the exquisite simplicity of the style shows the hand of a master. He continued writing with meagre pecuniary returns, and later was glad to accept a small position in the Boston custom-house. After two years he lost the place by the return of the Whigs to power. He joined the Brook Farm community in West Roxbury, but accomplished little literary work there. In 1842 he married Miss Peabody of Salem, an accomplished woman who had been attracted by his writings, and they went to live in Concord, Mass., where he wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse." This work was warmly received by a limited circle of friends; but the time for his general popularity had not come. He was next surveyor in the Salem custom-house for three years, and after leaving that place wrote "The Scarlet Letter," perhaps the most original and powerful of his romances, the work that established his fame. At

Lenox, Mass., he wrote "The House of Seven Gables," a romance of Salem in the olden time. Removing to West Newton, Mass., he wrote "The Blithedale Romance," founded upon his experiences at Brook Farm. He returned to Concord, where he bought a house and established his family. About this time he wrote "A Wonder Book," containing "Tanglewood Tales," which are modernized classic fables, and "Grandfather's Chair," a series of sketches of events in early colonial history. In 1852 he wrote the life of his friend Franklin Pierce, who was then candidate for President. Pierce would have appointed him a foreign minister, but being too poor to bear the expense of such an honor, Hawthorne accepted a place as consul, as has been mentioned. He resigned in 1857 and went to Italy, where he remained rather more than a year; after which he returned to England, and there wrote his last and most generally admired romance, "The Marble Faun." He returned to the United States in June, 1860, less than a year before the outbreak of the Civil War. He published two volumes of selections from his English notebooks, entitled "Our Old Home." He began "The Dolliver Romance," but did not live to complete it. The probable issues of the Civil War distressed him beyond measure. His friend and publisher, Mr. Ticknor, induced him to take a trip to New Hampshire, to revive his drooping spirits. They stopped at a hotel for the night (May 19, 1864), and without any premonition Hawthorne was found dead in his bed in the morning.

Hawthorne's "Note Books," which have been published, show that all his life he recorded the thoughts that came to him in his solitary hours; and these formed the bases of his stories and romances. Besides "The Dolliver Romance," he left another work unfinished, "Septimius Felton;" both of these were attempts to reach the secret of immortality. His son Julian has published his "Life and Letters," and his son-in-law, George P. Lathrop, has written "A Study of Hawthorne."

Hawthorne's mind brooded over the theological and other problems of Puritan life, and his works are for the most part tinged with melancholy. His creative imagination gives him an assured place among the great writers of fiction. His romances are removed as far as is possible from novels, and there is no propriety in comparing him with such writers as Thackeray or Dickens; in fact, there is no man of the English race who can be counted his peer in the field he occupied.¹ His characters are not assemblages of traits, built up from the results of nice observation, but seem to have been called into being by his *fiat*; and while they are in a sense shadowy and remote, they are real men and women, with human hearts and passions. His romances are in an ideal world, without limitation of time, and are likely to remain eternally fresh, like the masterpieces of the Greek dramatists. His style, for

¹ Mr. Lowell said to the writer of this work, that, while he would not think of setting up the romancer against the immortal dramatist, he thought the world might sooner see another Shakespeare than another Hawthorne.

his high purpose, is masterly, — without effort, without false lustre, simple and direct. Hence quotation is difficult, unless by reproducing an entire scene. As a writer, he is conspicuous among the few in our century who are acknowledged as masters of the English tongue; as a creator, he is one of the very small number which the world has produced.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE was born in Cambridge, Mass., December 12, 1805. His father was Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Harvard College. In his thirteenth year the son was sent to Germany in company with Bancroft, the future historian, and pursued his studies for five years in Hanover and Saxony, becoming a master of the German language, and afterward of its literature. He returned to the United States in 1823, entered an advanced class in Harvard College, and graduated in 1825. After the usual course in the theological school, he was settled as pastor of a church in West Cambridge (now Arlington) in 1828. He was subsequently settled in Providence, R. I. (1850); in Bangor, Me. (1855), and in Brookline, Mass. (1856). He was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Harvard, 1857, and in the same year became editor of the "Christian Examiner." In 1872 he was ap-

pointed Professor of the German Language and Literature, a post which he held until 1881.

Dr. Hedge's principal work is "The Prose Writers of Germany, from Luther to Chamisso," — a careful selection of specimens, with a short biography of each author. He made versions of the minor poems of Schiller and other German poets. In collaboration with Rev. F. D. Huntington he made a collection of hymns, and a liturgy for the Unitarian Church. His contributions to the Reviews were masterly, and always won the attention of thoughtful men. Among these essays may be mentioned one upon Coleridge, in 1833; "Conservatism and Reform," in 1840; "Saint Augustine," in 1856; "Leibnitz," in 1858; "University Reform," in 1866. This last was largely influential in the development of Harvard from a college into a university. He published "Reason in Religion" in 1865, and "The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition" in 1870. "The Ways of the Spirit" and "Hours with the German classics" are two of Dr. Hedge's notable books, the first being regarded by many of his friends as his best work. He was a diligent student, and was always master of his subject. His style was weighty and impressive, and in the pulpit he was in the forefront of orators. He had a prominent part in the great movement in the early part of the century which raised Harvard College and Boston into the intellectual freedom and light of modern times. Some of the most brilliant of Emerson's reminiscences relate to this part of our literary history.

Dr. Hedge retained his faculties and his wonderful power of speech until a great age. In 1883, being in his seventy-eighth year, he delivered a discourse upon Luther which occupied an hour and a half, and which held a large audience in rapt attention. His printed discourses, essays, and reviews would form a large collection. He died in Cambridge, August 22, 1890.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS was born in Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806. He received but a limited education in one of the grammar schools of the city, and was for some time a clerk in a drug house; but at the age of eighteen he began the study of law. He was married at twenty, and at twenty-two was admitted to the bar. After practising a year, he purchased an interest in a newspaper; but this proved a losing venture, as the doctrine of "nullification" was in the ascendant, and Simms was then an advocate for the maintenance of the Federal Union. He resolved to retrieve his fortunes by literary labors, and from that time forward he published, with almost every year, a poem, a novel, a history, or a biography. No writer of modern times excelled him in industry; but the rapidity with which his works were produced had its usual effect. None of them show the matured and sym-

metrical design which marks a work of art, still less the hand of a master in their execution. There are passages of description in many of his novels that are vivid and picturesque, but the style is often redundant, and scarcely ever free from provincialisms. The characters are like the lay figures of the studio, useful in exigencies and effective in tableaux, but devoid of interest in themselves. The best of his novels are of the historical kind, in which Southern life in early times is painted, such as "The Yemassee" and "Guy Rivers." The most of them are irredeemably dull, at least for readers who value their time, and they must surely sink into neglect. His style has a certain level quality, which neither kindles enthusiasm nor falls below a respectable mediocrity.

Among the more solid works of Mr. Simms are the History of South Carolina, and the Lives of Generals Francis Marion and Nathanael Greene, Captain John Smith, founder of the Virginia colony, and the Chevalier Bayard. Most of his poems, some fourteen in number, are out of print. The best of them is said to be "Atalantis," published in New York in 1833. He was also an indefatigable writer for periodicals, having been editor of several Southern Reviews, and a contributor to a great number of Northern magazines. The student will find in Appleton's Cyclopædia, vol. xv., p. 58, a list of nearly sixty volumes of his Works.

Mr. Simms received a considerable fortune by his second marriage, and his Works undoubtedly yielded him a handsome income. He was a man of frank

and hearty manners and amiable character. He died in Savannah, June 11, 1870.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. He was graduated in 1825 at Bowdoin College, in the same class with Hawthorne. The next year he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin, and was allowed the customary leave of absence, that he might make the tour of Europe. On his return he entered upon the duties of his chair. While professor at Bowdoin he translated the "Coplas de Manrique," and was a contributor to the "North American Review." His first original work, entitled "Outre Mer," containing his notes of travel, published in 1835, showed refinement of style and many delicate traits of observation, which were immediately recognized by critical readers. In 1835 he was appointed to a professorship of Belles Lettres at Harvard College, as a successor to Mr. George Ticknor, — upon which he made a second visit to Europe, and was absent two years. On his return he began his college duties, and held the place until 1854. In 1839 appeared his romance "Hyperion," a book that is glowing with poetic thought and expression. In the same year was published "Voices of the Night," a

collection that embraces many of his most widely known poems. From that time he was universally acknowledged to be, if not the first, the most popular living poet.

The Works of Longfellow are numerous, and from the list that follows are omitted his early treatises for students, as well as his articles in magazines and reviews: "Ballads and Other Poems," 1841; "Poems on Slavery," 1842; "The Spanish Student," 1843; "The Waif: A collection of Poems, with Proem," 1845; "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," 1845; "The Belfry of Bruges," etc., 1846; "The Estray: A collection of Poems," 1847; "Evangeline," 1847; "Kavanagh: A Tale," 1849; "The Seaside and the Fireside," 1850; "The Golden Legend," 1851; "The Song of Hiawatha," 1855; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," 1858; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," 1863; "Flower de Luce," 1867; "The New England Tragedies," 1868; Dante's "Divine Comedy: A Translation," 1867; "The Divine Tragedy," 1871; "Christus: A Mystery" (containing three poems previously published), 1872; "Three Books of Song," 1872; "Aftermath," 1874; "The Masque of Pandora," 1875; "Poems of Places" (a collection in 31 vols.), 1876-1879; "Keramos," 1878; "Ultima Thule," 1880; "In the Harbor" (posthumous), 1882; "Michael Angelo" (posthumous), 1883.

It is remarkable to observe that every volume has made a positive addition to our stock of ideal portraits and poetical imagery. We might conceive of a Longfellow Gallery, better known and more fondly

cherished than the picture galleries of kings. There, in the place of honor, hangs Evangeline, sweetest of heroines, turning her sad face away from the desolate Grand Pré. Opposite is the Puritan damsel Priscilla, with her bashful, clerical lover, and the fiery little captain. In the next panel is the half-frozen sound over which skims the bold Norseman. There, under the chestnut-tree, stands the swart blacksmith, all the love of a father brimming in his eyes. There leans the vast glacier, gleaming in fatal beauty, along whose verge toils upward the youth with *Excelsior* on his banner. There the airy Preciosa is dancing away the scruples of the archbishop. Here is pictured the Belfry of Bruges, and the groups of people listening to the heavenly chime of its bells. There, shivering in a wintry sea, is the "Hesperus," a helpless wreck, driving upon Norman's Woe. Yonder stands Albert Dürer, in a street of his beloved, quaint old Nuremberg. There, on the sculptured stairway, is the Clock, ticking its eternal *Forever! never! Never! forever!* There saunters the dreamy-eyed Sicilian, his mustaches spread like a swallow's wings. Behold the busy throngs about that huge hulk, and see the proud master waving his hand as the signal for the launch! By that empty cradle sits the mother thinking of the "dead lamb" of her flock. Yonder looms up Strasburg spire, while spirits of the air circle round its pinnacles, and the miracle-play goes on below. That is Paul Revere, galloping, in the gray of the morning, along the road to Concord. In that green spot, with the limitless prairie beyond, stands Hiawatha, look-

ing gloomily westward, whither his path leads him. Lastly, we see a broad frame, on which we read in golden letters the legend, "The Divine Tragedy."

Longfellow was married to Miss Potter, of Portland, who died while they were abroad, in 1835. He was married in 1843, for the second time, to Miss Appleton, who was the mother of his children. This beautiful and noble woman lost her life by fire in 1861, and her death clouded all the poet's future. Excepting this tragedy his life was without any marked incident. It was simply filled with constant and fruitful labor, with kindly thought and benevolent action, and attended by love and honor.

Longfellow lived in the Cragie House on Brattle Street, Cambridge, — a fine colonial mansion, occupied by Washington while in command of the patriot army around Boston. He lived generously, but without ostentation; and his house was pre-eminent among the notable dwellings of the seaboard. His literary and personal friendships were strong; he was without vanity or jealousy; and his equable temper, gracious manners, and musical speech made him one of the most delightful men of his generation. Among his firmest friends may be mentioned Agassiz, Charles Sumner, Hawthorne, President Felton, Lowell, Holmes, Norton, Luigi Monti, and Thomas W. Parsons. "The Wayside Inn" contains portraits of some of these.

Any discussion of Longfellow's poetry would be out of the question in a work like this. But while critics discuss and discriminate, readers all over the world rejoice in the beauty, the inspiration, the kind-

ness, and the consolation contained in his musical lines. Probably no poet of our century has so many friends.

Longfellow died March 24, 1882. A sketch of his life, which had been made with his sanction by the author of this work, appeared shortly after his death. His *Life and Letters*, in three volumes, were given to the world by his brother, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

Poetry, like music, has some strains suited to every mood of mind, and awakens a sense of beauty in the hearts of the uncultured as well as in the souls of the great and wise; and therefore each possessor of the divine gift attracts his separate followers, and addresses different faculties. But Longfellow is well-nigh universal in his sympathies, and so is beloved of all men. If it is urged that one poet is more imaginative, another more witty or more glowing, it can still be said that his images fill the horizon of widely different minds, and that his verse has a grace, melody, and variety which leave no room for criticism. Every emotion which stirs us finds a response in some of his poems; and we see that his art has seized upon the picturesque in Nature to form an appropriate setting to each thought. The poetry of Longfellow furnishes a most signal proof of the benefits conferred by poets upon mankind. It is a gospel of good-will set to music. It has carried "sweetness and light" to thousands of homes. It is blended with our holiest affections and our immortal hopes.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS was born in Portland, Me., January 20, 1807. He was graduated at Yale College in 1827. Some of his most popular poems, including his "Scripture Sketches," were written while he was in college. He established the "American Monthly Magazine" in 1828, which, after an existence of two or three years, was merged in the New York "Mirror." A small volume of his "Fugitive Poetry" was published in Boston in 1829. He went to Europe in 1831, and while on his tour wrote a series of letters for the "Mirror," entitled "Pencilings by the Way." His journey ended in England in 1835, where the "Pencillings" were published in a collected form, in three volumes, and where the author was married. His next work, "Inklings of Adventure," appeared in 1836, and was republished in the United States. The following year Mr. Willis returned home, and settled at Glenmary, near Owego, N. Y. After two years he revisited England, and in 1840 published "Letters from Under a Bridge," and shortly after "Loiterings of Travel;" also a drama, entitled "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband." In 1845 he published another collection of sketches, entitled "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil." About a year later the "Home Journal" was established by our author, in connection with Mr. George P. Morris, the song-writer. He published in 1848 a collection entitled "Poems of Early

and After Years." The remaining works of Mr. Willis are mostly reprinted from the columns of the "Journal." They are "Rural Letters" (1849); "People I Have Met" (1850); "Life Here and There" (1850); "Hurry-Graphs" (1851); "Memoranda of a Life of Jenny Lind" (1851); "Fun Jottings" (1853); "A Health Trip to the Tropics" (1853); "A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean" (1853); "Famous Persons and Places" (1854); "Out Doors at Idlewild" (1854); "The Rag Bag" (1855); "Paul Fane," a novel (1856); "The Convalescent" (1860).

The health of Mr. Willis had been delicate for many years, as may be inferred from some of the titles of his works, but the disease had been resisted and kept in check by country life and active habits. He died in January, 1867.

Mr. Willis had great natural gifts. His perceptions were quick; his instinctive sense of color and of harmony pervades both prose and verse; his spirits were so lively that he could never be dull, whatever other offence he might commit. His landscapes and rural scenes are so exquisitely painted that we are sure his love of country life was his strongest feeling. But he could never have been a studious recluse; there must have been always a telegraph or carrier pigeon, or letter, or what not, — something that brought the news and gossip of the great world, and told the interesting hermit what "society" thought of his latest letter or poem. This same "society" is answerable for the author's most serious faults. His early stories and sketches abound in stanhopes, blood horses, cham-

pagne, star-eyed poets, and glorious damsels. That style of writing, flippant and personal, would seem to have originated with Bulwer's "Pelham," if that self-satisfied Adonis had ever taken the trouble to write anything. To play the double rôle of hard-working author and squire of dames, — to correct proof in the morning when one is meditating the *bons mots* for the evening, is too much of a burden; and we rather wonder, in view of the life he must have led, that Willis retained, as he did, his early freshness of feeling, and wrote so much that was admirable.

"The Fable for Critics," which we have quoted before, contains a witty sketch of our author, in which there are a few lines, referring to the "Letters from Under a Bridge," that show a warm appreciation:

"No volume I know to read under a tree
More truly delicious than his 'A l'Abri,'
With the shadows of leaves flowing over your book,
Like ripple-shades netting the bed of a brook;
With June coming softly your shoulder to look over,
Breezes waiting to turn every leaf of your book over,
And Nature to criticise still as you read, —
That page that bears that is a rare one indeed."

Mr. Willis had a kindly and generous nature, full of sympathy, especially to young writers. He was doubtless annoyed by the receipt of letters from all sorts of persons, as successful authors always are; but, unlike some of his brethren, he always had a kind, sensible, and judicious answer to give. There are many who remember this trait with gratitude.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born in Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, in moderate circumstances, kindly and devout, living on a farm remote from the village. His schooling was scanty, but his poetic faculty was awakened in early youth by hearing a pedler sing Scotch songs, and by a gift of the poems of Burns from his schoolmaster. After difficulty and delay, he attended in his 20th and 21st years two terms at the Haverhill Academy. He wrote for many newspapers in this his forming period, and by reading and practice acquired knowledge and command of English. He was editor of a weekly literary paper in Hartford, Conn., for about a year and a half,—1830–32. Not long after his return home his father died, and the care of the family devolved upon him. While engaged in hard labor upon the farm he continued to write, and gained in power and reputation. From 1833 onward he was devoted to the antislavery cause. For more than thirty years he wrote constantly in all the periodicals of the day, sometimes in verse and oftener in prose, meanwhile attending meetings and conventions,—and in all this displayed an activity that was probably without parallel in that long struggle. He also found time for purely literary work, of which we have portions in his volumes of prose, and a treasure in his collections of verse. His chief contributions

were given to the "New England Review," Hartford, "New England Magazine," Boston, the "Democratic Review," the "National Era," and the "Atlantic Monthly." They were also scattered in a great number of newspapers, annuals, etc., and many, probably, are irretrievably lost. He shared the obloquy and violence which all the early Abolitionists experienced. He was pelted with stones at Concord, N. H., and having gone to Philadelphia to edit the Pennsylvania "Freeman," his office was burned by a mob. His relations with Garrison were cordial, but he preferred to act with the party that made slavery a political question, and which finally triumphed in the election of Abraham Lincoln.

The list of Whittier's published Works is long, and we omit some of the early ones which the poet did not care to preserve: "Antislavery Poems" (1838); "Lays of My Home" (1843); "Margaret Smith's Journal" (1849); "Complete Poems, with Illustrations" (Mussey; 1849); "Voices of Freedom" (1849); "Songs of Labor" (1850); "Old Portraits, etc." (1850); "The Chapel of the Hermits" (1853); "Literary Recreations" (1854); "The Panorama" (1856); Complete Edition (Ticknor; 1857); "Home Ballads" (1860); "In War Time" (1863); "Snow Bound" (1866); "The Tent on the Beach" (1867); "Among the Hills" (1868); "Miriam" (1870); "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim" (1872); "Mabel Martin" (1874); "Hazel Blossoms" (1875); "Songs of Three Centuries" (a collection of Standard Poems, 1875); "The Vision of Echard" (1878); "The

King's Missive" (1881); "The Bay of Seven Islands" (1883); "Saint Gregory's Guest" (1888). A little volume of verse was privately printed in 1890. This now takes its place among his Works, and includes, with other additions, the author's tribute to Holmes on his eighty-third birthday.

If there has been in our century a man whom all will agree was born a poet, it is Whittier. He was less indebted to scholastic training, to family, to society, or to literary companionship than any of his brethren. Everything was in the man, nothing in the outfit. He made classic the scenery of his native Essex, of the neighboring coast of Maine, and the shining course of the Merrimac from the lakes and mountains to the sea. The early legends of the colony and of the great northern forest, of Indian and Canadian raids, of Puritan justice as meted out to Quakers and witches, — all that is romantic and memorable in New England's past found in Whittier a predestined bard. Although born in a remote corner, he was in many respects the most national of our poets. His landscapes, trees, and flowers are depicted with almost unequalled fidelity, and in what profusion! His sympathies go out to all men. His was the earliest of the singing "voices of freedom;" and after the victory he celebrated the "triumph" in a strain of humble gratitude to God, like Simeon with his "Nunc dimittis."

Whittier's instinct led him towards poetry and to poetic prose, but conscience made him an abolitionist and a reformer. His soul was cut in twain, but

conscience for the most part triumphed; and however numerous and important are his poems and purely literary productions, it is probably true that a far greater amount of work was done by him in behalf of the antislavery cause and other reforms. This could not have been otherwise with a man of his principles and character; but if it had been possible for him to lead more the life of a scholar, and to bestow adequate time upon perfecting his poems, it would have made a change in the relative rank of American poets. The defects in his verse, such as imperfect rhymes and careless structure of lines and sentences, would have been remedied by patient care, such as other eminent poets never failed to bestow. It is true that he was "prone to repeat his own lyrics," but he did this as an apostle or antislavery preacher rather than as a poet. If many of his political poems are rhymed eloquence, the same is true of Pope, of Dryden, and of many others. But there is a large number of pieces, which, after every deduction made, are genuine poetry, ranking with the highest products of the century.

Perhaps the highest expression of his genius was in his religious poems, such as "The Eternal Goodness;" they show an elevation of soul and an intensity of feeling which have become rare even among the most devout.

A biographical sketch of Whittier was, by his permission and assistance, written in 1882 by the author of this volume. He died September 7, 1892, and was buried in the family lot in the Friends' burying-

ground in Amesbury. By his will he left his manuscripts and letters to S. T. Pickard, of Portland, Maine, who married his niece, and that gentleman is engaged in writing an elaborate biography.

RICHARD HILDRETH.

RICHARD HILDRETH was born in Deerfield, Mass., June 28, 1807. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1826, and, after reading law in Newburyport, removed to Boston and began practice. In 1832 he became the editor of the Boston "Atlas." Being in delicate health, he went to the South in 1834, where he sojourned for a year and a half on a plantation. This experience suggested to him the idea of writing a novel founded on the vicissitudes in the life of a slave. "Archy Moore," which appeared on his return, was the first anti-slavery novel. It was republished in England, and favorably received. But Mr. Hildreth's mind was not suited to writing fiction, nor did he care for any rhetorical arts. The titles of his works show what were his favorite studies. He translated "Bentham's Theory of Legislation" from the French of Dumont. He wrote a "History of Banks," "Despotism in America," which was a discussion of the subject of slavery; also a "Theory of Morals," and a "Theory of Politics." These last works were written while he

was a resident in Demerara. His most important work is his "History of the United States," in six volumes, published between 1849 and 1852, and bringing the narrative down to 1820. This is a work evincing great industry, independent judgment, and unswerving adherence to facts as he saw them. The style is clear and pure, and the arrangement of details perspicuous. There is not a passage of "fine writing" or declamation in it. The impression left upon the mind of the reader is not favorable to Jefferson and his followers, since the author's hero (if sober history be allowed to have a hero) is Hamilton. Whether the view of Bancroft or that of Hildreth be the true one, no critic can now with certainty affirm. Every history of this country so far has been based upon more or less partial statements, and upon such letters as have been permitted to see the light. Each historian has made such selections as would produce effective pictures, and place the actors in what he considered their true relative positions. Many letters may exist which some future explorer may bring to light, and by their aid give a new color to characters and events. This generation is not ready to accept as true the traits of any portrait of the fathers based either on prejudice or half-knowledge, nor to believe that our governmental fabric had its rise among such selfish intrigues, struggles, and aspersion of motives as are prevalent to-day.

Mr. Hildreth published a work entitled "Japan as it Was and Is," a compilation of value. He was connected at one time with the New York "Tribune,"

and was an industrious writer for other periodicals. He was appointed consul to Trieste in 1861. His frame was slender, and his health was always delicate. He died in Florence, July, 1865.

EDMUND QUINCY.

EDMUND QUINCY was born in Boston, February 1, 1808, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1827. He studied law, but never practised the profession, having been, as he once jocosely styled himself, "a reformed lawyer." He wrote a great number of letters and other articles for periodicals, characterized by a peculiar and often pungent wit. He published, in 1854, a novel entitled "Wensley: A Story without a Moral." It has a racy New England flavor, and was much enjoyed by those familiar with the manners of fifty years ago. In 1867 he published a Life of his father, Josiah Quincy, a work of great interest as a biography and as a contribution to our national history, exhibiting clearly, as it did, the literary culture, taste, and judgment of the author.

Mr. Quincy lived at Dedham, in one of those spacious old houses which few men in our century know how to build, and fewer still how to enjoy. He was prominent among the early Abolitionists, and cheerfully bore his part of the obloquy heaped

upon them by all the "best people" of Boston. For many years he was a regular correspondent of the New York "Antislavery Standard." He was one of the original contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly," and wrote many of its (early) epigrammatic book notices. At the "Atlantic" dinners he was remarkable for his wit and felicity in conversation, as well as for his distinguished manners; for he was among the few courtly men with whom dignity never became importance, and whose courtesy was never mistaken for condescension. He died May 17, 1877.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD was born in Machias, Me., September 22, 1808. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1828, after which he studied law, and settled in Boston, where he resided until his death, which occurred January 21, 1879. He paid a divided homage to law and literature, and was distinguished at the bar as well as among writers. He delivered several discourses on public occasions, in which he exhibited brilliant qualities of style, and the results of reading and culture. He visited Europe in 1847, and on his return delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute. His notes of travel, under the title of "Six Months in Italy," relate mostly to ancient and mediæval art, and have what seems

to be a permanent value. He published a selection from the Works of Walter Savage Landor, and an edition of Spenser in five volumes. He wrote many valuable articles for the "Christian Examiner" and the "North American Review," and was the author of a widely-known series of school readers.

An address which he delivered in 1846, is noticeable as one of the earliest attempts to show the influences of physical geography upon the history of mankind.

EDWARDS A. PARK.

EDWARDS A. PARK was born in Providence, R. I., December 29, 1808. He was graduated at Brown University in 1826, received his theological education at Andover, Mass., and was settled in 1831 as pastor of a church in Braintree. In 1835 he was appointed professor of moral and intellectual philosophy in Amherst College, and a year later resigned to accept a chair at Andover, where he has since resided.

Professor Park's published Works naturally grew out of his professional studies, and are mostly doctrinal in their character. He edited the Writings of the Rev. William Bradford Homer, with a Memoir, and the Writings of Professor B. B. Edwards, with a Memoir. He wrote a work entitled "The Preacher and Pastor," and, with collaborators, published a volume of hymns; also a treatise on hymnology, en-

titled "Hymns and Choirs." He contributed to current theological literature, and was one of the editors of the "Bibliotheca Sacra" from the beginning. His published discourses on various occasions gained for him a commanding position in his denomination. His sermons are weighty with thought, simple in diction, direct in their motive and argument, and leave a deep impression upon the mind. He must be considered as one of the ablest of the clergy, and a leading representative of New England theology.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1829. He received his degree of M. D. in 1836, after some years of study both at home and abroad. He was chosen professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College in 1838, and was called to the chair of anatomy in Harvard College in 1847, which he held until 18—.

Dr. Holmes began writing poetry at an early age. A small collection was published in 1836. Referring now to those first attempts, with the impressions of later triumphs in mind, we are almost surprised at the beauty of many lines, as under the splendor of a declining day we see beauties not revealed to us in the morning landscape.

"Urania, a Rhymed Lesson," was published in 1846, and was included in a collection (1848) containing "Terpsichore," "Urania," and "Poetry: A Metrical Essay," etc. These are good names with which to conjure up forms of youthful grace. "Astræa, the Balance of Illusions," appeared in 1850; "Songs in Many Keys" in 1861; "Songs of Many Seasons" in 1875; "The Schoolboy" in 1878; "The Iron Gate" in 1880; "Before the Curfew" in 1888. Besides these, a great many poems have been published separately with illustrations; such as "The Last Leaf," "Grandmother's Story of the Battle of Bunker Hill," "Dorothy Q.," "The One-Hoss Shay," etc.

Upon the establishment of the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1857, Dr. Holmes began a series of papers entitled "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." This proved to be a literary event, and the appearance of each successive number raised the fame of the author still higher. The next year he followed the happy invention by a series on a similar plan, entitled "The Professor at the Breakfast Table." "Elsie Venner," a psychological novel, appeared in 1861, and "The Guardian Angel" in 1867. Another series of delightful essays, entitled "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," was begun in the "Atlantic" January, 1872.

Dr. Holmes has also published a great many medical essays and addresses, and a very powerful essay upon the functions of the brain, entitled "Mechanism in Thought and Morals." His later works are "Life of Motley" (1879); "Life of Emerson" (1884); "A Mortal Antipathy" (1885); "Medical Essays"

(1842 and 1882); "Our Hundred Days," the journal of a trip to Europe, in 1887. These titles give but an imperfect notion of Dr. Holmes's mental activity. His orations, addresses, essays, and lectures would fill many volumes. Some of the most notable of these, such as "The Gambrel-Roofed House" and "My Hunt after the Captain," appeared in the "Atlantic." A collection of them, "Soundings from the Atlantic," appeared in 1864. The Autocrat was welcomed everywhere in Great Britain with distinguished honor, and received degrees from the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh. In the "Atlantic" for 1890 he wrote a new series of articles in the familiar vein, "Over the Teacups."

There are authors whose qualities are ascertained by a not very difficult analysis. The intellect of Holmes, though manifesting many and strongly-marked attributes, eludes all tests, preserves its individuality, and remains unclassified among original elements. When we think of the familiar confidences of the Autocrat, we might liken him to Montaigne; but while the parallel is being considered, we come upon passages so full of tingling hits or of rollicking fun that we are sure we are mistaken, and that he resembles no one so much as Sydney Smith. Presently he sounds the depths of our consciousness, explores the concealed channels of feeling, flashes the light of genius upon our half-acknowledged thoughts,—and we see that this is what neither the great Gascon nor the hearty and jovial Englishman would have attempted. We are equally puzzled when

we would consider his verse. The alternations of tender sentiment, humor, and mirthful satire might remind us of Hood; his lyrics have the high spirit of the best pieces of Campbell; the charming simplicity and delicate feeling of other poems recall the songs of Béranger. Then we see that he is like them all, or rather like neither. Some of his stanzas have a compactness, finish, and lustre that we may fairly call Horatian; scarcely any one since Pope has condensed so much power into lines of such elastic movement.

Though Dr. Holmes has written prose and verse with equal success, and would have been famous in either field, still all his works are pervaded by the same original and characteristic traits. It is difficult to consider his poetry by itself when there is constantly breaking into our inner chamber of judgment a troop of recollections from the Autocrat: Wit, with glittering eye and assailing forefinger; Irony, with one side of the face severe, and the other wearing a mocking smile; Puns, like Siamese twins in harlequin suits, turning somersaults; grave figures in dominoes, with the port of Lord Bacon or the sharp glances of Voltaire; and white-robed Sentiment, her tender bosom heaving, her dewy tears scarce brushed away, and mortally afraid of being made ridiculous by some prank of the merry company. And if in the same silent session we were to take up the most brilliant of his prose works, we should hardly turn half-a-dozen leaves without coming upon some lyric of the sea or the street, some delicate strain

of remembered love, or sterling lesson of duty, or scholastic legend with a sting in its tail; and we should declare that Holmes was simply and purely a poet.

In the Table Talk, the miracle is that one mind could so long from its own resources, as from a quarry, furnish so many blocks of wisdom, so many sculptured forms of beauty and blazing gems of illustration. A clever writer might comment forever upon daily events or current literature, as Sainte-Beuve did in his "*Causeries du Lundi*;" but to turn inward his look; to interest an indifferent public solely in his own bright, strange, deep, and wayward thoughts and fancies; to suggest subtle resemblances and remote associations between the outer and inner world; to invest intellectual processes with such a charm as to make each reader fancy himself (for the time) another Plato, and then to close each conversation with a hymn of fitting beauty,—to be able so to illuminate our "thought's interior sphere" is a task for a genius.

Holmes has undoubtedly suffered in the estimation of the unthinking as the author of comic verses. As he himself says, they

"suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon the shoot,
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at the root."

But if he had never perpetrated a joke he would have been one of the most original of essayists; and when the sallies that have set tables in a roar, and even the lyrics that have set a nation's heart throbbing, have

been forgotten, still his picture of the "Ship of Pearl" and the monumental stanza in the "Last Leaf" will preserve his name forever.

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP, a lineal descendant of the first governor of Massachusetts, was born in Boston, May 12, 1809. He was educated at the Latin School and at Harvard College, receiving his degree in 1828. He studied law in the office of Daniel Webster; but soon after his admission to the bar, he began a public career. He was a member of the State legislature for six years, during three of which he was speaker of the House. He was elected to Congress in 1840, and remained in that service, excepting a short interval, for ten years. He was chosen speaker of the national House of Representatives in 1847, and in 1849 was the Whig candidate for re-election to the same position. The Free Soil members held the balance of power between the Whigs and Democrats. Mr. Winthrop refused to give any pledges as to the manner in which he would constitute the committees of the House if he should be elected. The antislavery men thereupon refused to support him; and after sixty-three ballots the Democratic candidate, Mr. Howell Cobb of Georgia, was elected. In 1850 he was appointed by the governor United

States senator, as successor to Webster, who had been made secretary of state. In 1851 he was the candidate of the Whigs for the United States senatorship, but was defeated by Charles Sumner, through a coalition of the Democratic and Free Soil parties. He was a candidate for governor the following autumn, and received a large plurality of votes; but as a majority of all the votes was then required, there was no choice by the people, and the election devolved upon the State legislature. The result was that Mr. Boutwell, who was the Democratic candidate, was re-elected. Since that time he has taken no active part in political affairs, but has devoted his leisure mainly to literary pursuits. He has been prominent in the Massachusetts Historical Society, which is engaged in the useful work of printing books and manuscripts relating to our annals. He is one of the trustees, under the will of George Peabody, of the fund for promoting popular education in the Southern States. He has delivered a number of orations and discourses upon historical, patriotic, and religious subjects. He has published the *Life and Letters of John Winthrop*, in two volumes; also a *Memoir of Nathan Appleton*, and discourses commemorative of Prescott, Quincy, Everett, Peabody, and others.

Mr. Winthrop's addresses and speeches have been published in three volumes. Though classed with statesmen, he belongs also with literary men; being not only a scholar, but a writer of original force.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE was born in Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810, and died in Boston June 8, 1888. He was graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1829, made famous by numerous anniversary poems written by Holmes. He was pastor of the Unitarian Church in Louisville, Ky., from 1833 to 1840. In 1841 he founded the Church of the Disciples in Boston, and was its pastor for forty-five years. He was prominent in educational and philanthropic work, and was for a time professor and lecturer in the Harvard Divinity School. He was an able and voluminous writer, as the list of his Works will show.

The book by which Dr. Clarke will be best known is "The Life and Times of Jesus," first published as "The Legend of Thomas Didymus." He held a conservative position in regard to the New Testament narratives, admitting most of the "wonderful works" and the resurrection. He was an idealist, a foe to materialist doctrine. This work is intended to reproduce the sublime story in a series of dramatic pictures, taken from different points of view. None but a man of imagination could have conceived the design; none but a man of great learning could have filled in the historical details; and none but a man of tender piety could have etched the beautiful representations of the Christ. The naked story, as Mr. Clarke conceived it, would have covered less than half the space now occupied, and had it been so written it might

have been a book to go around the world ; but he was theologian, preacher, and commentator as well as dramatist, and as such he felt bound to supply a full account of the state of Judaism in Jerusalem, Alexandria, and elsewhere, together with a synoptical arrangement of the gospel narratives and a reference to every parable, saying, miracle, and memorable event in the life of Christ. Encumbered with this precious weight, the dramatic action lags. It is among the important and interesting books upon the origin of Christianity, though not the great and impressive pictorial drama which the author had proposed to make. Too much learning may *drown* an author, "like gold in a swimmer's pocket."

Dr. Clarke's chief works are as follows: "Theodore ; Or, the Sceptic's Conversion," translated from the German (1841); "History of the Campaign of 1812: A Vindication of General Hull" (1848); "Eleven Weeks in Europe" (1852); "Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness of Sin" (1852); "Christian Doctrine of Prayer" (1854); Karl Hase's Life of Jesus, from the German (1860); "The Hour which Cometh" (1864); "Orthodoxy: Its Truths and Errors" (1866); "Steps of Belief" a religious polemic (1870); "Ten Great Religions" (1871-1883); "Exotics: Translations in Verse" (1876); "Go Up Higher," sermons (1877); "Essentials in Religion" (1878); "Memorial Sketches" (1878); "How to Find the Stars" (1878); "Events and Epochs in Religious History" (1881); "Legend of Thomas Didymus ; Or, The Life and Times of Jesus "

(1881); "Self-Culture" (1882); "The Ideas of the Apostle Paul" (1884); "Antislavery Days" (1884); "Every Day Religion" (1885); "Vexed Questions" (1886).

In this list of Dr. Clarke's Works some volumes of sermons and discourses are omitted.

MARGARET FULLER.

SARAH MARGARET FULLER, by marriage Marchioness Ossoli, was born in Cambridge, Mass., May 23, 1810. She was educated by her father, who injudiciously gave her tasks that developed her mental faculties at the expense of a sound bodily organization. She was a prodigy of learning, and early devoured languages and literatures. She spent a few years in teaching, and in 1840 was principal editor of "The Dial," a periodical devoted to Transcendental philosophy. In 1844 she became connected with the New York "Tribune," and wrote for it reviews and miscellaneous articles, which in 1846 were collected and published under the title of "Papers on Art and Literature." She went to Europe in 1846, and after extensive travels reached Rome in the spring of 1847. In December of that year she was married to the Marquis Ossoli. She remained in Rome during the revolution of 1848, and through the siege by the French the year after. In May, 1850,

she embarked with her husband and infant son at Leghorn, in the ship "Elizabeth," for New York, and when near port perished with them in the wreck of the vessel on Fire Island.

Three of her intimate friends — Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Henry Channing, and James Freeman Clarke — wrote an account of her life, each contributing a separate view. From this work, as well as from the concurrent testimony of other competent judges, it is evident that Margaret Fuller (as we prefer to call her) was a woman of rare genius. She delighted in abstruse themes, and in criticism of literature and art. Clubs of her admirers met statedly to hear her discourse. At the same time the habit of monologue rendered her manners disagreeable to many persons and gave to her opinions an oracular tone. In her published Works there are passages of great power and beauty. Her descriptions of scenery — that of Niagara, for instance — are given with a few bold strokes that suggest much more than at first meets the eye. She paints, in fact, our inward emotion in presence of the scene; and so gives us the ideal of Nature. Her critical articles often show insight and the power of clear statement; but either she was warped by personal dislikes, or she took pleasure in demolishing popular idols. For instance, she styled Longfellow "a dandy Pindar." In her view there were but half-a-dozen persons with brains in America. In her way of writing, the editorial *we* had a royal sound. German philosophy had but recently come in fashion, and its phrases infected all its votaries.

It was some time before it was discovered that philosophic diction did not always clothe philosophic thought.

Perhaps Margaret Fuller, at the time of her too early death, had passed through her *destructive* stage, and was ready to build. Perhaps if she had lived she would have justified the opinions of her admirers by the creation of some great work. Indeed, she is said to have had in her possession at the time of the shipwreck a manuscript work which she had prepared on the then recent revolution in Europe, of which she and some of her friends had high expectations. If this were so, the calamity of the shipwreck is the more to be lamented. As in the case of great orators, actors, and singers, who, after charming a generation, die and leave only a tradition of their powers, this extraordinary woman will be scarcely more than a name in literary history.

Something, however, of Margaret Fuller's influence survives. The advocates for the elevation of woman hold her in high regard as a pioneer in their cause. In this, as in everything else in which she took part, she put her own intense personality forward, and did much to win for her sex the right of discussion and the privilege of being heard.

Besides the "Papers on Art and Literature," before mentioned, this author wrote "Woman in the Nineteenth Century;" also letters from Europe, which were published under the title of "At Home and Abroad" (1856). This last work included "Summer on the Lakes," which was originally published in 1843; also

notices of her life and character by Bayard Taylor and Horace Greeley, and commemorative poems by Walter Savage Landor and others. She translated Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe" (1839), and "The Letters of Günderode and Bettine" (1841).

THEODORE PARKER.

THEODORE PARKER was born in Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810. He received only a common-school education, until in his seventeenth year he procured the necessary books and fitted himself to enter college. He worked on his father's farm while pursuing his studies, and in 1830 entered the freshman class at Harvard. Though he remained but a year, it is said he went over the studies of three years. He then taught school until, in 1834, he entered the Cambridge Divinity School. During this period and through his whole life he devoted his time to learning, in almost every department, especially in that of languages. He was familiar with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Danish, and Swedish, and perhaps with more. He was able to read fluently in over twenty languages and dialects. Metaphysics, history, politics, literature, and whatever was nearest furnished the aliment without which he could not exist.

In 1837 Mr. Parker was settled as pastor of a Uni-

tarian church in West Roxbury. Before long his views took a form not in accordance with the teachings of his clerical brethren. This change was announced in a sermon preached at the ordination of the Rev. C. C. Shackford in South Boston, in 1841, of which the significant title was "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity." He went to Europe in 1843, and spent a year. In 1845 he began to preach for the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, an independent gathering of his followers, and thenceforth had no connection with the Unitarian body. He attracted large audiences, first in the Melodeon and afterward in the Music Hall. He regarded the Bible as a religious history, but denied its plenary inspiration, if not its divine origin. He might be called a Transcendental theist. He developed his idea of God from the operations of reason, and with great earnestness taught the doctrine of an immortal life. He was an advocate of temperance, of social reform, and of universal liberty. The antislavery movement was then new and unpopular. He was naturally attacked both by religious teachers and by party leaders, and his retorts were constant and bitter. In fact, he could never forget his opponents; and in the midst of the most pathetic or the most noble passages in his sermons, the epithets of "kidnapper" and "pharisee" were sure to occur. He was the constant friend of fugitive slaves, and at one time was indicted for counselling resistance to the authorities when a slave named Anthony Burns was delivered back to his master. In private life he was amiable, tender, and helpful, as

well as joyous, simple, and fresh in feeling. A large part of his income was applied to charitable purposes. He visited all classes of people, exploring the midnight haunts of vice and the dwellings of the poor and outcast. He was ably seconded in social and pastoral duties by his wife (born Lydia Cabot), a woman of beauty, accomplishments, and noble character.

Mr. Parker's writings are generally strong and rugged in style. He addresses the reason, and makes few appeals to the emotions. But his love of Nature was intense; and nearly every discourse has some tribute to the beauty of the seasons, and some illustration of spiritual truth drawn from the visible world. He excelled also in pathetic description, and gave to the ideas of home, parents, children, age, and death a tender and impressive charm. His chief deficiency as a writer was in taste, the want of which often mars his general literary excellence.

Mr. Parker's life of constant activity exhausted his vital forces, and in January, 1859, he relinquished his charge, and sailed to Santa Cruz, and thence to Europe. He spent some time in Switzerland and Italy, and died at Florence, May 10, 1860.

Mr. Parker's Works are a "Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion;" "Sermons of Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology;" "Ten Sermons of Religion;" "Additional Speeches, Addresses, and Occasional Sermons;" "Critical and Miscellaneous Writings;" "Historic Americans: Franklin, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson," — four original and

powerful sketches of character ; “ The Trial of Theodore Parker ; ” “ Prayers ; ” “ Selections from the World of Mind and Matter ; ” “ Translation of De Wette’s Introduction to the Old Testament,” etc. His Life was written by the Rev. John Weiss. His large and valuable collection of books—over thirteen thousand volumes—was given by him to the Boston Public Library.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDGAR POE was born in Baltimore in January, 1811. He was the son of a lawyer, who had abandoned his profession, married an actress, and gone upon the stage. Upon the death of his parents, Edgar, who was a bright and beautiful boy, was adopted and carefully educated by Mr. John Allan, of Richmond, Va. He was sent to school at Stoke Newington, near London, for some years, and afterward entered the University of Virginia. He was the foremost scholar of his class, and might have finished his course with honor ; but he was expelled for his profligate habits. From this time he had “ adventures ” enough to furnish the incidents for an eighteenth-century novel. Having contracted debts which his patron refused to pay, he went abroad to join the patriot Greeks ; but a year later he appeared at St. Petersburg, in a state of destitution, and was sent

home by the interposition of the American minister. Mr. Allan received him with forgiveness, and procured his appointment as a cadet at West Point. In ten months he was expelled. On returning home he found that Mr. Allan had married a young and handsome woman for a second wife. For some grave reason, not made public, Poe was turned out of the house, and the relationship was at an end. Mr. Allan died not long after, and made no mention of Poe in his will.

Poe published a small volume of poems in Baltimore, but shortly after he was driven by poverty to enlist as a common soldier in the army. He deserted, as might have been expected. He next obtained a prize offered for a story, and found friends through whose aid he became editor of the "Literary Messenger" in Richmond. He worked with great industry for a while, but soon fell into bad habits, quarrelled with the proprietor, and was dismissed. While in Richmond he had married his cousin; and with her he went to New York, and became a contributor to literary periodicals. He edited "Burton's Magazine," and then "Graham's Magazine" in Philadelphia. After the usual quarrel here with his employer he returned to New York, and was employed by Willis on the "Mirror." In the mean time his "Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym," the "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," and his remarkable story "The Gold Bug" had been published. His poem "The Raven" appeared in the "American Review," and gave him an immense reputation. At this time he

enjoyed a season of comparative quiet. He became connected with the "Broadway Journal," which he edited for a year or more. He published a series of criticisms in the "Lady's Book," styled "The Literati," now forming the third volume of his Works. It is seldom that such a savage, wielding such weapons, puts on the war-paint and attempts such havoc in the peaceful fields of letters. Not that there was not a great deal of power and some grains of truth in his strictures; but his want of moral principle, his prejudices, wilfulness, and brutality combined to render them the most worthless, as they were the most ill-mannered, articles ever printed. He praised the vapid productions of obscure authors, and condemned every poet of repute. Time, which is the test of excellence, has made his passionate invectives and commendations alike pointless.

After the death of his wife Poe formed an engagement with a lady in Richmond, and the wedding day was fixed. On his way to New York, he fell in with some of his old companions in dissipation at Baltimore; he soon became drunk, wandered into the streets, and the same night perished miserably from exposure (October 7, 1849).

Poe appears to have been wanting in moral sense. His intellect was sharp, electric, powerful, and had been carefully trained. Of the cultivation which books and study give he had no small measure. His sense of melody, his perception of the proprieties of style and of just proportion in structure, were marvellous. With a reasonable share of honesty he

might have made an admirable critic ; the want of it made his praise and his censure as uncertain as the wind, and as little regarded. The reader will search his Works in vain for an exhibition of real feeling. "The Raven," as all admit, is a wonderful poem ; but it has not a line that might not have been written by a fallen and unrepentant angel. His tales are masterpieces of construction ; but when their secret is revealed their interest is at an end, for they have no elements of human sympathy ; they are miracles of clock-work, — not immoral, but *un*-moral.

There is sometimes a period in the growth of men when the intellect is deified, and goodness little esteemed. But if youth would be taught what mere intellect may be without the moral element, let them consider the Works, the character, and career of Poe. The poet must express his inmost qualities in his verse ; and the noblest poetry in all its varied but harmonious elements is the visible soul of the noblest man.

Many biographies of Poe have appeared, in some of which his faults are extenuated. His character as here given is dark, but lamentably true. The facts which establish it were related to the author of this work by persons who had been closely associated with Poe in New York, and who had full opportunity to know him as he was. In genius and in poetic art he was transcendent. His few finished poems are in many qualities unsurpassed. To have made him a great poet it was only necessary that he should have been a purer, nobler, and more feeling man.

Poe's complete Works were published in four volumes, New York, 1849. Many other editions have since appeared, especially in England, where he divides with Walt Whitman the admiration of the public.

GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE was born in East Greenwich, R. I., April 8, 1811, and died Feb. 2, 1883. He entered Brown University, but left in his junior year on account of ill health, and went to Europe, where he remained, excepting a few visits to this country, until 1847. From 1837 to 1845 he was United States consul at Rome. He wrote for the "North American Review" a series of essays upon Italian history, which have been collected under the title of "Historical Studies." On his return to the United States he became professor of modern languages at Brown University. In 1852 he removed to New York, where he edited the Works of Addison (1854), and continued writing for periodicals. He wrote, for Sparks's "American Biography," the Life of his grandfather, General Nathanael Greene, and he published (1867-71) an enlarged edition of the General's Life and Letters, 3 vols., 8vo. A second series of his essays was published, entitled "An Historical View of the American Revolution." His other

Works are "History and Geography of the Middle Ages" (1851); "Biographical Studies" (1860) "Nathanael Greene: An Examination of the Ninth Volume of Bancroft's History" (1866); "The German Element in the War of American Independence" (1876); "A Short History of Rhode Island" (1877). He delivered a course of historical lectures in Cornell University in 1873.

The Works of Mr. Greene command the respect of scholars from the faithful study they exhibit, as well as for the moderation of tone and the clear and easy style in which they are written.



ALFRED BILLINGS STREET.

ALFRED BILLINGS STREET was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., December 18, 1811, and died in Albany, June 2, 1881. At fourteen years of age he removed with his father to Monticello, in Sullivan County, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar. In 1839 he removed to Albany, where he established his home and was appointed to the place of State librarian.

Mr. Street's first volume, entitled "The Burning of Schenectady, and other Poems," was published in 1842. In 1844 a collection appeared entitled "Drawings and Tintings." "Frontenac," his longest poem, appeared in 1849. He published a history of certain

New York courts, entitled "The Council of Revision," in 1860, and in the same year an account of the Saranac and Raquette lakes, of northern New York, under the title of "Woods and Waters."

Mr. Street had the tastes of a landscape painter of the realistic school. As we read his pages, we walk with him through the forests and by the banks of rivers. He gives us a minute and faithful record of every picturesque view, a notice of every variety of tree and flower, and of every native of the woods. His perception of the beautiful was not of general effects, but of details, and we have carefully painted studies rather than comprehensive pictures. The points that fill the eye or strike the ear with pleasure are all enumerated, but we miss the imaginative power that blends the separate observations into a rounded whole. This is the faculty which he lacked, and it is the crowning faculty of the poet. There is no doubt that Street wrought with conscientious fidelity, and that his studies are true and beautiful. But his range of thought, as well as of observation, was not the broadest; and he must be classed among the painstaking students of Nature, and not among the masters of its secret power, the interpreters of its divine lessons.

NOAH PORTER.

NOAH PORTER was born in Farmington, Conn., in 1811, and was graduated at Yale College in 1831. He studied theology at the Yale School while tutor in the college, and was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church at New Milford, Conn., in 1836. In 1843 he removed to Springfield, Mass., where he remained until 1847, when he was appointed professor of moral philosophy and metaphysics in Yale College. He held this place until 1871, when, on the retirement of Dr. Woolsey, he was chosen president. He died Sept. 24, 1886.

Dr. Porter's principal work is a text-book upon mental philosophy, entitled "The Human Intellect," considered by many to be on the whole the ablest presentation of its great subject in a popular form. He published in 1870 a volume on Books and Reading, — a very candid, discriminating, and catholic treatise. His other Works are "The Educational Systems of the Puritans and the Jesuits" (1851); "The American Colleges and the American Public" (1870); "Elements of Intellectual Science" (1871); "The Sciences of Nature *versus* the Science of Man: A Plea for the Science of Man" (1871); "Evangeline, the Place, the Story, and the Poem" (1882); "Science and Sentiment" (1882); "The Elements of Moral Science" (1885); "The Life of Bishop Berkeley" (1885); "Kant's Ethics: A Critical Exposition" (1886). He was a contributor to the "New

Englander " and other periodicals, and published occasional discourses and addresses. He was also editor-in-chief of a revised edition of Webster's Dictionary, in which the etymologies were wrought over, and the definitions recast. He was an admirable and powerful writer.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS was born in Boston, Mass., November, 29, 1811, and died Feb. 2, 1884. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1831, and at the Cambridge Law School in 1833. He made his first appearance as an orator in December, 1837, at a public meeting held in Faneuil Hall, to take some notice of the murder of the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Ill. (Mr. Lovejoy had established an anti-slavery paper in Alton, and his office had been recently mobbed, and he killed while defending his property.) The conservative portion of the audience under the lead of the attorney-general, endeavored to frustrate the purpose of those who called the meeting. Mr. Phillips was young and comparatively unknown; but he was roused by the occasion, and in a brilliant strain of invective he attacked the position of those who attempted to palliate the crime which had been committed against a free press. His impassioned eloquence captivated the audience; the opposition

was silenced, and the original resolutions presented were adopted.

Mr. Phillips continued to labor in behalf of the antislavery cause, although he and his party abstained from voting and from political action, because they would not swear to support the Constitution of the United States so long as it protected slavery. After the institution was abolished, he found abundant fields for his labors as a reformer. He was one of the leading advocates of woman suffrage; he was vehement in support of a law that should make it a penal offence to sell intoxicating drinks. He was a friend of the labor reformers in their desire to lighten the burdens and increase the comforts and the mental cultivation of the poor; he took up the cause of the Irish nationalists with his accustomed energy, and sustained their claims against the British government in speeches of extraordinary force.

As an orator Mr. Phillips had few rivals and scarcely a superior in his generation. His voice was musical, his manner at once earnest and graceful, and his command of a fluent and idiomatic speech little less than marvellous. He was a great master of all the arts of attack. Preachers, politicians, and men in high places generally, who differed from him in opinion, were the subjects of his keen ridicule and his withering sarcasm. Like the old prophets, he had always a "burden." He was a natural leader of men when on the platform; he knew how to reach their hearts, — if not through their reason and their moral sense, then by their pride, their local prejudices, and

their affections. But those who listened to his utterances, whether in fervid denunciation, protest, or pathetic appeal, seldom had the opportunity to examine in cool blood the true character of the rhetoric that fascinated them. While they watched the magnificent stream of eloquence, it seemed like the course of a river of molten lava; but that lava when cooled and hardened was often rough and seamed.

Mr. Phillips's speeches were collected in two handsome volumes, with a portrait. Viewed simply as specimens of composition, these volumes are somewhat disappointing. The apt illustration, the witty anecdote, the emphatic statement, the traces of strong feeling, are to be seen in every discourse; but there are also phrases and epithets which, while they might pass in an off-hand speech, on the printed page debase style and weaken force. It would seem that this was a deliberate choice, and that the orator had no regard for literature except so far as it served practical ends.

Mr. Phillips was long a popular lecturer, and never failed to interest his audiences. Matter and manner were in perfect accord, and his stately presence and melodious tones left impressions which were never forgotten. His last great effort was an address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard University, delivered June 30, 1881. It appears that Mr. Phillips did not desire that his Life should be written; and up to this time only a popular biography has appeared, prepared by George Lowell Austin.

CHARLES SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, January 6, 1811, and died March 11, 1874. He was educated in the Boston Latin School, and at Harvard College, where he received his degree in 1830. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1834. Although successful in practice, he gave his attention more to the theory of law, and soon became known as an able writer on legal subjects. He was for three years reporter of the Circuit Court, and was at different times lecturer at the Cambridge Law School. In 1845, on the 4th of July, he delivered an oration before the municipal authorities of Boston, on the "True Grandeur of Nations," in which he denounced the impending war with Mexico, and advocated the settlement of all national controversies by arbitration. Mr. Sumner was originally a Whig, but was led by the course of events to join the Free Soil party. In 1851 the Democratic and Free Soil parties having formed a coalition to carry the State election, he was, after a long and animated contest, chosen United States senator to succeed Daniel Webster. In the Senate he opposed the fugitive-slave bill in a speech in which he announced the doctrine that "freedom is national, slavery sectional." In 1856, after the delivery of his speech entitled "The Crime against Kansas," in which were some passages that were highly offensive to slaveholders, he was assaulted, while at his desk

in the Senate chamber, with a heavy cane, by Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina, and was so severely injured that he was unable to perform any mental labor for some years. On resuming his seat, in the autumn of 1859, he delivered a speech that was afterward printed under the title of "The Barbarism of Slavery." During the rebellion which followed the election of Abraham Lincoln, he advocated the emancipation of the slaves as the effective mode of ending the contest. For many years he was the leading member of the Senate. In 1861 he was made chairman of the committee on foreign relations, which position he held until 1870, when he was displaced on account of not agreeing with his political associates in the support of President Grant.

Mr. Sumner's orations and speeches, taken in their order, might almost form a history of the antislavery movement in its connection with national politics. He always insisted that the amendments in favor of freedom were but the legitimate development of the original doctrines of the Constitution.

Mr. Sumner was distinguished for his learning, especially in history and public law. In his efforts on great occasions his citations of authorities were absolutely bewildering. His mind was comprehensive and logical, his methods direct and forcible, his spirit vehement and indomitable. As he moved on he left no point untouched, no matter how trite or familiar it might be ; proposition was riveted to proposition, until the whole statement was like a piece of plate-armor. But this scrupulous gathering up of de-

tails, and the copiousness of illustration by historical parallels, though effective with audiences and useful for popular instruction, often render portions of his speeches, when printed, tedious to cultivated readers, who are oppressed by the amplifications, the repetitions, and the profusion of learned quotations with which the argument is loaded. The field he passed over was sure to be thoroughly swept. The audiences who listened were always profoundly impressed with his power and sincerity. The antagonist who followed him had always a task demanding his best efforts.

Mr. Sumner's style acquired a certain professional or state-paper tone. It was formal and stately, revealing the statesman and the author of didactic treatises rather than the man of letters. The elevation of his thought is a moral elevation. As we read, we seem to be on high ground and to breathe pure mountain air. There is no compromise with wrong, no paltering with worldly policy. Political discussions conducted in such a spirit rise to the dignity of pure ethics, and are as inspiring as they are impressive. Much of the effect of Mr. Sumner's speeches is due to this pervading moral element. He is not greatly imaginative, and his ample utterances, unlike the copious and glowing diction of Burke, appear to be the result of painstaking industry.

Mr. Sumner had an enviable distinction in what we must consider a corrupt age: he was so noted for inflexible honesty that no one ever ventured to suggest that he had an interested motive for his conduct. In person he was very tall, and wore a look of dignity

and conscious power. There are few in his generation that have left behind a more exalted reputation for the qualities that constitute a great and good man.

The Works of Mr. Sumner, in fifteen volumes, 8vo., with portrait, are published by Lee and Shepard, Boston. His biography was undertaken by Edward L. Pierce, two volumes of which appeared in 1877, and two more (completing the work) are just issued. In Whittier's Works will be found a stately poem which gives a just summary of Sumner's character.

ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY.

ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY was born in Beverly, Mass., March 19, 1811, and died in Cambridge, Mass., March 10, 1893. His father was a man of liberal education, and gave every opportunity to the precocious boy. He passed the examination for Harvard College at the age of twelve, but spent another year under private tuition to such good purpose that he entered as junior at thirteen, and was graduated at fifteen, — one of the youngest that ever finished the course. He spent three years in teaching, and then entered the Harvard Divinity School. After graduating, he was mathematical tutor for a year, and was then settled as pastor of a church in Portsmouth, N. H., where he remained for twenty-seven years. During this period he wrote many

books and articles, and was editor of the "North American Review."

In 1860, Dr. Peabody left Portsmouth to become Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College, — a chair which had been founded at his suggestion, for the moral and religious instruction of students. His relations with the students were intimate and tender, and probably no member of the faculty exerted a more positive and salutary influence. As preacher to the University he was catholic in spirit, wholly without bigotry, and respected by men of every shade of belief. He resigned in 1881, but was kept on the roll as professor emeritus.

Dr. Peabody's publications are very numerous, and a list of them will hardly be necessary. Many of them are special memoirs, occasional sermons, and other professional works. But his power, style, and taste were shown in everything he wrote; his sentences are pure and luminous, and pervaded by the charm of goodness and graciousness. Among his principal works may be named "Lectures on Christian Doctrine" (1844); "Sermons of Consolation" (1847); "Conversation: Its Faults and its Graces" (1856); "Christianity the Religion of Nature" (1864); "Reminiscences of European Travel" (1868); "Christianity and Science" (1874); "Christian Belief and Life" (1875); "Harvard Reminiscences" (1888). His "Lectures on Moral Philosophy" (1873) and on "Christian Morals" (1886) were marked by breadth of view, critical discrimination, and fulness of illustration.

Few lives of such length have been filled with such constant and effective labor, or crowned with such noble results. It will be remembered that besides the published volumes, Dr. Peabody wrote an exceeding great number of essays and reviews for leading periodicals, organs of public opinion, and in that way had a great influence over his generation. He was also prominent in the Massachusetts Historical Society, in whose rooms may be seen his portrait.

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER was born in Liverpool, England, May 5, 1811, and was educated at London University. He came to the United States in 1833, and pursued his studies in chemistry and medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He was professor at Hampden and Sidney College from 1836 to 1839, and afterward at the University of New York, — first in the academical, and then in the medical department. Dr. Draper was a man of great learning, and wrote many important works. In 1850 he became president of the Medical College of the University of New York, where he delivered lectures until 1881.

Following is a list of this author's principal Works: "The Forces which Produce the Organization of Plants" (1844); "Text-Book of Chemistry" (1846);

"Production of Light and Heat" (1847); "Production of Light by Chemical Action" (1848); "Human Physiology" (1856); "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" (1862); "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America" (1864); "A Text-book on Physiology" (1866); "History of the American Civil War," 3 vols. (1867--70); "Researches in Actino-Chemistry" (1872); "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science" (1874); "Scientific Memoirs" (National Academy of Sciences), being contributions to the "Biographical Memoirs."

It will be seen that Dr. Draper did not confine himself to scientific study. "The Intellectual Development of Europe" is an able work, having some resemblances to the treatises of Buckle and Lecky. "The History of the Civil War" is also highly esteemed, though in a measure superseded by the many later military memoirs. His style is sententious and dignified; his Works are read for their ideas, and command respect from all thoughtful men. He died January 4, 1882.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher, a distinguished clergyman, was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 15, 1812. She removed to Cincinnati with her father in 1833, where she was married, in 1836, to the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe,

afterward professor at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, and at Andover Theological School.

Mrs. Stowe wrote several stories and sketches for the Cincinnati "Gazette" and other periodicals, which were in 1846 collected in a volume entitled "The Mayflower." In 1851, at Brunswick, she began the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in weekly chapters, in a newspaper published in Washington, called the "National Era." On its completion, it appeared in two volumes, 12mo, in Boston. Its success was without a parallel, up to that time, in the literature of any age. Near half a million copies were sold in this country, and a considerably larger number in England. It was translated into every language of Europe, and into Arabic and Armenian. It was dramatized and acted in nearly every theatre in the world. "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in 1853. The same year the author visited Europe, and was received with gratifying attention. On her return she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," two volumes, 12mo. "Dred: A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," was published in 1856. This work is very able, but it produced less impression because the charm of novelty in the subject was wanting; the character of Dred himself is more grand and picturesque than that of Uncle Tom. "The Minister's Wooing" appeared first in the "Atlantic Monthly" as a serial, and was published in book form in 1859. We think this the most delightful of her stories. The scene is laid in Newport, in the last century, and the characters (excepting

Aaron Burr) are among her finest creations. "Agnes of Sorrento" and "The Pearl of Orr's Island" were published in 1862; "House and Home Papers" (1864); "The Chimney Corner," a series from the "Atlantic" (1865); "Little Foxes" (1865); "Queer Little People" (1867); "Men of our Times" (1867); "Oldtown Folks" (1869); "Oldtown Fireside Stories" (1870); "Pink and White Tyranny" (1871); "My Wife and I" (1872); "We and Our Neighbors," a sequel to "My Wife and I" (1873); "Palmetto Leaves" (1873), being letters from her new home in Florida, where she passed many winters after the resignation of her husband as professor at Andover; "Women in Sacred History" (1873); and "Poganuc People" (1878), reminiscences of her early life in Litchfield, Conn. She also printed the "True Story of Lady Byron's Life" (1870), which perhaps was not true, and, in any case, should not have been told. When she became feeble with age, she took up her abode in Hartford, Conn., where her son and biographer is a leading clergyman.

It will be seen that Mrs. Stowe has been a very prolific writer, and although her fame will rest upon her first great book, all of her novels have some admirable qualities, and several of them have enough merit in themselves to have given her a place among our first authors of fiction. She is a novelist of rare and original genius. She is indebted to no special culture and to no careful practice for her effects. In attention to the niceties of the language she is surpassed by many writers of an inferior rank. Her

descriptions of persons and of scenes are like the etchings of the old masters: the method is full of details, and the process could not be imparted; but at due distance the effect is magical, the cartoon priceless and immortal.

Probably our great national struggle, then impending (although we did not know it), intensified the public interest in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and its momentous lessons; but in itself it is a great story. The characters are powerfully drawn, and the plot is constructed with skill. The figures of the prim Miss Ophelia, of the indescribable Aunt Dinah, and of the great-souled Uncle Tom are masterpieces in fiction. The future historian of the United States, in mentioning the causes that led to the overthrow of slavery, must give much of the credit to the author of the drama in which the results of the system were exhibited to the world.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH was born in Alexandria, Va., March 8, 1813, and was graduated at Columbia College, Washington, in 1832. He studied divinity at the Cambridge Theological School, but soon relinquished the clerical profession and became a landscape painter. He was one of the contributors to the "Dial" (conducted by Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, and Mr. Emerson), and pub-

lished in it some of his most striking verses. In 1840 he wrote a poem on the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Quincy, Mass. A small volume of his poems was published in 1844; one of these, entitled "Gnosis," is remarkable for its subtilty of thought. In 1847 he visited Europe, and resided abroad, mostly in Paris, for over ten years. He wrote and illustrated two juvenile books of a fanciful character, entitled "The Last of the Huggermuggers" (1856), and "Kobboltozo" (1857). "The Bird and the Bell" is the title of a book of poems published in 1875. He made a poetical translation of Virgil, published in 1879. "Ariel and Caliban, and Other Poems," appeared in 1887. He published in 1890 his *Reminiscences of Browning*.

Mr. Cranch's poems are always interesting and suggestive, covering a wide range of topics, and carefully wrought. His acquaintance with art and with general literature is felt in all his works. He has a fine sense of music, and has written some striking pieces upon the characteristics of leading instruments. It is doubtful if any American poet has produced sonnets finer than his. In tone, feeling, and melody they are exquisite, — although it must be admitted that the one entitled "Morning" bears a rather dangerous resemblance to one of Shakespeare's. But the sonnet, though so rare a product and demanding such perfect structure and finish, awakens little enthusiasm in ordinary readers. Mr. Cranch had the high esteem of poets and of competent critics, but not any extended popularity. He died in Cambridge, Mass., January 18, 1892.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813, and was graduated at Amherst College in 1834. He studied theology under the instruction of his father, at Lane Seminary near Cincinnati, and was settled as a preacher first at Lawrenceburg, Ind., and afterward at Indianapolis. In 1847 he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and became pastor of the Plymouth Church. His Works were mostly the fruit of his regular labors as a preacher, and as a contributor to religious periodicals. He wrote for the New York "Independent" a series of articles, published in two volumes, under the title of "Star Papers." "Notes from Plymouth Pulpit" was a regular report of his sermons. "Life Thoughts" is a collection of passages from his extemporaneous discourses, taken down in short-hand by the poet, Edna Dean Proctor.

Besides the above named there were published "Lectures to Young Men" (1844); "Oration on Robert Burns" (1859). In 1863 Mr. Beecher delivered addresses in London and other large cities in Great Britain, which were published as "Speeches on the American Rebellion," "Freedom and War," and "Discourses Suggested by the Times" (1863). "Aids to Prayer" appeared in (1864); "Oration at Fort Sumter" (1865); "Norwood; Or, Village Life in New England" (1866); Parts of a "Life of

Christ," unfinished (1869-1871); "Lecture Room Talks" (1870); "Yale Lectures on Preaching," 3 vols. (1872-1874); "A Summer Parish: Sermons and Morning Service" (1874); "The Army of the Republic" (1878); "The Strike and its Lessons" (1878); "Doctrinal Beliefs and Unbeliefs" (1882); "Commemorative Discourse on Wendell Phillips" (1884); "A Circuit of the Continent" (1884); "Evolution and Religion" (1885).

Mr. Beecher was a natural orator, and whether on the public platform, at the desk of the lecturer, or in his own pulpit, he exercised an absolute sway over the feelings of his audience. His sense of humor was acute, so that even the periods of his sermons were sometimes rounded with smiles. His illustrations, like those of all great teachers from Plato to Emerson, were drawn from homely subjects, but they flashed on the understanding, and touched the heart with irresistible force. His enthusiasm was magnetic; the speaker and the hearer were moved by a simultaneous impulse, — the one to say his noblest things, and the other to follow with a lively apprehension. It was while on the wing, as it were, that Mr. Beecher gave proof of his imaginative power. Then it was that his figures came clothed in perfect grace, and his language had a natural felicity. We doubt if so many apophthegms, so many exquisite poetic images, as are contained in "Life Thoughts" could be gathered from any volume of sermons without going back to Jeremy Taylor. At the same time we doubt whether Mr. Beecher could have written

those same glowing sentences beforehand; the ideas were his, but were born only when the subject and the time called them into life. His published sermons are thoughtful, instructive, and full of ingenious illustrations; their method shows careful study, but their brilliant passages are as unpremeditated as lightning strokes.

In fiction Mr. Beecher did not gain much reputation, nor was he especially successful as an essayist; the mastery of a finished and graceful style is not to be carried by assault, like a redoubt, and his pressing duties left him small time for what he would probably have termed the arts of the literary pharisee. But it was impossible for such a man to be dull, or otherwise than interesting; and while his wonderful fervor as a speaker remained, it was too much to ask that he should carry the same fire into his closet.

About the year 1870 Mr. Beecher was tried upon a charge affecting his character as a man and a Christian minister; and though he was not found guilty, the circumstance left a most painful impression upon the public mind, and greatly impaired his influence. He died March 8, 1887.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT was born in Boston, May 13, 1813, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1832. He studied at the Cambridge Theological School, completing his course in 1836, and preached for about six years. He was settled in Northampton in 1840. He translated, about that time, the "Select Minor Poems" of Goethe and of Schiller, which were published as a volume in Ripley's "Specimens of Foreign Literature." He contributed reviews of Tennyson, Spenser, and other authors to the "Christian Examiner." He wrote a course of lectures upon Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and their successors, which were delivered in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. He was a contributor to the "Dial," and afterward to the "Harbinger." He joined the Brook Farm Association in 1842, and remained there, teaching literature and music, and working on the farm, until the Association disbanded.

It will be remembered that about thirty years ago a number of the most intellectual people of Boston and vicinity, — among them George Ripley, George W. Curtis, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, — purchased a farm in West Roxbury, and lived in a community, doing the necessary labor with their own hands, and endeavoring to show the world a better mode of life by combining their efforts both in practical affairs and in their mental and moral culture. It was a

sincere and noble effort, though unsuccessful. Their pure and blameless lives, and their aspirations for the good of the race, are not to be thought of in connection with certain developments of socialism, and the shameless doctrines of certain social reformers. Some views of the interior workings of the experiment may be seen in Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance."

Mr. Dwight in 1852 established the "Musical Journal" which bore his name. The volumes of this periodical contain an invaluable collection of the literature of music and art. Mr. Dwight is one of the officers and a leading spirit in the Harvard Musical Association of Boston; and it is to this Association that the city was indebted for the annual series of symphony concerts, and for the beautiful Music Hall, with its exquisite statue of Beethoven.

Mr. Dwight holds a high place among writers. He is an upholder of the severe classical school, and often runs counter to popular tastes; but no one doubts the sincerity of his convictions, or that the end he aims at is the elevation of the art and the maintenance of a pure standard of beauty amid all the capricious changes of musical fashion.

CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS.

CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS was prominent among the scholars who fifty years ago brought the before unknown wealth of German poetry to the knowledge of English readers. The benefits conferred upon our people by those pioneer translators have been felt by authors and readers alike. It is impossible to overestimate the value of the service rendered.

Mr. Brooks was born in Salem, Mass., June 20, 1813, and died in Newport, R. I., June 14, 1883. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1832, and was settled as a Unitarian minister in Nahant, Mass., and afterward in Newport, R. I.

The most important of his translations were Goethe's "Faust," in the original metres; Schiller's "William Tell" and "Homage of the Arts," "Songs and Ballads," "German Lyrics," and Richter's colossal but almost forgotten novels, "Titan" and "Hesperus." But though his translations were numerous, and among the best in existence, he showed his ability as an original poet in several volumes of more than ordinary excellence. "Aquidneck" was written for the hundredth anniversary of the Redwood Library at Newport. "Songs of Field and Flood" was published in Boston in 1854.

A collection of Mr. Brooks's poems, with a memoir, was published by Rev. C. W. Wendte.

SYLVESTER JUDD.

SYLVESTER JUDD was born in Westhampton, Mass., July 23, 1813. He was graduated at Yale College in 1836, and studied theology at the Cambridge School. He was ordained as pastor of a church in Augusta, Me., in 1840, and remained there until his death, which occurred January 20, 1853.

Mr. Judd was a strong advocate of peace and of temperance, and an opponent of slavery and of capital punishment. His religious doctrines were inwoven with his life, and his works are but the various modes of expression of his cherished principles. His first published work is entitled "Margaret: A Tale of the Real and the Ideal, of Blight and Bloom." In this singular and powerful fiction the reader is introduced to a New England town as it was at the beginning of this century. The simple manners, the rustic festivals, the mode of worship, and the prevailing intemperance of the period are drawn with absolute fidelity. The author's earnest purpose is somewhat too evident for a well-rounded work of art, and the movement of the story is not at all what novel-readers expect; but no one, in our judgment, has more perfectly painted the aspects of Nature in New England, or has more clearly revealed the inner life of the people at a time of a great impending transition. The author had a boundless wealth of materials, but his sense of form was deficient; the scenes are not placed in symmetrical

order, and there is a want of proportion in the various parts. These are fatal obstacles to the general popularity of the book. Still, the genius of the author shines throughout the sad story. Its vivid woodland scenes, and its strong, homely characters, contrasting with the spiritual beauty of its heroine, could hardly have been better done for us even by Hawthorne's pencil. "Margaret" appeared in 1845. A new edition was published in 1851, and in 1856 it was illustrated by Darley in a series of drawings that did honor to American art. "Philo: An Evangeliad," a religious poem, appeared in 1850, and "Richard Edney," a romance, in the same year. A posthumous work entitled "The Church, in a Series of Discourses," was published in 1854. His life, written by Miss Arethusa Hall, was also published the same year.

Mr. Judd was a single-hearted, sincere, and fervent minister, and his life was without any striking events. But his work will preserve his memory; in every generation there will be those who will recognize and do honor to his genius. In Lowell's "Fable for Critics" there is a striking passage upon Judd's "Margaret."

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN was born in Boston, April 20, 1813. He was educated in the public schools, and went abroad in his twentieth year. Travel and observation, with private reading and study, supplied the place of university training. He removed from Boston to New York in 1845, where he resided until his death, which occurred December 17, 1871. Mr. Tuckerman was an indefatigable and voluminous writer; very few authors have put so much on paper or in print. He published a volume of poems, which show a cultivated taste and considerable poetic feeling; he also wrote several memoirs and biographies. But his chief employment was that of essayist, literary and art critic, and narrator of the lighter incidents of travel. His appreciative feeling, good taste, and long practice gave him the skill, and his pleasant habit of observation and retentive memory furnished the materials. He never probed a subject deeply, never developed principles, except very obvious ones, was never strongly graphic in description nor keen in analysis; but the stream of his prose ran smoothly on until the salient points of his theme were pleasantly touched upon, and its associations were gracefully hinted at; and the reader, without fatigue, closed the book with the thought that he had spent an hour with more or less profit in the company of an amiable, well-informed, and well-bred man of the world.

The reader will infer that such an author does not belong to the class of original creators of literature. But these critical writers have their well-established places and their duties in the kingdom of letters. The list of Mr. Tuckerman's Works will show the amount and kind of service he performed: "The Italian Sketch Book" (1835); "Isabel; Or, Sicily: A Pilgrimage" (1839); "Rambles and Reviews" (1841); "Thoughts on the Poets" (1846); "Characteristics of Literature" (1849-51); "Sketch of American Literature," "Mental Portraits; Or, Studies of Character," "Life of Commodore Silas Talbot" (1850); "The Optimist" (1850); "Poems" (1851); "A Month in England" (1853); "A Memorial of Horatio Greenough" (1853); "Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer" (1853); "Biographical Essays" (1857); "Essay on Washington" (1859); "A Sheaf of Verse" (1864); "America and her Commentators," with a "Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States" (1864); "The Criterion" (1866); "Book of the Artists" (1867); "Maga Papers about Paris" (1867); "Artist-Life; Or, Sketches of American Painters," "Life of J. P. Kennedy" (1871).

EPES SARGENT.

EPES SARGENT belonged to a family that was distinguished for ability, and he shared their common inheritance. He was born in Gloucester, Mass., September 27, 1813, and died in Boston, December 31, 1880. His education was mainly acquired in the Boston Latin School; he entered Harvard College, but did not complete the course. He was, as a *litterateur*, an "all-round man," capable of doing many things well; possessed of general knowledge, unfailing taste, and a smooth, perspicuous style; a leader among writers, but not a man of genius, nor distinguished as the author of any great book. The literary world has need of such accomplished and industrious writers, and could often better spare more brilliant men.

Much of Mr. Sargent's work was done for the "Advertiser," "Atlas," and "Transcript" of Boston, and for the "Mirror" of New York. He was the author of several plays which were performed with success. He and George H. Boker were among the last authors of dramas which can be included in literature, being formed upon classic models, and pervaded by the poetic spirit. What constitutes a successful drama of later days it is scarcely necessary to state. Among his plays may be named "The Bride of Genoa," "Change makes Change," "Velasco," and "The Priestess," the latter founded upon the libretto of "Norma."

Mr. Sargent's chief labors were editorial. Being a critic of judgment and taste he superintended the issue of the Works of several English poets, and wrote their Lives. The list includes Campbell, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Rogers, Horace and James Smith, and Hood. His memoirs and annotations were uniformly excellent, and his editions will always be valued. He made an admirable selection of the Works of Franklin, including the Autobiography, and wrote a Life. It is the best popular work upon our great philosopher, and is so well done that it leaves little room for any future editor. He wrote a number of novels and tales, some of them for the young. Among them are "Wealth and Worth," "What's to be Done?" and "Fleetwood; Or, The Stain of a Birth." The most fortunate of his stories was "Peculiar," the name of an original and masterly-drawn character, a negro in the South, who was involved in the whirling eddies of the Civil War. His "School Readers" were long popular; but among educational works, no matter how perfect, the only thing certain is change. He wrote a "Life of Henry Clay," which was pronounced the best in existence by no less an authority than that of the illustrious subject. He edited "The Modern Drama" (fifteen volumes), and compiled a "Cyclopedia of English and American Poetry." He compiled and edited two volumes entitled "American Adventure by Land and Sea," and "Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land."

Unquestionably the nearest to Mr. Sargent's heart was his ambition to be recognized as a poet. He toiled

over editions and collections for a livelihood, but poetry was the angel in his breast, and in his verse is to be seen his aspiration and joy. Some of his spirited lyrics have become familiar as household words, such as "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and "O ye Keen Breezes from the Salt Atlantic!" but his three volumes of poems (1847, 1858, 1869,) though they gained for him a creditable position, did not manifest in any marked degree the high and rare qualities which give permanence to verse.

To give a full record of Mr. Sargent's work would require much space; and in some cases it might be difficult to ascertain what he did. For instance, he wrote several of the famous "Peter Parley" books which that enterprising manager, S. G. Goodrich, adopted as his own.

Few writers have done better service than Epes Sargent. He concerned himself with subjects of permanent interest, and brought to his task a full mind, sound judgment, and refined taste.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 15, 1814. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1831, and then spent two years in German universities, and afterward some time in travel. On his return he studied law, and was

admitted to the bar in Boston (1836), but soon quitted the profession. In 1839 he published a novel entitled "Morton's Hope." In 1840 he was appointed secretary of legation to the American embassy at St. Petersburg, which place he held only for a short time. In 1849 he published a second historical novel entitled "Merry Mount: A Romance of the Massachusetts Colony." He contributed several admirable historical and critical papers to the reviews. Becoming interested in the history of Holland, he began a work on the subject, and in 1851 went abroad to gather fuller materials. He passed five years in the chief capitals of Europe in his researches, and in 1856 published in London "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." This work gave him a high place among historians. It was reprinted in New York, and translations of it appeared in Holland, Germany, and France, — the French translation being introduced by Guizot.

Mr. Motley returned to this country in 1857, and was one of the company of authors by whom the "Atlantic Monthly" was established. He began anew his studies for a continuation of his history, but soon found that the necessary books and manuscripts must be studied in Europe. Accordingly he again went abroad, and made the most thorough examination of the collections of State papers at Brussels, securing also full copies from the Spanish archives of Simancas, and an immense mass of English correspondence never before made public. He continued his studies with equal success at Venice,

Paris, and other places. The first part of his work, "The History of the United Netherlands," appeared in two volumes in 1861, and the remaining part, in two volumes also, in 1868. The history of Holland during the period treated by Mr. Motley is the history of European liberty. Every nation was in some way concerned in the great struggle between Spain and the Netherlands. The characters of Philip II., of his great minister Cardinal Granvelle, of his sister Margaret of Parma, and of his great general the infamous Duke of Alva, as well as the principles and policy of the Spanish government, are painted in the strongest colors. English history also has a new illumination from this work, and the reader will probably get a more vivid and accurate conception of the vain and vacillating Queen Elizabeth, of the unprincipled Earl of Leicester, of Lord Burleigh, Walsingham, Drake, and other prominent persons of the period than can be gained from any other source. Of famous Hollanders and Flemings the historian has made a national portrait gallery.

The execution of this work is in keeping with the grandeur of the subject. The immense mass of details which would fatally encumber an inferior writer are grouped with a view to their collective effect; and we are enabled to follow, as in a romance, the popular leaders — heroes and martyrs both — in their long and desperate struggle against the intrigues of ecclesiastics, the brutality of a fanatical soldiery, and the selfish craft of kings. Motley is fond of portraying scenes of magnificence, and of

marshalling events in dramatic order. His style of narration is vivid, but sometimes overcharged. His honorable sympathy with free principles, and his hatred of oppression and wrong tend to disturb the philosophic repose of style. He makes a keen analysis of character, but there is a redundancy, or rather a repetition, especially in the descriptions of William of Orange, and in the moral reflections occurring at great crises. But in spite of minor faults his History is as near to being great as any yet written in this country.

"The Life of John Barneveld" was published in 1874. This is less a biography than a history of events that preceded the Thirty Years' War.

Motley was appointed minister to Austria in 1866, and was recalled in 1867. He was minister to England from April, 1869, to November, 1870, when he was displaced. He felt keenly the rude and, as he thought, unjust treatment he received from our government; and it is pretty well established that his enforced resignation of the English mission was due to the friendship between him and Charles Sumner, who was then furiously at variance with the President.

Motley was intimate with leading writers in the United States as well as in England and on the Continent. His talents and accomplishments placed him among the "picked men of countries." Distinguished honors were everywhere paid him, especially in Holland, whose annals he had illustrated. He died May 29, 1877. His intimate friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes,

wrote a sketch of his life, 1879. Two large volumes of his correspondence appeared in 1889, edited by George William Curtis. These letters fully show his earnest labors, his friendships and social life, his generous heart, and the passionate feeling of patriotism which possessed him. Two topics stand out prominently in the volumes, — his cordial relations with Bismarck, who had been his fellow-student; and his all-absorbing interest in the cause of the Union during our Civil War. Many of the letters rise to the height of eloquence, and altogether they form a worthy memorial of one of the noblest men of our time.

The visitor to The Hague finds agreeable memories of Motley. At the queen's Palace in the Wood are shown the rooms he occupied by her invitation while engaged in his labors; and in one of them is his portrait.

GEORGE EDWARD ELLIS.

GEORGE EDWARD ELLIS was born in Boston, August 8, 1814. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1833, and afterward studied divinity. He was settled as pastor of the Harvard Unitarian Church in Charlestown in 1840, and was professor in Harvard Divinity School from 1857 to 1863. He delivered many courses of lectures before the Lowell Institute. He edited the "Christian Register," also the "Chris-

tian Examiner," for several years. He was a thorough and enthusiastic student of early American history, and in respect to the beginnings of Massachusetts, — its laws, customs, and policy, — became, probably, the most eminent authority. He seemed to carry an antiquarian library in his brain. A lifetime of such painstaking study, supplemented by a philosophic grasp of principles, and by a style of remarkable luminousness and force, made him one of the foremost of historical writers. He received the degrees of D. D. and LL. D.; was an overseer of Harvard College, and President of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Dr. Ellis contributed to Sparks's "American Biography" a Life of John Mason (1844), of Anne Hutchinson (1845), and of William Penn (1847). He published in 1857 "A Half-Century of the Unitarian Controversy;" in 1863, a "Memoir of Dr. Luther V. Bell;" in 1869, "The Aims and Purposes of the Founders of Massachusetts." He wrote a memoir of Jared Sparks in 1869, and a Life of Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford) in 1871; a "History of the Massachusetts General Hospital" (1872); a "History of the Battle of Bunker Hill" (1875); an "Account of the Siege of Boston: An Address upon the Centennial of the Evacuation by the British Army" (1876); and several memoirs of prominent men in Eastern Massachusetts. He wrote three chapters in the "Memorial History of Boston," and six in the "Narrative and Critical History of America." He edited the three volumes of Sewall's Journal for the Historical Society. In

1882 he published an important work entitled "The Red Man and the White Man in North America;" in 1884, an "Address at the Unveiling of the Statue of John Harvard;" in 1888, a volume entitled "The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay;" in 1892, an address upon "The History of the Earth as told in Museums and Libraries." This last is a remarkable view of the accumulated knowledge of the world, and is full of suggestive thought, with occasional prophetic vistas.

This ample record is evidence of a long and active life, spent for the advancement of learning and for the benefit of mankind.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR., son of the poet, was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 1, 1815, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1837. In 1834, while in college, he suffered from an affection of the eyes, and left his studies for a sea voyage. He shipped as a common sailor in a vessel bound for California, then an unsettled country, and on his return published his experience in a book entitled "Two Years Before the Mast." This had a large circulation both in England and America for more than thirty years, and became almost as popular as

"Robinson Crusoe." His next book, "The Seaman's Friend," appeared in 1841. He was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1840, and took a leading position, especially in admiralty cases. He was a leading advocate of the Free Soil party, but never held public office, except that he was United States District Attorney from 1861 to 1866. Though possessed of eminent ability and knowledge, he had none of the arts of gaining popularity; his reserve and dignity were imputed to haughtiness, and the way to official station was always barred. He was beaten by General Butler in a contest for a seat in Congress, and was rejected by the United States Senate when nominated by the President as Minister to Great Britain. He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and took a prominent part in the conventions of that body. In 1859 he published "To Cuba and Back," the result of a vacation tour. Later he became interested in the subject of international law, and began a treatise upon it. In the course of his studies he found it desirable to go abroad, and established himself in Rome, where he contracted a malarious fever, and died January 7, 1882. His work on International Law was unfinished, but he had edited a treatise by Wheaton on that subject, which was published in 1865. He was a contributor to the "North American Review," the "Law Register," and the "American Law Review." He published also biographical sketches of Washington Allston, and of Prof. Edward Channing.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE was born in Highgate, Vt., June 2, 1816, and was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839. He studied law, and after his admission to the bar in 1843 remained in practice till 1850, when he removed to Burlington, where for five years he was editor of the "Sentinel." At that time he withdrew from his profession, and devoted himself to lecturing and authorship. He was afterward editor of the "Evening Journal" at Albany, N. Y. His first volume, entitled "Progress: A Satire, and Other Poems," was published in 1846; "New Rape of the Lock" (1847); "The Proud Miss McBride" (1848); "The Times" (1849); "The Money King, etc." (1859); "Clever Stories of Many Nations" (1864); "The Masqueraders" (1866); "Fables and Legends in Rhyme" (1872); "Complete Edition of Poems" (1874); "Leisure Day Rhymes" (1875).

Mr. Saxe wrote with facility, was intent mainly on jests and epigrams, and amused himself and his readers by clever hits at the fashions and follies of the time. His good-natured satire did not cleave to the depths, nor was his humor of that quality which reaches to the sources of feeling, and which gives us the surprises of an April day; but he was level with the popular apprehension, and made his name more familiarly known, in his generation, than that of any other of our comic versifiers.

Mr. Saxe's faculties failed some time before his death, which occurred, March 31, 1887.

PARKE GODWIN.

PARKE GODWIN was born in Paterson, N. J., February 25, 1816. He was graduated at Princeton College in 1834, and studied law in his native town, but did not practise the profession. He married a daughter of the poet Bryant, and was long associated with his father-in-law in conducting the "Evening Post," of New York. In 1843 he began the issue of a weekly periodical, entitled "The Pathfinder," in which he displayed great ability; but the enterprise came to an end in three months on account of the failure of the publisher. He was a frequent contributor to the "Democratic Review," was for some time editor of "Putnam's Monthly," and was the author of many of the able political articles that appeared in the early numbers of the "Atlantic Monthly." He translated the tales of Zschokke, and a part of Goethe's Autobiography. He is the author of a "Popular View of the Doctrines of Fourier" (1844); "Constructive Democracy" (1851); and "Vala," founded on incidents in the life of Jenny Lind (1851). He began a History of France, of which the first volume appeared in 1860. A collection of his "Political Essays" was

printed in 1856, and a series of critical and literary papers, entitled "Out of the Past," in 1870. He edited "Bryant's Writings, with a Life," six volumes, (1863-64), and also a "Handbook of Universal Biography" (1871).

Mr. Godwin has been an earnest and successful essayist, and has done much to guide public opinion in the weighty affairs of government. He is always clear in argument, and commands the thoughtful attention and respect of his readers.



ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL.

ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL was born in Boston, October 9, 1816,—the son of Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell of the West Church, and a brother of James Russell Lowell. In his seventh year he was sent to the famous school at Round Hill, Northampton, Mass., and in his thirteenth entered Harvard College, graduating in 1833. He then entered the medical school, and completed a full course of study. But in 1839 a change came over him, and he went to Schenectady, N. Y., to study theology under the direction of Bishop Potter of the Episcopal Church. In 1842, after ordination, he became domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Newfoundland and Jamaica; but afterward, desiring active employment, he was sent as rector to Bay Roberts in Newfoundland, which

was the scene of his first and best novel, and remained there five years, — worn at last to a skeleton by his self-denying labors, and by his sufferings during a winter-long famine which he and his people went through. He was thanked by the Colonial government and warmly praised by the press of St. John for his philanthropic efforts. His next residence was in Newark, N. J., where his mission was to the poor and unnoted. In 1859 he removed to Duanesburgh, near Schenectady, N. Y., where a church had been built and endowed by his wife's great-grandfather, Judge Duane. In 1869 he became head-master of St. Mark's school in Southborough, Mass., where he remained four years, during which time the school was greatly prosperous. He next became professor of the Latin language and literature in Union College, at Schenectady, where he resided until his death, which occurred September 12, 1891.

Mr. Lowell's first novel, "The New Priest in Conception Bay," was published in Boston in 1858, and though not greatly successful with the public, it impressed all cultivated readers by its pictures of scenery, its life-like portraiture of character, and its pure and elevated tone. The story is not managed with art; the dialogue is often prolix, and the interest drags. Many of its situations, however, are well conceived; and the final scene, in which the people rush from the little parish church to look for a man lost in the lonely fields of snow, is painted in a masterly way. It is a book that only a poet and a man of genius could have written. A new edition of this novel, illus-

trated by Darley, appeared in 1863; another in 1889. The story was much improved by retouching.

Mr. Lowell also printed, in 1860, a volume of poems, entitled "Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years Ago." They have considerable merit. One of them, "The Brave Old Ship, the Orient," is a powerful picture. The irregular metre and want of melody are likely to repel the reader, but its descriptions are full of sombre force, and leave a lasting impression. His other Works are "A Raft that No Man Made," published in the "Atlantic" for March, 1862; "Antony Brade: A Story of School-Boy Life" (1874); "Burgoyne's March: A Poem" (1877); "A Story or Two from a Dutch Town" (1878).

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU was born in Boston, July 12, 1817, and graduated at Harvard College in 1837. His parents were poor, and his obtaining a collegiate education was due to the resolution of his mother. He taught school for a time after graduation, but was unsuccessful, for the reason that he was lacking in tact and in personal dignity. Emerson, having formed a high opinion of his abilities, received him into his house, where he lived as one of the family for about two years. Thoreau read his

great friend's books, steeped himself in his thoughts and style, and acquired something of his deliberate manner of speech. He was not, perhaps, consciously an imitator; but no young man at that time could have withdrawn himself from the over-mastering influence of Emerson. Later, he had a clear and characteristic style of his own. He supported himself chiefly by surveying, but was generally ready to do carpentering or other work that came in his way, though never continuously, or in a way to hinder his favorite pursuits. He explored the country around Concord until he knew every foot of ground, and could find his way by day or night, by routes "across lots" unknown to other men. He was an indefatigable student, both of Nature and of the books he admired. At the same time he was a Nihilist, the first one of whom we have an account. He repudiated the idea of owing any obedience to the State, any reverence to the Church, or any duty to society. Logically, he refused to pay a poll tax, and was imprisoned by the constable. However, his tax was paid for him a day later, and he was released. His books are composed of his studies in natural history, his observations upon philosophers and poets, and his sharp railing against the existing order of things. At one time he withdrew from the world (about two miles), and built what might be fairly called a *shanty* on land belonging to Emerson on the border of Walden Pond. His best-known book is the journal of his solitary life there. He attached great importance to cheapness of living, and mentions that the materials of his

"house" cost only about twenty-eight dollars, and that the total expense of a year's living was only about sixty dollars.

Whatever we may think of the eccentric man and his philosophy of living, we acknowledge a great debt to him for his fresh and delightful books. From the unpromising natural features of Concord he has drawn for us the most beautiful views, and has given us the daily studies of a devotee of Nature, in the annual procession of flowers and plants, in the habits of the lesser animals, and of the singing birds. The reader will look in vain elsewhere for such faithful, affectionate sketches. His descriptive powers are of the highest order, and his sentences appear to have been as carefully set as gems. His taste in literature was cultivated, and his quotations, especially from Oriental sources, are always apposite. But the reader does not perceive anywhere the warmth of the author's sympathy, unless it is for the four-footed hermits, his neighbors. Not that he actually hated mankind; but he was not concerned in their affairs, and regarded their labor, worship, and love as being of no more vital moment than the nest-building, pairing, and morning song of the birds.

One can see in Thoreau's writings something like a trace of irritation at the thought of having been so indebted to Emerson; at all events, he never refers to his benefactor in the tone which a grateful man would have naturally employed. Apparently he wished to emphasize his own individuality, and repudiate the notion of ever having been a disciple. But

perhaps this was only a part of the nature of the man. There is evidence that children were extremely fond of him ; but it is doubtful if he ever felt the glow of emotion in any friendship for any one outside of his family. His eyes were cold ; he never gave his hand in greeting ; he not only never helped any one at his need, but in his books declared that his only duty was to himself. His tenderness was reserved for the four-footed companions of his solitude.

Hawthorne has mentioned Thoreau in terms of affectionate regard, and says, "Whilst he used in his writings a certain petulance of remark about churches and churchmen, he was a person of rare, tender, and absolute religion,—a person incapable of any profanation." He died in Concord, May 6, 1862. Mr. Emerson published an account of him in the "Atlantic Monthly" shortly after his death.

Thoreau's Works are "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" (1849); "Walden; Or, Life in the Woods" (1854); "Excursions" (1863); "Maine Woods," "Cape Cod," "A Yankee in Canada," and "Letters to Various Persons" (1865). His literary executor has also published two volumes, composed of selections from his journal. These original jottings, recording his fresh impressions, are, in our judgment, more vivid and interesting than the later works for which they served as foundation. His life was written by F. B. Sanborn, of Concord.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS was born in Portsmouth, N. H., December 31, 1817, and received his education in the public schools of that town. He removed to Boston, engaged in the business of book-selling, and afterward became a partner in the house of Ticknor and Fields, honorably known wherever the best books are read. He delivered a poem before the Mercantile Library Association in 1839, and ever afterward devoted himself to literature with as much assiduity as to book-making.

Campbell proposed the health of Bonaparte when the news came that he had had a bookseller shot at Leipsic, and there are frequent squibs at the expense of publishers in the works of the improvident literary class. It was reserved for Mr. Fields to form for a long period a bond of intimate friendship between his own house and the best living authors, and at last to go over to them without losing his individuality, or suffering in the regard of both branches of the literary guild.

Mr. Fields published privately small volumes of poems in 1849, 1854, and 1858. He was the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" from 1862 to 1870. His long acquaintance with authors gave him unusual advantages in gathering letters and materials for personal biography. These collections were given to the reading public in the "Atlantic," in a series of papers called "Our Whispering Gallery," and were afterward

published in a volume entitled "Yesterdays with Authors." The glimpses of private life, the hints of conversation, and the numerous letters thus preserved are exceedingly interesting, and Mr. Fields's introductions and narratives are mostly written with taste and judgment. The accounts of Hawthorne and Dickens, in particular, are more delightful than any elaborate biography would be. The letters of Miss Mitford, which conclude the volume, are of less value, as that kind-hearted lady seems to have looked at everything American through a Claude Lorraine glass.

Mr. Fields died April 24, 1881. A memorial volume was prepared by his wife.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819, and graduated at Harvard College in 1838. After studying law two years he was admitted to the bar ; but he never practised the profession. Excepting the time he spent abroad, he lived nearly all his life in the house in which he was born. His early inclinations were toward poetry, and he published in 1841 "A Year's Life," a small volume now out of print. In 1843 he was associated with Robert Carter in editing "The Pioneer," — a magazine which might have changed our literary history if the publisher had not failed.

In 1844 he published "A Legend of Brittany," and in the same year was married to Maria White, a lovely woman, who was in almost every respect the ideal of a poet's wife. In 1845 he published "Conversations on the Old Poets," now out of print; also "The Vision of Sir Launfal," the most popular of his serious poems. In the year 1848 a new series of poems appeared, and also "A Fable for Critics." The latter, though professedly a humorous production, contains many noble passages, along with estimates of the writers of that day which are on the whole just and discriminating. It is the wittiest of literary satires, and the most faithful of caricatures.

During the Mexican War Lowell wrote a series of poems in the Yankee dialect, attacking the government and the pro-slavery party for its complicity with the national crime. The success of the "Biglow Papers" was immediate and unparalleled. The hero, Hosea Biglow, and his editor, Parson Wilbur, became as well known as any of the creations of genius. As a mere repository of fun the "Biglow Papers" is inimitable; but the lines are weapons rather than playthings, and their edge was felt during the long struggle that followed. During the War of the Rebellion, Lowell wrote a second series, in which the intensity and frequent pathos are in strong contrast with the jocularly of the first. The second is less amusing, but on a higher plane. Some of the serious portions, though in rustic dialect, contain perhaps his most inspired poetry. This second volume (1867) contains the best essay upon the Yankee dialect ever written.

In 1852-53, Mr. Lowell visited Europe, — his wife dying shortly after his return. In 1854-55 he delivered a course of lectures upon the British poets, marked by the acumen and brilliancy which appear in his prose essays. In 1855 he succeeded Mr. Longfellow as professor of modern languages, etc., in Harvard College. He re-visited Europe to perfect himself for his position, and entered upon his duties in August, 1856.

The "Atlantic Monthly" was established in 1857 in aid of the antislavery movement, — three years having been required to secure the co-operation of leading writers,¹ and to decide the publishers upon what then seemed a perilous venture. The character of

¹ The account of the origin of the Atlantic Monthly in Appleton's Cyclopædia of Biography (article, J. R. Lowell) is almost wholly untrue. The few authors who had been invited to write for the magazine met at a dinner given by the publishers in Boston, without having been consulted upon details, nor upon the choice of an editor. If there was a meeting in Emerson's study, as the Cyclopædia says, there could have been nothing to discuss. The correspondence had been in the hands of the author of this work, who was the literary adviser of the publishers and the originator of the magazine. His project had enlisted the powerful support of Mrs. Stowe, as well as of Mr. Lee, a junior partner, now of the firm of Lee and Shepard. None of the writers named in the article above referred to were concerned with the plan, except in having agreed to contribute. The projector, as the time drew near, felt convinced that the new magazine should have the aid of a strong name, and having privately sounded Mr. Lowell, arose at the dinner table and nominated him as editor-in-chief. Excepting Mr. Lowell, no one present, not even the publishers, knew what he was going to do. The nomination gave as much surprise as pleasure to the company.

that magazine and the stimulus it gave to the literary taste of the country are matters of history. Lowell had previously written for "Putnam's Monthly" and other magazines; and in 1862, when he left the "Atlantic," he was for some years co-editor with Charles E. Norton of the "North American Review." His essays have been collected in four volumes: "Fireside Travels" (1864); "Among my Books" (1870); "A Second Series" (1876); and "My Study Windows" (1871). He wrote his Commemoration Ode (1865) in honor of the sons of Harvard slain in the Civil War, and read it most impressively at a great open-air meeting. "Under the Willows," containing poems of deep insight and spiritual beauty, was printed in 1869.

In the same year appeared "The Cathedral," a poem in blank verse, suggested by a visit to Chartres. It is considered by many as the highest expression of Lowell's genius. It is far from popular, for its power and glowing imagery are for those who can perceive the reach of the poet's subtile analogies. Among his occasional contributions should be singled out "Fitz-Adam's Story" (Atlantic, Jan. 1867), a Chaucerian study of backwoods life, which has rarely been equalled. When the centennial celebrations of the early battles of the Revolution and of the Declaration of Independence occurred, he wrote three noble odes, which were published together.

In 1877 Mr. Lowell was sent as minister to Spain, and in 1881 transferred to the Court of St. James, where he remained until 1885. No minister from the

United States ever had a warmer welcome in Great Britain ; and his popularity was the more to his honor for the reason that he was an American to the last drop of his blood. He felt the ties of kinship with Englishmen ; but, as in his famous poem "Jonathan to John," he never hesitated to uphold the rights and honor of his country. His enthusiasm for literature, his varied and exact scholarship, and his mastery of the English language, in which no living man excelled him, made a profound impression: While in Great Britain he delivered a great many addresses and after-dinner speeches, which were published in 1887 with the title of "Democracy, and other Addresses." They are remarkable not only for solid qualities, but for exquisite literary workmanship. A collection of occasional poems entitled "Heartsease and Rue" was published in 1888. This includes "Fitz-Adam's Story" and "The Nest," the latter written in 1854. He was fond of the literary companionship which he found in London, and at the close of his diplomatic mission spent a few summers there, passing the winters with his only daughter, Mrs. Edward Burnett of Southboro, Mass. He delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston in 1887.

Lowell was an idealist by nature and training, but it was a long path by which he reached eminence. After he had grown out of the trivial period, he was taught the great lesson of his life by love. His sonnets to Maria White were the beginning of his growth and precursors of his noblest poems. Having enlisted with the reformers, he sang of the wrongs of

the slave and the oppression of the poor. "The Present Crisis" and other poems of that period glow with the beautiful enthusiasm of youth. They give hope for uplifting the lowly by active sympathy; they rebuke the jarring sects with parables of mutual forbearance and Christian love. In poems like "Beaver Brook" and "The Foot-Path" is seen his power to spiritualize material things, leading the reader into an ideal world. Poetry in its highest form suggests what cannot be expressed in words; and with those whose minds have been illuminated, these transcendental poems have an indescribable charm. This power is exemplified also in "The Cathedral."

To say that an author is versatile is generally a depreciation. Lowell was not versatile; but there were in him two men,—the idealist and the realist. In one phase he was allied to Tennyson, Keats, and Emerson; in the other to Poor Richard and Hudibras. He was as truly the one as the other. As Hosea Biglow, his foot was on his native soil, and he was the embodiment of the solid common-sense, the shrewd wit and rustic humor of the Yankee race. As the singer of Sir Launfal's story he showed his kinship to the masters of English verse. His evident care is for ideas: if the lines are also sonorous, that he will consider fortunate; but he will not mar his thought's full strength for the sake of melody. Hence he is not a lyric poet. Nor is he wholly reflective and philosophical; for in the "Courtin'" and "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line" he has shown for the first time the idyllic side of New England life and the

poetical capabilities of the dialect; and in "The Present Crisis" he appears like an heroic bard of ancient days, —

"Both singing and fighting in front of the war."

These varied manifestations of power are unusual; but Lowell was an exceptional man. He was himself in all the characters he created. His prose is the prose of a poet; it has a basis of sound reason, but it proceeds with ellipses and bounds instead of keeping upon a level track; it flashes with poetic similes, and is studded with allusions that tax the knowledge of even well-read men. There are sentences in the essay on Milton as gorgeous as gilded armor or a king's robes of cloth of gold; others — as in the essay on Chaucer — are as delicately beautiful as spring-flowers in a meadow. His prose style can never be popular, but for scholars it has an unfailing delight.

As a man Mr. Lowell was courteous, rather reserved with strangers, affectionate with friends, fond of stories, and himself a delightful story-teller; brilliant in repartee, apt in quotation, and audacious in forging one to suit a comic purpose; at times of odd and humorous whims, yet full of natural piety; a keen observer of nature and of human traits, generous to a fault, a hater of shams and of political corruption, — in short, the best friend, the most charming companion, and one of the ablest and wisest of his generation.

Mr. Lowell died in Cambridge, Mass., August, 1891. Charles Eliot Norton is his literary executor, and is engaged upon an edition of his letters.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY was born in Salem, Mass., February 19, 1819, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1838, in the class with Professor Lowell. He studied law under the instruction of his father, Judge Story, and became an able writer upon legal subjects. He reported three volumes of cases in the United States Circuit Court, published two text-books, and was apparently on the road to professional eminence. But he was born with an artistic temperament, and amused himself first by painting landscapes, and afterward by modelling in clay. He went to Rome in 1848, and in the end became an eminent sculptor of ideal figures. His statues of Saul, Delilah, and Cleopatra, in particular, are considered as masterpieces in form and in the expression of character, thought, and emotion. His success in literature has been almost as remarkable as in art. A volume of his poems appeared in 1847, and an enlarged edition in 1856. "Roba di Roma," most of which appeared first in the "Atlantic Monthly," a vivid picture of the modern city, was published in 1862. He published a treatise on the "Proportions of the Human Figure" in 1866; "Graffiti d' Italia"¹ in 1869; and a poem, entitled "The Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem," in 1870. He published the Life and Letters of his father in 1851.

¹ Italian Pencil Sketches.

In 1856, at the inauguration of the statue of Beethoven in the Boston Music Hall, Mr. Story delivered a splendid prologue, which is included in the volume of the same year. Among his other Works are "Fiametta," a novelette; "He and She," a dialogue in prose and poetry; "The Tragedy of Nero;" "Stephanie: A Tragedy;" "Poems" (a collection in two volumes); and "Conversations in a Studio," two volumes. He has written also a number of important essays for Blackwood's and other magazines, among which may be named "The Origin of the Italian Language," "The Pronunciation of Latin," "Casting in Plaster among the Ancients," "Michelangelo and Phidias."

The genius of Story is dramatic, and his best poems are remarkable chiefly as studies of character. "Cleopatra" is an instance of vivid portraiture hardly surpassed in our day. The discussion over the methods of Leonardo di Vinci in painting the Last Supper is full of interest. "The Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem," who (in modern phrase) held a brief for Judas, is a piece of powerful and subtle reasoning.

The reputation of Story in the United States has undoubtedly suffered by his long residence abroad, but his Works have striking merits, and deserve far more attention than they have received. His versatility is remarkable. The Law, Sculpture, Poetry, and Prose have all been his province; and he has illustrated whatever he has touched. He has his home in Rome.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE was born in Gloucester, Mass., March 8, 1819. He was educated in the public schools of Salem, and on his removal to Boston was employed in a broker's office. He became a member of the Mercantile Library Association, and in its debates and other literary exercises gained the knowledge and practice which laid the foundation for his scholarship and fame as a writer. In 1860 he gave up business to devote himself to literature. He was a contributor to the "North American Review," the "Christian Examiner," the "Atlantic Monthly," and other periodicals. He delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute upon the "Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," and was for some years engaged in lecturing, mostly on literary topics, before lyceums and at college anniversaries throughout the country. His orations, reviews, and essays have been published in nine volumes, 12mo.

Mr. Whipple's mind was acute and analytic, and his mode of dealing with a subject showed his mastery of principles, his sincerity of character, and his power of lucid statement. His style is not uniformly easy, although his choice of words is often very felicitous. At times he was epigrammatic and sparkling; and when this was the case he was apt to establish a formal balance of terse phrases in short, pungent sentences, in place of the longer sweep of the older and more melodious style of English prose. Like

most writers who had their early discipline in debate, and maintained an oratorical style by long practice in lecturing, he sometimes swelled his periods into sonorous measure, and wrote *at* his reader, as if in the midst of a brilliant peroration before an excited audience. Our English critics say that most of our writers lack repose. Probably this is true; but it is not more true of Mr. Whipple than of many others of equal note. We have young blood yet, and have not quite settled down into the equable courses of mature years.

Mr. Whipple was one of the writers who made criticism a fine art; and the cultivated reader finds almost as much pleasure in his thoughtful discussions as in the perusal of a work of original creation. He died in June 16, 1886.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

JULIA WARD HOWE, daughter of Samuel Ward, was born in the city of New York, May 27, 1819. She received a careful education from her father, and gave evidences of literary talent at an early age. She was married in 1843 to Dr. Samuel G. Howe, well known as a philanthropist and superintendent of the Blind Asylum in Boston, and accompanied him upon a tour in Europe. In 1854 she published a volume of poems entitled "Passion Flowers," and in

1856 another volume, "Words for the Hour." She wrote two plays for the stage, — one of which, "The World's Own," was performed in Boston. In 1859 she published a book of travel, entitled "A Trip to Cuba." In 1866 appeared her "Later Lyrics," containing among other things "Our Orders" and the magnificent "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the music of which was heard in every Northern camp during the late war. Of the other pieces in the "Later Lyrics," we would mention "Her Verses: A Lyrical Romance," which contains many exquisite stanzas. In 1868 she published an account of a trip to Athens, called "From the Oak to the Olive;" in 1881, "Modern Society: Two Lectures;" in 1883, "A Life of Margaret Fuller;" in 1874 she edited a reply to Dr. E. H. Clarke's "Sex in Education."

Mrs. Howe is a woman of remarkable native powers, and if she had given the requisite time and thought to the perfection of her verse, she might have held a higher place among poets. She has been from choice an active, living force upon the platform, and has done much to quicken the souls of her contemporaries; and this, perhaps, is of as much worth to the world as a more enduring literary fame.

Mrs. Howe is an earnest advocate of woman suffrage, and has written and spoken upon the subject with power and eloquence.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS was born in Boston, Mass., August 18, 1819, and was educated in the Latin School. He visited Italy in 1836, and thenceforward devoted himself to Italian literature, especially to Dante. He became one of the most eminent scholars in that field. He published in Boston in 1843 a translation of the first ten cantos of the "Inferno." In 1867 the "Inferno" was completed, and published with illustrations. "The Old House at Sudbury" (Longfellow's "Wayside Inn") appeared in 1870. Mr. Parsons figured among the characters in Longfellow's poem. "The Shadow of the Obelisk" appeared in 1872. A few occasional poems appeared after that date. His minor poems contain many beauties, and some of them are likely to become classic. "The Lines on a Bust of Dante" in their severe simplicity would have won the approval of his great master. "To a Lady with a Head of Diana" is a sweet and beautiful poem, its lines being clear-cut, and wrought with the enduring grace of an antique cameo. As a specimen of the gay humor of his early days, the reader is referred to "Saint Péray."

Mr. Parsons died in Scituate, Mass., September 3, 1892.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND was born in Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819, and died in the city of New York, October 12, 1881. His early education was scanty, and he tried many means of earning a livelihood with varying success. At the age of twenty-one he began the study of medicine, and in due course received his degree, but soon found that he had no taste for the profession. He was subsequently a teacher in Richmond, Va., and then superintendent of schools in Vicksburg, Miss. Later he became an associate editor of the Springfield (Mass.) "Republican," and wrote for that paper some of his most popular works. In 1870 he went to New York and became editor and part proprietor of "Scribner's Monthly," where he gained position and fortune.

Dr. Holland's Works are "A History of Western Massachusetts" (1855); "The Bay Path" (1857); "Timothy Titcomb's Letters to the Young" (1858); "Bitter Sweet," a dramatic poem (1858); "Gold Foil, hammered from Popular Proverbs" (1859); "Miss Gilbert's Career" (1860); "Lessons in Life" (1861); "Letters to the Joneses" (1863); "Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects" (1865); "Life of Abraham Lincoln" (1866); "Katrina: Her Life and Mine," a narrative poem (1867); "The Marble Prophecy, and other Poems" (1872); "Arthur Bonnicastle: A Novel" (1873); "Garnered Sheaves," being his complete poems (1873); "The Mistress of the

Manse," a poem (1874); "The Story of Sevenoaks" (1875); "Every Day Topics" and "Nicholas Min-turn" (1876).

Dr. Holland's novels are his best works, artistically considered. "The Bay Path" is a story of the first settlement of Connecticut Valley, and the characters and events are mainly historical. The author makes no attempt to reproduce the ancient forms of speech, but he understands well and has faithfully represented the ideas and manners of the time. "Miss Gilbert's Career" has some good points. It is a novel of modern times, and is as new and near, and devoid of romantic associations, as a pine-shingled house in the factory village it depicts. But its principal figures are exhibited with a certain stereoscopic fidelity, and the characteristic virtues and meannesses of a Yankee neighborhood are naturally developed in the course of its events. The volumes of proverbial advice have been widely circulated; their wisdom is of an obvious kind, and the author, in his endeavors to put himself on a level with his readers, sometimes forgets the style of a man of letters as well as the dignity of a teacher of morals. The two poems "Bitter Sweet" and "Katrina" had a great popularity, running up to scores of thousands. Few American works have been so rewarded. They are interesting as stories, with some bright sketches of rural life, and some touches of poetic feeling. They are specially commended by their many admirers for their religious tone and their earnestly expressed lessons.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

HERMAN MELVILLE was born in the city of New York, August 1, 1819. His boyhood was spent in the neighborhood of Albany and in Berkshire County, Mass. He gave early evidence of talent for composition. At the age of eighteen he shipped before the mast as a common sailor; visited London, and returned in the same way. In 1841 he embarked on a whaling vessel bound to the Pacific. Being weary of the service, he deserted, in company with a fellow-sailor, in 1842, at Nukuheva, one of the Marquesas Islands. Unexpectedly he found himself among a race of cannibals, but was hospitably treated, though kept in custody for four months, when he escaped on a French vessel, and landed at Tahiti on the day when the French took possession of the Society Islands. From thence he went to Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands, and returned to Boston in 1844. He wrote an account of his singular experiences; and the work entitled "Typee" was published in 1846, simultaneously in London and New York. "Typee" closes with an account of the author's escape from Nukuheva. A second work, "Omoo," published in 1847, takes up the narrative at that point. These are among the most delightful books of travel in the language. The style is charmingly easy, the descriptions are novel and picturesque, and the incidents are, if not absolutely true, related with an air of verisimilitude.

Mr. Melville afterward published "Mardi" and a "Voyage Thither" (1849). In the same year appeared "Redburn: The Reminiscences of a Gentleman's Son in the Merchant Service." In 1850 he removed to Pittsfield, Mass. Later, he lived in New York city, where he held the office of inspector in the custom-house. "White Jacket; Or, The World in a Man-of-War," was published in 1850, and is considered one of the most admirable of the author's works. In 1851 he published "Moby Dick: The White Whale," an imaginative story, and not altogether probable. Later works are "Pierre; Or, The Ambiguities" (1852); "The Piazza Tales," containing some powerfully drawn pictures (1856); "The Confidence Man" (1857); "Battle-Pieces, and Aspects of the War" (1866); "Clarel: A Pilgrimage and Poem" (1876). He died in New York, September 27, 1891.

A new edition of "Typee" and "Omoo" in 1892, after a lapse of nearly half a century, is a striking proof of the enduring interest in Melville's Works.

WALT WHITMAN.

WALT WHITMAN was born in West Hills, Long Island, N. Y., May 31, 1819. The family lived in a story-and-a-half farm-house, heavily timbered, and still standing, which overlooks the sea. They were a race of workers, to whom books were little known. While the author was still a child, his parents removed to Brooklyn, where he attended school. At the age of thirteen he learned to set type, and a few years later he taught in a country school. Before he was twenty he wrote a sketch for the "Democratic Review." In 1849 he travelled through the Western States, and edited a paper in New Orleans for a year. Returning, he continued at type-setting for a time, and afterward went into business as a carpenter and builder, which had been his father's occupation. Upon removing to New York he frequented the society of newspaper reporters somewhat, but found most to enjoy or to observe in people of the lower walks of life. He read much, especially in the Bible, which he esteemed as the grandest collection of literature. He published a volume, entitled "Leaves of Grass," in 1856, by which he became widely known. The work contains pictures of marked originality and unquestionable power, as well as passages of a very exceptionable character, for which no defence that is valid in this day can be set up. This poem was retouched from time to time for thirty years. During the late war he was almost con-

stantly employed in hospitals and camps in the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. These scenes finally took form in his mind, and were published in a thin volume entitled "Drum Taps." Those who are accustomed to associate the idea of poetry with regular classic measure in rhyme, or in ten-syllabled blank verse, or elastic hexameters, will scan these short and simple prose sentences with surprise, and will wonder how a succession of them can form a poem. But let them read aloud, with minds in sympathy with the picture as it is displayed, and they will find by Nature's unmistakable responses that the author is a poet, and possesses the poet's incommunicable power to touch the heart. This power is the inheritance into which the poet is born, and, as Webster said of eloquence, labor and learning will toil for it in vain.

What success our author would have had in moulding his poetic conceptions into recognized poetic measure we cannot say. The undying *spirit* is in every line; but the *form*, which is its incarnation and as inseparable from it as body from soul, is not wrought into symmetry. By some eternal law the expression of deep emotion, or of the images of beauty, not only takes on a nobler form of words than belongs to every-day affairs, but falls naturally into a rhythmical movement. Had Whitman read the Psalms of his favorite David in the Hebrew, or the Iliad in its original measure, he might not have thought our prose versions to be models either for the adequate expression or for the appropriate form

of his ideas. As it is, we must think his lines are diamonds in the rough, — virgin gold in unwrought nuggets. With many estimates of his genius made by his admirers we cannot agree. The grandeur that comes from mere geographical vastness is not necessarily poetical; and much of Whitman's glorification of America comes under that head. But after making all deductions, the fact remains that he has set down some of the most striking thoughts and sketched some of the most vivid scenes to be found in modern literature, and that he is less indebted to others for his ideas and for his power of illustration than almost any American writer. In Great Britain Whitman is by many persons, especially by those who favor the new school of poetry, set above all other American poets.

The other works of this author are "Memoranda during the War" (1867); "Democratic Vistas," essays in prose (1870); "Passage to India" (1870); "After All, Not to Create Only" (1871); "As Strong as a Bird on Pinions Free" (1872); "Specimen Days" (1883); "November Boughs" (1885); "Sands at Seventy" (1888). A valuable monograph has been written by John Burroughs, entitled "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person;" another, by William D. O'Conner, is entitled "The Good Gray Poet: A Vindication." He died in Camden, N. J., March 26, 1892.

ALICE CARY.

ALICE CARY was born in Mount Healthy, near Cincinnati, Ohio, in April, 1820. She had but slight opportunities for education. A series of sketches published in the "National Era" first drew public attention to her as a writer. In 1850 she published a volume of poems written by herself and her sister Phœbe. A volume of her prose sketches, entitled "Clovernook," appeared in 1851, a second series in 1853, and a third in 1854. She published a poem entitled "Hualco" in 1851; "Lyra, and Other Poems," in 1853; a new collection of "Poems," in 1855; "Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns," in 1866; "A Lover's Diary," in 1867. She also wrote several novels: "Hagar: A Story of To-day" (1853); "Hollywood" (1855); "Married, not Mated" (1856); and "The Bishop's Son" (1867); also "Pictures of Country Life" (1859), and "Snow-berries" (1867).

Miss Cary removed from her western home to New York in 1850, and lived there until her death, which occurred February 12, 1871.

There can be no question that Alice Cary had what our clerical friends call a "vocation" to poetry. She had the clear vision, the instant sense of comparison, and the perception of analogies not discerned by common eyes. Her memory treasured all the picturesque associations of her childhood, and we find them in profusion in her poems. Her art is not

so conspicuous as her poetic insight. Many of her most striking images are rather crudely wrought, and to read her lines smoothly requires such a variety of accents that the sensitive ear is often pained. Some stanzas are padded to proper dimensions by phrases that we are accustomed to hear from young ladies with limited vocabularies, and which give us a sudden descent to the regions of the commonplace. But her poetic feeling is genuine; her cheerful temper kept her from morbid sentimentalism, the bane of modern poetry; she attempted no flights beyond her powers, and never sought to set out the plan of the universe in the cant words of metaphysics. For these solid excellences many faults of construction are forgiven. Her poems can be read with hearty enjoyment, and ought to be remembered and esteemed as among the best utterances of American women.

JAMES PARTON.

JAMES PARTON was born in Canterbury, England, February 9, 1822. He was brought to New York at the age of five years, and received his education at an academy in White Plains. He was a school-teacher for a time, and afterward was engaged as an assistant editor of the "Home Journal." He wrote a *Life of Horace Greeley*, which was published in 1855. This was followed by a *Life of*

Aaron Burr in 1857, and a Life of Andrew Jackson, in three volumes, in 1859-60. He made a collection of the "Humorous Poetry of the English Language," which was printed in 1856. In 1863 he wrote an account of "General Butler in New Orleans;" in 1864 a Biography of Franklin, in two volumes; in 1865, the Life of John Jacob Astor; in 1866, "How New York City is Governed;" "Famous Americans," in 1867; "The People's Book of Biography," in 1868; "Smoking and Drinking," in 1868; "The Danish Islands," in 1869; "Topics of the Time" (1871); "Triumphs of Enterprise, Ingenuity, and Public Spirit" (1871); "The Words of Washington" (1872); Fanny Fern (wife of the author) a memorial volume (1873); a Life of Jefferson (1874); "Taxation of Church Property" (1874); "Le Parnasse Français: French Poetry since 1550" (1877); "Caricature and Comic Art in All Times" (1877); a Life of Voltaire (1881); "Noted Women" (1883); "Captains of Industry" (1884). He has been a contributor to the "Atlantic" and to other periodicals, and has treated in his attractive style of a great variety of topics, from Chicago shambles to Providence silver-plate.

Mr. Parton is a man of indefatigable industry, and has built his many biographies upon the results of faithful study. He has a rare pictorial art, and employs in narrative, with strong effect, the countless details he has gathered. It is safe to say of any one of his Works that it is interesting; and the interest is not merely in the style, in the usual meaning

of the word, — it lies rather in the mastery of the subject.

But in some of his books, when we would consider the moral aspect of the characters Mr. Parton has drawn for us, we are forced to pause. The sharp lines between right and wrong are not always to be seen. We know that much is to be pardoned to the biographer, because he naturally becomes an advocate, and we have been accustomed to see defences and extenuations put forth for the greatest scoundrels in history. When the biographer makes palpable misstatements the mischief is easily corrected, for the critic goes over the work with a sharp pencil and marks *dele*, as he would upon a faulty proof-sheet. But where the writer carelessly or ignorantly confounds the everlasting ideas of rectitude, there is no setting his story right for the inexperienced reader. It may be that there are not many untrue paragraphs in the *Life of Burr*; but not even Mr. Parton's plausible art can satisfy those who know the history of the last century that Burr was not a thoroughly depraved man. Much as we may admire many traits in Jackson's character, and his great public services, no candid man will assert that his was a soul that could at all times bear the clear light of truth. In Mr. Parton's book, the facts that might cloud Jackson's character and exhibit him as an unscrupulous politician are generally set aside, or, if admitted, are palliated and defended from the necessities of the case. Some of his *Famous Americans* are people generally reprobated. The historian of politics and the rigid moralist judge men by very different standards. In

comparing two contemporary statesmen, it is quite important that the writer should apply the same rules to both. But Mr. Parton, while he paints the sensual traits and other dark features of Webster's character with an unsparing brush, has nothing but delicate words of praise for Clay, who was in no respect morally superior to his great rival, and had less of manly generosity in his nature.

The comparison between these two men is mentioned merely as an instance of the color blindness to which Mr. Parton is subject. While we find in his Works a rare fascination, and can read them with profit, it is necessary to bear in mind his tendency to exalt his heroes and to blacken their rivals; and we should hold a steady balance of judgment when we are asked by him to doubt the verdicts of impartial writers upon the characters of public men.

In the midst of the scandalous and shameless pursuit of gain that prevails among financiers, speculators, and office-holders in this country, the writer of books for the young has a plain duty to perform; and we cannot too strongly condemn the complaisance that passes over in silence the frauds and conspiracies by which vast fortunes are accumulated at the expense of the helpless public. Either these lives of selfish millionnaires and selfish politicians should not be written at all, or the full truth should be told; else in time the idea of moral beauty in character might die out of the world.

This author's *Life of Voltaire* shows careful study, and, like most of his Works, is extremely interesting.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE was born in Boston, April 3, 1822, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1839. He studied theology, and in 1846 was settled as pastor of a Unitarian church in Worcester, Mass., where he remained until 1856, when he removed to Boston. He inherited literary talent from both parents. His father, Nathan Hale, was an eminent editor, and his mother, sister of Edward Everett, was a woman of superior mind. He began to write at an early age, and acquired facility and power. His sermons often exhibit a fortunate combination of originality and learning. His speeches on public occasions always attract attention, being fruitful in suggestions, often glowing in style, and full of witty illustrations. He was not of the Transcendental school, nor was he engaged in the early antislavery movement; but in later years his fertile mind continually dropped hints for public welfare, for private comfort, for municipal purity, and for co-operation of labor. He has been much occupied with industrial socialism, and of late has given his influence to a new party which seeks to set up on earth the heaven seen in vision by Edward Bellamy. One of his books is a story which depicts the rule of "bosses" in American cities. His activity has been marvellous, and probably without parallel in this generation. Besides attending to his clerical duties, he has been editor of various periodi-

cals, a lyceum lecturer, a frequent speaker at public meetings, a laborer in many societies, an overseer of Harvard College, and with all this has found time to write about fifty books, — forty of them since 1870. His graver works are marked by clear method and reasoning power. His tales, sketches, and lighter essays have been thrown off without much effort, to serve some temporary end. The stories have always an obvious purpose, generally advocating some social or political reform, or inculcating some generous, kindly lesson. It is evident that from this mode of composition there will not come masterpieces of style, unless by some happy chance; and the chance has been fortunate in several instances. "In His Name," a story of the Waldenses, is extremely beautiful and leaves an enduring impression. "The Man Without a Country" has been very popular. In "If, Yes, and Perhaps" there are many striking scenes. But, in general, literary style is a matter of secondary consideration in these teeming works. The author prefers to reach the greatest number of minds with his suggestions for personal purity and for active Christian philanthropy.

Mr. Hale has written two historical works, for which he made extensive original researches, — "The Life of Washington," and "Franklin in France." He has written also a short history of Spain, and what is styled a "Chautauquan History of the United States." Among the tales with a purpose is an interesting account of a co-operative woollen mill, — "How They Lived at Hampton," — a beatific picture for which

there is small hope of realization at present. Another story much talked about is "Ten Times One is Ten." In collaboration with Miss Susan Hale, his sister, he has written some sketchy books of travel,—"Family Flights," they are called, treating of Spain, Mexico, France, Egypt, and "around home."

It will be seen that the genius of Mr. Hale is eminently practical, and aims at the widest results; that he endeavors to put New Testament ideas into active operation in modern society and politics, instead of attacking the sins and sinners of Palestine eighteen centuries ago; that he has used all the resources of a fertile mind with extraordinary energy in the production of books for his purposes; and that he will be, of his own choice, remembered as an ardent apostle of human brotherhood rather than the creator of a classic style.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born in Chester County, Penn., March 12, 1822. At the age of seventeen he went to Cincinnati and entered a sculptor's studio, but soon after devoted himself to painting. He lived successively in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and in 1850 visited Europe. He returned to Cincinnati in 1858, and afterward spent some time in Boston and Cambridge, where he painted the portraits of Longfellow's daughters. He

went to Europe again in 1863 or 1864, and lived at Rome until the spring of 1872, when he returned to the United States, and died May 11, shortly after his arrival at New York. Mr. Read was very successful as a painter of portraits and human figures. He published a volume of poems at Boston in 1847; another at Philadelphia in 1848. "The New Pastoral" appeared in 1855; "The Home by the Sea," in 1856. His collected poems, in two volumes, were published in Boston in 1860. "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies" was published in 1862; "Sheridan's Ride," his most popular poem, in 1865; a new edition of his poems, in three volumes, in 1867; "Good Samaritans," in 1867.

In art, the prevailing taste among Americans is for landscapes, and in poetry there is a similar fondness for descriptions of natural scenery. Where the author gives only an enumeration of natural features, — as it were, a rhymed catalogue, — he speedily becomes tiresome; but a landscape, as seen in a poet's vision and reproduced as a whole by clear, bold strokes, appeals to the imagination as strongly as any form of creative art. Mr. Read painted an autumn landscape with fidelity and picturesque power. It is worthy of being studied beside the best works of the kind. He was more than a seeker of epithets, and his poems are more than accumulations of mosaics. We are sometimes reminded by the sudden presentation of some grand image, — as of the balanced setting sun and rising moon in "Nightfall," — that we are in contact with a mind of original force; and we

also see the hand of the artist in the just proportions and in the harmonious accessories of the poem. But this is not true of any large number of his poems; for they are very unequal, and many of them would have been dropped upon a careful revision. Those we have mentioned, together with "Drifting" and "The Song of the Alpine Guide," are worthy to rank among the best modern poems.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE was born in the city of New York, May 23, 1822, and was graduated at the University of New York in 1839. He was admitted to the bar in 1845, but soon devoted himself to literature, especially to the Works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. His principal work, for which his other efforts have served as studies, was his edition of Shakespeare, in twelve volumes. In this he showed himself an accomplished scholar and philologist, and earned the respect of all cultivated men. He published a treatise, entitled "Shakespeare's Scholar," in 1854, and an "Essay on the Authorship of King Henry VI." in 1859. He edited a collection of National Hymns in 1861, and a collection of the "Poetry of the Civil War" in 1866. He published, in 1870, a work entitled "Words and their Uses," a valuable aid to students

and men of letters. He was for some years editor of the New York "Courier and Enquirer," and was a leading contributor to "Putnam's Monthly" and other magazines. Among other published Works may be mentioned a "Biographical and Critical Handbook of Christian Art" (1853); "The New Gospel of Peace" (1866); "American View of the Copyright Question" (1880); "Every-Day English" (1881); "England Without and Within" (1881); "The Fate of Mansfield Humphrey: A Novel" (1884). He died in New York, April 8, 1885. "Studies of Shakespeare" and other articles appeared after his death.

As a writer Mr. White was positive in tone, and forcible and idiomatic in expression. His Works show great industry, as well as the results of critical observation in language, history, and manners.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL was born in Norwich, Conn., in April, 1822, and was graduated at Yale College in 1841. Being in delicate health, he spent a few years on his grandfather's farm, and became greatly interested in husbandry. He went to England in 1844, and rambled through every county on foot, — writing letters thence for the Albany "Cultivator." After passing eighteen months on the Continent, he returned home and

published an account of his travels, entitled "Fresh Gleanings; Or, a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe, by Ik Marvel." Several later works bore the same pen-name. He visited Europe a second time in 1848, and on his return published "The Battle Summer." He next published a serial entitled "The Lorgnette," afterward collected in two volumes. About the same time appeared his most popular work, "The Reveries of a Bachelor." This is a series of dainty pictures of life as seen by a susceptible and romantic youth, and is extremely fascinating to those who have not advanced beyond its tender experiences. A second volume, entitled "Dream Life," appeared a year later. "Fudge Doings," published in 1854, is the title of a series of sketches of fashionable life that originally appeared in the "Knickerbocker Magazine." In 1853 he was appointed consul to Venice. On his return in 1855 he settled upon his farm near New Haven, where he has since lived. The time of Mr. Mitchell's retirement to his farm marks a great change in the style and character of his Works. "My Farm of Edgewood," published in 1863, is a charming book, full of bright pictures, and retaining enough of the grace of his early manner without its rather cloying sentiment. "Wet Days at Edgewood" (1864) contains some agreeable accounts of ancient writers upon agriculture. These were followed by "Seven Stories," a novel, in 1865; "Doctor Johns," a novel, in 1867; and "Rural Studies" in 1867. Later works are "About Old Story Tellers" (1877); "The

Woodbridge Record" (the family of the author's mother) and "Daniel Tyler," a memorial volume, in 1883.

Mr. Mitchell's eminent characteristic is grace. He has seen much and read much, and we feel while following his guidance that he is shrewd and observant, kindly and hopeful, just and dispassionate. His books, especially his later ones, have a healthy and manly tone, with an unobtrusive but pervading humor.



OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM.

OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM was born in Boston, Mass., November 26, 1822. He graduated at Harvard College in 1843, and after a course in the Divinity School was in 1847 ordained pastor of a church in Salem, Mass. He next preached in Jersey City for some years, and afterward removed to New York, where in 1860 a society was organized for him. In 1879 he left the ministry on account of ill health, and went to Europe, where he remained for two years. On his return he settled in Boston, and devoted himself to literature.

Mr. Frothingham was a leader among the advanced rationalists in the Unitarian body, and few of his works belong to pure literature. His power and style, however, are eminent, and would establish him as a man of letters independent of the subjects

treated. His principal Works are as follows: "The Religion of Humanity" (1873); "The Life of Theodore Parker" (1874); "Transcendentalism in New England" (1876); "The Life of Gerrit Smith" (1878); "The Cradle of the Christ" (1880); "Life of George Ripley" (1882); "Memoir of W. H. Channing" (1886); "Memoir of D. A. Wasson" (1889); "Boston Unitarianism" (1890); and "Recollections and Impressions" (1891).

Besides these, Mr. Frothingham has written many essays and reviews for periodicals, and has printed a great number of sermons. He appears to have inherited his taste and talent from his father, Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham (1793-1870), a much respected clergyman, who was the author not only of several volumes of sermons, but of "Metrical Pieces, Original and Translated." In fact, the father was the pioneer in this country in translating German literature; and his work was admirably done.

Another member of the family, Ellen (born 1835), daughter of Nathaniel and sister of Octavius, is also distinguished as a translator, and has enriched our literature by versions of Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" and "Laocoön," and Grillparzer's "Sappho." The literary public is greatly indebted to this learned and accomplished family.

Mr. O. B. Frothingham resides in Boston, and is busy with literary labors. Miss Frothingham has been obliged to give up work, owing to the partial failure of her eyesight, and is living with a niece in Colorado.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

FRANCIS PARKMAN was born in Boston, September 16, 1823, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1844. He visited Europe, and on his return made a journey across the prairies and among the Rocky Mountains. An account of this exploration was published in 1847, entitled "The Oregon Trail." He wrote an important historical work, entitled "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" in 1851. It presents a view of North America and its peoples about the time of the fall of Quebec. Although its events are subsequent in the order of time to the histories written later, still, on account of its careful studies of Indian character, it may be best that it should be read first. He wrote an historical novel, entitled "Vassal Morton," about 1854. Afterward, for nearly ten years he suffered from a severe disease of the brain, and was unable to continue his historical labors, or even at times to read so much as a newspaper. His cheerful temper and active habits carried him through the long trial, and at length he began to develop the idea which he had formed. This was to relate the history of the attempts of the French and Spanish to colonize North America. He was thoroughly familiar with the Indians of the West. He had hunted with them, and shared their life of activity and their comfortless camps. He knew the language of more than one tribe. He made a careful study, from original sources, of the routes and

adventures of the early explorers, and of the journals of the Jesuit missionaries. He published, in 1865, a volume entitled "Pioneers of France in the New World." This was followed by other works, which in time were connected in an orderly series; but instead of giving the separate dates of their publication, it will be more useful to arrange them in the order they should be read: (1) "Pioneers of France in the New World." (2) "The Jesuits in North America," a history of missions. (3) "La Salle, and the Discovery of the Great West." (4) "The Old Régime in Canada," an account of the Colonial Government. (5) "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV." (6) "A Half Century of Conflict." (7) "Montcalm and Wolfe," the end of the long contest for the possession of Canada.

Mr. Parkman writes with uncommon vigor, and his pages are alive with thrilling adventure, brilliant description, and romantic episodes. His fairness is vouched for by the fact that, though a Protestant himself, his narratives of the heroic and self-sacrificing Jesuit fathers are warmly commended by Catholic authorities in this country and in Canada. The conflicts of savages can never have the interest for civilized readers which we feel in the great struggles of European nations. Battles like those of Tours, Lepanto, Hastings, Waterloo, Sevastopol, and Sedan signify the triumph of the ideas of the conquering race or nation. The desperate encounters between Indian tribes settled no principle, and left the equilibrium of mankind undisturbed. It is for this reason,

almost wholly, that Parkman has now less renown as a historian than some of his more fortunate rivals. The tawny Ajax or Hector does not stand for so much now as in Homer's time. Mr. Parkman writes with the vividness of an eye-witness, and sometimes gives to a skirmish an undue importance; but his qualities as a writer are of a high order. He has left no room for a competitor in the same field; and his Works, in our judgment, are surer of going down to posterity as authorities than almost any histories that have been written in our time. Much of the history of Europe, and all of our own annals, will some day be written anew. Mr. Parkman's graphic relations, we believe, will be read as long as the character and fate of the aborigines, and the toils of French explorers and colonists, have any interest for the world. They throw an instructive side-light upon the blindness and incompetence of French statesmen, and furnish the student of our own early history with valuable aid. Young readers may be assured that every volume is as absorbing as a novel.

Mr. Parkman lives in Boston during the winter, and in the suburb of Jamaica Plain in summer. When in good health, he has been an enthusiastic cultivator of roses. At present he is much confined to the house.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER was born in Philadelphia in 1823, and was graduated at Princeton College, N. J., in 1842. He studied law, but never engaged in practice. He made a trip to Europe, and upon his return settled in his native city. In 1847 he published a volume entitled "The Lesson of Life, and other Poems." The following year he published "Calaynos," a tragedy, which was brought out upon the stage in London with success. His second tragedy, "Anne Boleyn," was brought out not long after. This was followed by several other plays, which were produced upon the stage, and gave the author a wide reputation. He also published "Poems of the War," "Street Lyrics," "Konigsmark," "The Legend of the Hounds, and other Poems" (1869), and "The Book of the Dead" (1882). His early poems and tragedies have been collected in two volumes, entitled "Plays and Poems." As a favorable specimen of his style and his power the reader is referred to the dramatic sketch, "The Podesta's Daughter." He was greatly interested in the fortunes of the late Civil War, and showed in his spirited lyrics the depth and fervency of his patriotism.

Mr. Boker was appointed minister to Turkey in 1871, and in 1875 was transferred to St. Petersburg. He returned to Philadelphia in 1879, where he died January 2, 1890. A volume of his sonnets appeared

in 1886. His plays probably contain his best work; but his sonnets, and especially his patriotic poems, have many ardent admirers.

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER was born in Freeport, Mass., December 11, 1823. His early advantages were meagre, and it was by his own hard work that he earned the means of his support while fitting for college. He was graduated at Harvard in 1847, and after studying divinity was invited to preach by a Unitarian society in Roxbury, where he remained eight years. Meanwhile he studied English and Oriental literature, and wrote assiduously for various periodicals.

Mr. Alger was next settled over the Bulfinch Street Church in Boston, and preached for that society ten years. During this period he completed his work upon the "Poetry of the Orient," and that upon the "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life." In 1865 he made a visit to Europe, and on his return was settled over Theodore Parker's society, which met in Boston Music Hall. Mr. Alger occupied this place for six years, and with great acceptance. The congregation was large, highly intelligent, and naturally critical. Mr. Alger was always well prepared for his pulpit exercises, and his voice and delivery were

effective. In 1868 he was chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. The attendance of legislators upon public prayers is generally perfunctory, and often marked by indifference, or something worse; but Mr. Alger's brief petitions were so pointed, thoughtful, and luminous, that they compelled attention, and drew every man to his place. No one wished to miss the sentences which carried such weight, and were set in such forms of beauty.

Mr. Alger went abroad again in 1871. After returning he preached four years for the Church of the Messiah, in New York. At intervals since he has preached in Chicago, Providence, New Orleans, and San Francisco.

Mr. Alger studied the system of expression set forth by Delsarte, and became his warm admirer. He travelled toward Paris hoping to meet Delsarte; but when, after the rage of the Commune, he succeeded in entering the city, Delsarte was dead. Following up this subject, Mr. Alger has written lectures on the Evolution of the Voice, upon Personality in Expression, upon the Meaning and Effects of Rhythm. He has delivered these at Boston University. He is generally recognized as the leading exponent of Delsarte's Philosophy of Expression.

In the "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life" Mr. Alger has traversed a vast field, and, in addition to the historical view, has essayed a new solution of the problem of Creation, Original Sin, and the Reconciliation of God with man. His work on Oriental Poetry consists mainly of his own transla-

tions. His style is crisp, sparkling, and often epigrammatic. Owing to his terse and pointed periods, and to his impressive voice and manner, he has been very successful as a lecturer. One of Mr. Alger's most popular works is "The Genius of Solitude." In this his method has some resemblance to that of Burton; only, in "The Anatomy of Melancholy" the quotations are in Latin, while Mr. Alger's are generally in English. Seldom is a book seen so filled with apt, varied, and copious learning.

Here is a nearly complete list of his Works: "The Symbolic History of the Cross" (1851); "The Poetry of the Orient" (1856); "The Genius and Posture of America" (1857); "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life" (1861); "The Genius of Solitude" (1861); "Public Morals; Or, The True Glory of a State" (1862); "Friendships of Women" (1867); "Prayers for a Legislature" (1869); "Life of Edwin Forrest, with a Survey of Dramatic Art" (1877); "The School of Life" (1881); "Sources of Consolation" (1892). He edited also Martineau's "Studies in Christianity," and wrote an introduction for Professor Grady's "Guide for the Knowledge of God."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON was born in Cambridge, Mass., December 22, 1823, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1841. He studied theology at Cambridge, and was settled as pastor of the First Church in Newburyport in 1847. He was also pastor of the Free Church in Worcester from 1852 to 1858. He was an ardent friend of the antislavery cause, and a prominent actor in various progressive movements. He was indicted, in company with Parker, Phillips, and others, for the attempt to rescue Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave, from the custody of the United States officers. He was very active in the work of planting colonies from the free States in Kansas. Before the Civil War broke out he had left the clerical profession; and believing that the sword was needed more than the pen, he entered the military service, and was appointed colonel of the first regiment of black troops raised in South Carolina. He saw some active service, and after being wounded at an engagement on the Edisto River was discharged for disability in October, 1864. He lived at Newport, R. I., for some years, but is now living in Cambridge.

Colonel Higginson's ability as a writer was first generally recognized in his essays contributed to the early numbers of the "Atlantic Monthly." They were mostly upon out-door life and athletic sports, and were directed strongly against the pre-

vailing effeminacy and want of physical energy among clergymen and other scholars. These essays were collected in 1863, with the title of "Outdoor Papers." There are few volumes in our time that have so many exquisite passages of description, so much masculine thought, and such a hearty, cheerful tone. We may add that in the purity and beauty of his style Colonel Higginson is surpassed by very few living writers. "Malbone: An Oldport Romance," reprinted also from the "Atlantic," appeared in 1869; "Army Life in a Black Regiment" in 1870; "Atlantic Essays" in 1871; "Oldport Days" (1873); "Young Folks' History of the United States" (1875); "Young Folks' Book of American Explorers" (1877); "Short Studies of American Authors" (1879); "Common Sense about Women" (1881); "Margaret Fuller Ossoli" (1884); "Wendell Phillips," a biographical essay (1884); "A Larger History of the United States" (1885); "The Monarch of Dreams" (1886); "Hints on Writing and Speech-making" (1887); "Travellers and Outlaws" (1888); "The Afternoon Landscape: Poems and Translations" (1889); "The New World and the New Book" (1891). He edited the "Harvard Memorial Biographies," in two volumes, being the lives of the Harvard graduates who fell in the late war. This is an enduring monument of his patriotic feeling, good judgment, and literary skill. He published a translation of Epictetus in 1865. He is a frequent contributor to several leading periodicals, particularly the "Woman's Journal."

In literary or critical dissertation Colonel Higginson shows keen insight and strong impulse, with delicacy of treatment. The "Short Studies" are marvels of acuteness and grace; the estimates are so just and the style so fascinating that the reader regrets their brevity, and wishes they might embrace the principal authors of the century. "The New World and the New Book" is a collection of literary essays which it would be hard to parallel on either side of the Atlantic. Their main doctrine is the necessary independence of American literature in regard to foreign critics and canons. It is the same doctrine which Emerson presented so forcibly in his oration at Cambridge on "The American Scholar." In Higginson's sentences there is a bracing influence like that of a fresh northwest wind. The book is an infinite credit to our literature, and one that will be read and quoted in after days.

Colonel Higginson is now the Historiographer of Massachusetts during the Civil War.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was born in Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824. He received his early education in a private school at Jamaica Plain, Mass. When he was fifteen years old his father removed to New York, and he was placed

in the counting-room of a merchant, where he remained only a year. In 1842 he went to the famous Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, and remained a year and a half with that fraternity, devoting his time to study and to agricultural labor. Afterward, being attracted by the intellectual society of Concord, Mass., he went there and lived with a farmer eighteen months, still pursuing his studies, while doing regular work upon the farm. In 1846 he went to Europe, and spent some years in study and travel, extending his tour to Egypt and Syria. Soon after his return to the United States, in 1850, he published his first work, "Nile Notes of a Howadji." He became connected with the New York "Tribune," and wrote letters for it from various watering-places, which were afterward collected in a volume entitled "Lotos-Eating." His second book, "The Howadji in Syria," was published in 1852. "Putnam's Monthly" was established in the same year, and Mr. Curtis was one of the original editors. For this magazine he wrote a number of delightful sketches and essays, some of which were afterward published with the title "Prue and I." A pretty rill of a story runs through it like a musical brook through a romantic valley. The lovely young matron "Prue" is the sharer in the thoughts and the reminiscences of the story-teller, as well as in his affection and measureless content. The style is as unpretentious and as lovely as the story. Its melody might easily glide into verse. The sketches are full of the best fruits of reading and travel, and preserve for us those picturesque associations of the

Old World for which we look in the note-books of tourists in vain.

"The Potiphar Papers" is the title of a volume of satirical sketches of fashionable society, published originally in "Putnam's Monthly." Mr. Curtis also published a novel called "Trumps," which was vivacious and elegant in style, but lacking in the strong dramatic interest which modern readers of fiction require.

"Putnam's Monthly" was an excellent and well-conducted magazine, but it was not very successful in a business point of view. After the failure of the original publisher, it was continued by a firm in which Mr. Curtis was a silent partner. In 1857 the house became insolvent, and in the endeavor to save the creditors from loss he sank his entire fortune.

Mr. Curtis became a public lecturer in 1853, and was eminently successful in this field. His clear thought, high moral purpose, varied experience, and glowing style, aided by his attractive presence and finely modulated voice, combined to make him one of the ablest and most popular of public speakers. In the Presidential campaigns of 1856 and 1860 he was a prominent advocate of the Republican party. In later years he was an Independent, and supported Mr. Cleveland. He was for a long time a contributor to "Harper's Monthly," in which his brief essays, under the head of "The Easy Chair," have been greatly admired. From 1857 he was the editor of "Harper's Weekly," and mainly instrumental in giving to that paper its strong positive character and its

wide reputation. He was an admirable writer, and the master of a refined and delicate style; he was also one of the most conspicuous exemplars of uprightness, high-mindedness, purity, and honor which our generation has known. He died August 31, 1892.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND was born in the city of Philadelphia, August 15, 1824, and was graduated at Princeton College, N. J., in 1845. He afterward studied at the universities of Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris. He studied law on his return, and was admitted to the bar, but never practised the profession. He was a frequent contributor to the "Knickerbocker Magazine" and other periodicals. He published "The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams" in 1855; "Meister Karl's Sketch Book" in 1856. This has long been a favorite with scholars. Washington Irving said that he always kept "Meister Karl" by him to nibble at, like a bit of old cheese, or a pot of *pâté de foie gras*. It was in the same year (1856) that Leland wrote the ballad of "Hans Breitmann," which went everywhere as on wings. Some years later he followed this with the adventures of Breitmann as a "bummer" (camp-follower) with the army of General Sherman, — included with the Breitmann ballads. His literary work, as we shall

see, rests on solid foundations; but it is to the fortunate hit made by these ballads in the Pennsylvania dialect that he owes his extended fame.

The variety of his labors makes it difficult to give a satisfactory account of this author, or a full list of his Works. He seems to be equally at home in most modern languages, having read essays before learned French and German societies in their own tongues. His translation of Heine's "Reisebilder" has had great success. He has studied the language and history of the English Gypsies, and has also published a collection of Anglo-Romany ballads. He wrote "Ye Book of Copperheads," a satire that was greatly admired by Abraham Lincoln; also a pamphlet upon "Centralization *vs.* State Rights." In 1870 he wrote upon France, Alsace, and Lorraine,—some of the sentences from which were repeated verbatim by Prince Bismarck on a public occasion. Other miscellaneous productions are his "Life of Abraham Lincoln," "The Egyptian Sketch Book," "Sunshine in Thought," "The Algonquin Legends of New England," "The Music Lesson of Confucius," and other poems. But during the last ten years his efforts have been devoted mainly to works on education, on which subject he has developed a theory of training the faculties, including the memory. He has also written manuals upon Industrial and Decorative Art, and evidently regards this group of books the important work of his life.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS was born in Medway, Mass., July 30, 1822. His early boyhood was passed in Boston. The education he received was wholly in the public schools. He was an excellent scholar, and was noted among students for his facility and force in writing "compositions." At the age of 21 he began teaching, and the next year was master of a grammar school in Dorchester. After three years' service he resigned, and made an extended tour of the country. Consciously or unconsciously, he was gathering materials for his stories, of which the first appeared in 1854. In 1860 he was headmaster of the Boylston School, and remained in service until 1865, when he quitted the profession to devote himself to his chosen work, — writing stories for youth. It was a time when pseudonyms were in fashion: *e. g.* "Alfred Crowquill," "M. A. Titmarsh," "George Eliot," "Paul Creyton," and "Meister Karl;" and Mr. Adams, having seen an amusing character, Doctor Optic, in a popular play, chose for his pen-name "Oliver Optic," by which he has been known ever since.

Mr. Adams's first series of stories was called "The Boat Club," and was instantly received with favor. Since that time (1854 to 1892) he has written more than one hundred volumes, besides more than a thousand short stories for periodicals. His mental habit is one of close observation, followed by me-

thodical study and unflagging industry. The scenes in his books are scattered all over the world; but he has personally visited every one, and laid the foundations of his stories on facts. He has not had to draw on his imagination for scenery, manners, or character.

The writer remembers hearing Mr. Adams at a literary club give his impressions of Stockholm, without written notes. The descriptions followed in due order, and in fluent language that could have been printed without change. It was an impromptu essay, extremely interesting and beautiful; and it was simply the result of a careful reproduction of what his memory had stored. From this it was easy to see how he has been able to produce such a multitude of books.

It is admitted that Oliver Optic's books are "exciting." If they were not they would not be read; boys do not willingly take up prosy descriptions or didactic essays. But they are not unhealthy, and do not violate probabilities any more than is inevitable in all fictions conceived as dramas with plots. His boys are wholesome, natural creatures, with good impulses and bad, — with graces, foibles, noblenesses, and faults. The moral standard is always high. He exposes and rebukes selfishness, envy, detraction, and brutality, and shows that the only life worth living is one animated by high principles and devoted to doing good. His style has a fluid excellence and lucidity with continued animation, but is not often touched by the high lights of a poetical

imagination,—“not too bright or good for human nature’s daily food.” It is a style best adapted to the work he has chosen to do. His stories draw and hold the attention of young readers, and all his pictures are faithful and impressive.

As a proof that this author’s power is not exhausted, it may be stated that his last books, “The Blue and the Gray” (six volumes), have met with greater success and have been more generally praised than any series preceding. The total sales of his books have reached a million and a half copies. If such an author does not occupy a distinguished place in literature, he is at least a great public benefactor, and will be remembered with gratitude by generations of boys.

Mr. Adams was married in 1846, being then 24, and has lived for fifty years in Dorchester, now a part of Boston. Three daughters were born to him, one of whom died in infancy, one in 1884, and the third is the wife of Mr. Sol. Smith Russell, comedian. Mrs. Adams died in 1885.

BENJAMIN WEST BALL.

BENJAMIN WEST BALL was born in Concord, Mass., January 27, 1823. His childhood and early youth were passed in his native town, and afterward in Groton, where he attended the Lawrence Academy, and was prepared for Dartmouth College. After completing his course he spent his time in cultivating the acquaintance and studying the philosophy of Emerson, his illustrious townsman. He wrote of himself later: "It was my good fortune to have lived in my boyhood and youth in such beautiful New England towns as Concord, Harvard, and Groton, almost under the shadow of Wachusett Mountain. If I have any of the *mens divini* of a poet, it was kindled and nurtured by the scenery of those towns."

In 1851 Mr. Ball published his first volume of poems, wholly Greek in thought and inspiration. He says he was almost a pagan at the time, — a Greek of the age of Pericles, — but became a modern under the influence of Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson, and Dickens. He studied law with the hero of Lowell's well known ballad, that

John P.

Robinson, *he* [who]

Says he won't vote for Guv'ner B.

After practising law two years he was married to Miss Dollie S. Hurd, of Rochester, N. H., where he established his home. He was editor of a newspaper

during the Frémont campaign of 1856, and afterward a Washington correspondent. He contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" and other periodicals articles upon Greek history, poetry, and philosophy, and became known as an eminent scholar. The incidents of his life were few; and, as he said, his autobiography would only be a record of his mental development, — as he was a book-worm, a man of ideas.

In 1892 a collection of Mr. Ball's poems was made and published, with an introduction by Frederick F. Ayer. To all intellectual men, and more especially to those who have been influenced by Greek culture, it is a volume full of deep interest. It deals with the great problems of human existence, and lifts the minds of readers to the serene heights where Goethe and Emerson live. Ball is probably more purely philosopher than poet, and, without being precisely a pantheist, appears to incline to the views of Spinoza, the man of divinest, purest life in recent centuries. That he is more philosopher than poet is evidenced both by his chosen subjects and their treatment. In this he resembles Emerson. Both however vary their moods, and sometimes sing of the bright things of earth. Emerson gave us the fresh pictures of birds and blossoms in "May Day;" and Ball in "Morgenroth" and "Abendroth," in the "Crow-Caucus," the "Quail," the "August Crickets" and others, shows how intimate are the ties which bind him to Nature, and with what alert senses he walks abroad. Sometimes his blank verse seems to be merely prose, or

like a poorly built wall, ready to tumble down; but there are few of his poems which are not pervaded with the immortal spirit.

Why purely intellectual poetry is so little read is a problem. Landor, a great man and a great artist, is seldom quoted. After New England's immortal Five, few poets have a better claim than Ball. But, like an eagle, his flights are in the upper regions; and the bright and tuneful birds in the trees near by attract more attention. Certainly no one can read his poem in memory of Emerson, or that rather daring but suggestive dialogue between the Gods, without feeling his power of thought and nobility of expression.

Is Fame given to caprice? Perhaps not; and perhaps the drawback with Ball is in the want of sunlight in his nature. It is true he is seldom joyous; but on the other hand he is never morbidly sad, nor — what is worse — sentimentally melancholy. His verse is serious, as life is serious, — as the mighty past and the unknown future are serious. Within the limits of his temperament he is cheerful, and he often seeks to adorn his weighty thought with stately or glowing and inspiring words.

In person he is tall, broad-shouldered, with plain yet clear-cut and expressive features, and a look of quiet energy in his pale blue eyes. His large frame and resolute face might indicate a man to push his way, but in fact he is shy and retiring, and spends most of his time away from the busy world.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY was born in Boston, September 15, 1824, was married in the year 1843 to Mr. Seth D. Whitney, and has since lived in Milton, Mass. She published a poem entitled "Footsteps on the Seas" in 1857; "Mother Goose for Grown Folks," in 1859; "Boys at Chequasset," in 1862; "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," in 1863; "The Gayworthys," in 1865; "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," in 1866; "Patience Strong's Outings," in 1868; "Hitherto," in 1869; "Real Folks," in 1872; "We Girls: A Home Story;" "The Other Girls;" "Sights and Insights;" "Odd or Even;" "Bonnyborough;" "Homespun Yarns;" also three volumes of poems.

Mrs. Whitney's first works in prose were written for young people, but, as often happens with meritorious stories of that class, the elders also found them entertaining. Her novels seem to have grown up with her youthful characters, and have steadily increased in popularity. Their success is mainly owing, as we think, to their excellent moral qualities, their freedom from morbid sentiment, and the cheerful and practical views of life and lessons of duty they present. The scenes and characters in her book are well discriminated, and the dialogues are generally spirited and suggestive. Of the sincerity, the noble instincts, the womanly refinement manifested in such novels as "Hitherto" and "The Gayworthys," too

much cannot be said. In the art of construction, too, the author shows no common skill; and (what is the first, last, and only indispensable requisite) she has the power of making her stories interesting from the beginning. With this power and this experience occasional blemishes of style look very trivial; but elderly and friendly critics, who no longer read merely for the sake of the story, cannot help regretting them.

THOMAS STARR KING.

THOMAS STARR KING was born in the city of New York, December 16, 1824. His father was a clergyman, who during the author's boyhood lived in Portsmouth, N. H., and afterward in Charlestown, Mass. He was a precocious scholar, and began at an early age to fit himself for college, but was unable to go on with his course of education on account of the straitened circumstances and failing health of his father. When his father died, the young man, then only fifteen years of age, went into a dry-goods store, and aided in the support of the family. All branches of study seemed to be in his province. He learned modern languages, read metaphysical philosophy with avidity, and rambled through literatures as through pleasant gardens. He taught school for a time while still in his minority, served a while as a clerk at the navy yard, and in his twenty-first

year was ordained a minister of the Universalist denomination in Charlestown, in the church where his father had preached. About two years later (1848) he became pastor of the Hollis Street Church in Boston. His chief energies were given to his sermons, lectures, and public addresses. His temper was enthusiastic, his manners animated and graceful, and the expression of his ideas naturally oratorical. In a very few years he became widely known and admired as a preacher and lecturer.

In April, 1860, Mr. King removed from Boston to San Francisco, to become pastor of the Unitarian church newly established in that city. His labors were not confined to his parish nor to religious teaching. The Rebellion having broken out, there was a severe struggle in California between the friends of the Union on the one side and the friends of secession and of a separate empire on the Pacific coast on the other. Mr. King entered into this contest with all the ardor of his nature, and addressed the people throughout the State. It is believed that his efforts were greatly instrumental in maintaining the sentiment of patriotism, and binding that remote region to the fortunes of the Federal Union. The value of such a service at that critical period cannot be over-estimated. He was never a very robust person, and his constant activity wore upon him, until, in the prime of his life, he yielded to a sudden attack of diphtheria. He died March 4, 1864.

Mr. King was an enthusiastic lover of the picturesque in Nature, and fond of reproducing scenery by

elaborate word-pictures. The White Mountains particularly were his delight. They appeared to have been his by right of discovery, or pre-emption. Year after year during his summer vacations he explored valleys and gorges, and scaled precipices and peaks, until he was more familiar with that region than the natives themselves. He published in a handsome quarto volume, in 1859, "The White Hills: Their Legends, Landscapes, and Poetry." The work is well illustrated from drawings by M. G. Wheelock. It is the most complete work of the kind in existence. It contains not only the necessary topographical information, but a great many descriptive passages of rare beauty, and is besides a magazine of apposite quotations. A volume of selections from his public speeches was published in 1865. A brief but interesting biography of him was written by Richard Frothingham, of Charlestown, in 1865.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR was born in Kennett Square, Chester Co., Penn., January 11, 1825. At seventeen years of age, having already some acquaintance with languages, he was an apprentice in a printing-office in his native county, and contributed verses to the newspapers. A collection of these early verses, with the title "Ximena," was published in 1844;

after which he went to Europe and travelled over the country on foot. On his return he published "Views Afoot; Or, Europe as Seen with Knapsack and Staff" (1846). He subsequently wrote for the "Literary World," and was at intervals a writer for the New York "Tribune." His connection with that paper continued to the last; it was his university and Alma Mater; a great many of his books consist of letters originally written for it. The titles of his books will show the many lands he visited. In 1849 he published "El Dorado," an account of a trip to California and Mexico; in 1854, "Journey to Central Africa;" "Lands of the Saracen;" "Visit to India, China, Loo Choo, and Japan." These last three volumes record his observations in a series of voyages and travels extending over fifty thousand miles.

In 1858 he published "Northern Travel," an account of a tour in Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland; in 1859, "Travels in Greece and Russia;" in 1867, "Colorado: A Summer Trip;" in 1869, "Byways of Europe;" in 1872, "Travels in Arabia;" in 1874, "Egypt and Iceland." He attended the picturesque millennial celebration of the settlement of Iceland.

In 1856 he began editing a "Library of Travels," in eight volumes; also a "Cyclopædia of Modern Travel," in one volume. But his literary labors were not confined to travels. The list of his Works shows his unwearied industry. He published in 1848 "Rhymes of Travel, Ballads, etc.;" in 1851, "A Book of Romances, Lyrics and Songs;" in 1854, "Poems

of the Orient;" in 1855, "Poems of Home and Travel." This last volume contained only such poems as the author then wished to acknowledge. "At Home and Abroad" appeared in 1859, and a second volume in 1862; "The Poet's Journal," in 1862; "Hannah Thurston," a novel, in 1863; "The Fortunes of John Godfrey," in 1864; a "Collection of Poems," in 1865; "The Story of Kennett," in 1866; "Picture of Saint John," in 1866; "Frithiof's Saga," in 1867; "The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln," in 1869; A new translation of Goethe's "Faust," in 1870; "Joseph and His Friends," in 1870; "Beauty and the Beast," in 1872; "The Masque of the Gods," in 1872; "Lars: A Pastoral of Norway," in 1873; "The Prophet: A Tragedy," in 1874; "A School History of Germany," in 1874; "Home Pastorals," in 1875; "The Echo Club," a book of brilliant parodies and imitations of poets, in 1876; "The National Ode at the United States Centennial Exhibition," in 1876; "The Boys of Other Countries," in 1876; "Prince Deucalion: A Lyrical Drama," in 1878; "Studies in German Literature," in 1879; "Essays," etc., in 1880. The last two works, edited by George H. Boker and Mrs. Taylor, were printed after the author's death.

It would be impossible within our narrow limits to give an account of Mr. Taylor's literary activities. The fertility of his mind can be inferred from the long and varied list of subjects on which it was employed. His first wife, to whom he was married in 1850, died within a few months. His second wife was Marie

Hansen, of Gotha, to whom he was married in October, 1857. He accompanied Commodore Perry in his important mission with the American fleet to Japan. He was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg in 1862. He delivered a course of lectures on German literature in Cornell University in 1870. In 1877 he was appointed minister to Germany. In Berlin his reputation had preceded him, and his knowledge of the language and literature gave him a position in the German capital which few of his predecessors in office had enjoyed. He died there December 19 of the same year.

Were it only for his life of enterprise, and for the additions he made to our knowledge of the world, Mr. Taylor should be held in grateful esteem. But he deserves a warmer recognition for his positive merits as a writer. His descriptions are clear and animated, and his books are weighted with but little of the ordinary traveller's burden of trivial personal details. His Oriental poems are glowing with color and instinct with passion. Aside from "Poems of the Orient," he will be chiefly remembered among poets for his faithful and admirable translation of "Faust," a work that testifies to his skill, poetic feeling, and mastery of expression. His faculties and tendencies were primarily those of a poet, but a life of such restless activity was not favorable to the crystallization of his conceptions, nor to the perfection of art. His poems in general will be read with interest and mentioned with respect; but in many of them it will be seen that they seldom contain the uplifting

thought or the newly-created phrases which attest a poet's birthright.

Of the American authors who have risen to eminence without the aid of classical education, Mr. Taylor was the most distinguished, the most broadly accomplished, and best beloved. He was tall, handsome, and dignified, and always made an impression wherever he went. The reader will see a sketch of him in Whittier's "Tent on the Beach" and "The Last Walk in Autumn." His life and works form a noble model for imitation on the part of aspiring youth.

JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY DORR.

MRS. DORR inherits the mingled blood and mental characteristics of the French, and of the New England Pilgrims. Her father, William Y. Ripley, son of a Vermont pioneer, and a lineal descendant of Governor Bradford of the Plymouth Colony, lived in Charleston, S. C., for some years, and there married Zulma De Lacey Thomas, daughter of a French refugee from St. Domingo. Their daughter, Julia Caroline Ripley, was born February 13, 1825. Mr. Ripley not long after removed with his family to New York, and in 1830 to Rutland, Vt.

Miss Ripley was married in 1847 to the Hon. Seneca M. Dorr, of New York, and lived for some years in Ghent, Columbia County. It was not until

after her marriage that her poems and stories saw the light in print. Her early efforts secured immediate recognition, and appeared in the best periodicals of the time. In 1857 Mr. and Mrs. Dorr removed to Rutland, Vt., and built a beautiful house, known as The Maples, and have ever since lived there.

Mrs. Dorr has written both prose and verse; but her fame will rest chiefly upon her poems, which have conspicuous and individual merits. Her novels had more than ordinary success, but are now out of print; the life of even a good novel is necessarily short. Her poems do not aspire to the higher regions of imagination, nor are they overweighted with philosophy; but they breathe a loving spirit, and reveal a supreme sense of beauty, — beauty in all the forms of Nature and in the human soul. Her versification is always melodious, and nearly always without fault. In particular, admiration must be given to her sonnets, which are full of feeling in natural flow, simply expressed, and always wrought with care. Sonnets in which thought and music run in parallel lines are not very common. Many poets appear to struggle with the rigid limitations, as is shown by their forced rhymes, and by what the French call *enjambment*, or the carrying over the thought into the following line, and there breaking it off with a jolting period. She is very successful also in legendary poems, and shows in them both descriptive power and dramatic art. She loves the scenery and flowers in the region of her home, and if one can judge from her poems, she must lead an ideal life.

Mrs. Dorr's published Works are "Farmingdale," a novel (1856) which reached a tenth edition; "Sybil Huntington," a novel (1869); Poems (1871); "Expiation," a novel (1872); "Friar Anselmo and Other Poems" (1879); "Daybreak," an Easter poem (1882); "Bermuda" (1884); "Afternoon Songs" (1885); "Poems: Complete Edition" (1892). The complete edition was most carefully revised, and some of the omissions were regretted by her friends.

Four sons and one daughter, Zulma De Lacey Steele, the artist, were born to Mrs. Dorr, and all are living except a son who died in infancy. The beautiful dedicatory poem to "S. M. D." shows that her husband died about the year 1885.

In personal appearance Mrs. Dorr is a woman of more than average stature, with snow-white hair, and with strong, sweet features, on which her friends see the expression of the calm, sedate New England face, lightened and brightened by the spirit of the dramatic, art-loving French.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER was born in Baltimore, Md., April 4, 1825. He received a liberal education, and studied medicine at a school in Philadelphia. He went to California in the midst of the excitement that followed the discovery of gold,

and was city physician of San Francisco in 1849. Having made a voyage to China in 1852, he was engaged as surgeon on one of the East India Company's war steamers, and served through a campaign in Burmah. On his return to this country he published an account of his experiences, entitled "The Golden Dagon; Or, Up and Down the Irrawaddi." He was a contributor to Putnam's, Harper's, the "Atlantic Monthly," and other periodicals. His papers in the "Atlantic," mostly upon traits of Oriental life, were spirited, faithful, and picturesque studies. He wrote a comedy called "The Queen's Heart," which was produced in Boston in 1858. "The New and the Old" appeared in 1859. In this work the characteristics of the miners, and of the motley elements that had congregated in California, were set forth with graphic power. In 1860 he published "Folk Songs," an admirable collection of popular poetry. During the Civil War he was engaged in other than literary pursuits, being attached to the cause of the South, and serving it as best he could. In 1867 he published a second compilation, entitled "The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship." He published in 1879 "The Beauties and Curiosities of Engraving," and in 1882 "A Portfolio of Autograph Etchings."

Mr. Palmer's present home is in New York.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD was born in Hingham, Mass., July 2, 1825. His father, a shipmaster, was lost at sea, his mother married again, and the youth went to New York to seek employment. While engaged in daily labor he read assiduously what came in his way; and after a time, having attracted the attention of Bayard Taylor and other young men interested in literature, stimulated by them he began writing for periodicals. A volume of his poems, entitled "Footprints," was published in 1849. Later, the author regarded the poems as immature, and suppressed the edition. Another volume of poems was published in 1852. Mr. Stoddard early learned what trials are in store for the man who attempts to live by literary labor, especially by writing poetry. He has been glad, as Hawthorne was, and as many others have been, to piece out his income by service in the custom-house and other public offices, by editing books, writing for newspapers, and making himself "generally useful" to publishers. His labors appear to have been fairly divided between original productions and the kind of work which painters call "pot-boilers." To this learned drudgery, however, he brought so much ability, taste, and judgment that he gave it an unwonted dignity.

Mr. Stoddard's original publications (after the two early volumes) were "Adventures in Fairy Land" (1853); "Songs of Summer" (1857); "Life of Hum-

boldt" (1860); "The King's Bell," a poem (1862); "Little Red Riding Hood," in verse (1864); "The Children in the Wood," in verse (1865); "Abraham Lincoln: An Horatian Ode" (1865); "Book of the East," containing later poems (1867); "Putnam the Brave" (1869). His editorial labors have been constant, and have covered a wide field. The most important are the revision of Griswold's once popular collections of American literature; "Melodies and Madrigals from Old Poets;" "Late English Poets;" and the Political Writings of General Nathaniel Lyon. In his earlier poems there were promising glimpses and bright suggestions, although his art was not so evident; but in the "Book of the East" the poet is seen to have attained to a fuller and fairer expression of his thought. Such poems as "Adsum," "The Country Life," and "Abraham Lincoln" may be commended without reserve for their genuine feeling, power, and finish.

Mr. Stoddard's wife, Elizabeth Barstow Stoddard (born 1823), is a poet of what might be called a masculine character, and her poems, though never greatly popular, have commanded the admiration of thoughtful readers. "Mercedes," a dramatic poem, which appeared originally in the "Atlantic Monthly," was thought by many to have been written by Emerson. Any poet might have been glad to own it. She wrote also several novels, which critics admired more than did the public.

ADDENDA

UPON SOME MOSTLY FORGOTTEN POETS.

WHOEVER undertakes to go through the literature of past centuries with a view to discover noteworthy books and to rescue them (temporarily) from oblivion, must experience perplexity and disappointment. At times the writer has felt an overpowering regret in looking back upon his unused material. The authors he had selected seemed too few to be fully representative of their age, and many of those omitted appeared to have merits not greatly below those of the chosen. What if he had, like the man in the country proverb, gone through the woods and come out with a bundle of crooked sticks ! A collection of colonial and provincial books seems a graveyard of literary aspirations and hopes. It is impossible to be gay in considering even the poorest, for a once throbbing heart is buried in each. And if every book were a tombstone, we might imagine its warning to the living poet or essayist to be that given in the familiar line of old epitaphs, —

“Such as I am so you must be !”

The editor and critic of the coming century will be rummaging in the collections of this, and will experience the

depressing sensations which attend all dealings with the dead. And what a task he will have !

A notable collection, now out of print but accessible in libraries, is Kettell's "Specimens of American Poetry," in three volumes, published in 1829. The editor apparently left nothing in the form of verse unnoticed, so that as a whole the work is dreary; but it contains many things which appeal to a reflecting reader. Of the "poets" whom he enumerates the best are cited in our Introduction. But it may be well to refer to a few other names and specimens. Imperfection, lack of inspiration, and want of taste are evident in nearly every one; but the difference between the point of view in 1829 and that of 1893 is instructive. We are constantly warned while reading fourteenth century literature that allowances are to be made for the unformed state of the language and for the inexperience of versifiers. American poets in the colonial period were a century behind their English contemporaries, and they are fairly entitled to some indulgence.

The crabbed verses of COTTON MATHER, and those of his clerical brethren, need not detain us. The ample specimens in Kettell from Mrs. ANNE BRADSTREET seem to us fresh, melodious, and almost Spenser-like after we have been jolted over Mather's wretched metres:—

"Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm
Close sat I by a goodly River's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm:
A lonely place with pleasures dignified.
I once that loved the shady woods so well
Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,
And if the sun would ever shine, there I would dwell."

Then we can follow with some pleasure the verses addressed to Mrs. Bradstreet by JOHN ROGERS, President of

Harvard College. They are not so good as the lady's, — in fact, seem rather frisky to modern readers, — but they have some merit.

BENJAMIN TOMPSON is among the forgotten, — a Boston schoolmaster, and author of a poem on King Phillip's War: the first poem of any mark written by a native. It will be remembered that Anne Bradstreet was born in England. The poem is a curiosity, but need not detain us.

JOHN SECCOMB, another native, wrote a poem, which was published in the "Gentleman's Magazine" (London), in 1732. ROGER WOLCOTT, of Connecticut, wrote in verse a long narrative of the Pequot War. BENJAMIN TOLMAN, an able preacher, wrote upon the Translation of Elijah. Kettell says that he is "far above his contemporaries in refinement of thought and language;" and he inclines to believe that "had he cherished the Muse with more fondness and attention, she would have bestowed her favors on him with a liberal hand." Doctor Tolman's daughter, JANE TURELL, made a paraphrase of a psalm and an imitation of Horace. The Rev. JOHN ADAMS wrote fluently in verse, but without poetic fire.

In Pennsylvania appeared THOMAS GODFREY, who served in the expedition against Fort Duquesne. He cultivated the Muses, and produced "The Court of Fancy," a smooth and tuneful imitation of Chaucer's "House of Fame." His friend, NATHANIEL EVANS, wrote an "Ode on the Prospect of Peace" (1761). It is in the Georgian style, with personifications, and sonorous names from mythology and ancient geography, — almost rivalling the rumble of Sir Richard Blackmore. There are, however, gleams of poetry in his lines, with occasional "bits" of melody and evidences of idyllic feeling.

Little remains of the keen old tory, MATHER BYLES, or of his emulous townsman JOSEPH GREEN, except a few jokes and a reputation for pleasant wit. We need not call back from the shades BENJAMIN CHURCH or JAMES ALLEN, whose heroics were the talk of Boston. Their verses have all the ear-marks of Pope without any part of his genius. As FRANCIS HOPKINSON'S fame is secure by his trembling signature of the Declaration of Independence, he may be less solicitous as to the fate of the "Battle of the Kegs," and of his other mildly facetious poems. Shall we call up DAVID HUMPHREYS or LEMUEL HOPKINS? No; let them sleep with their monotonous verse.

We may pause, however, over the beautiful brief stanzas of ST. GEORGE TUCKER, of Virginia: —

"Days of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

"Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you have been;
Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

"Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God."

We can glance also with pleasure at the happy inspiration of JOSEPH HOPKINSON, —

“Hail, Columbia, happy land,” —

our national hymn, if we have any.

We pass over the poems of MERCY WARREN (daughter of James Otis, the orator), for, beyond smooth versification and good sense, their merits are small; yet she had a great reputation in her day. ROYALL TYLER appears to have been quite constantly before the public with his ready-made verse, which recalled in manner only the lighter strains of Gay or Pope or Swift. ROBERT TREAT PAINE is remembered for “Adams and Liberty;” but how the stiff lines could have been *sung* may puzzle the reader.

One of the interesting things in Kettell’s collection is to find verses written in youth by authors who afterward renounced poetry and became distinguished in other fields. There is an early poem by JOSEPH STORY, the celebrated jurist, “The Power of Solitude.” It is written in the orthodox ten-syllable measure, and is not half so interesting as his later treatises on law.

GEORGE BANCROFT, too, had aspirations toward the divine art of poetry, — though the reader of his History would scarcely suspect it. He wrote a poem upon “The Fairy of the Wengern Alp,” which, though lacking in the quality of imagination necessary to vivify a fairy tale, has some fine descriptive passages. The poem recalls the stupendous view of the Jungfrau, the Eiger, the White Monk, and their dazzling brethren, as presented from the green summit of the Wengen; also the glacier of Grindelwald, the airy fall of the Staubbach, and the great hall of Lauterbrunnen. Few tourists have given such striking pictures; and for the sake of these we forgive the rather tedious divagation of the “fairy” legend. A small volume of Mr. Bancroft’s poems was published in 1822.

An instance of the transitoriness of fame is given in the career of THOMAS G. FESSENDEN. His poems were exceedingly popular at the beginning of this century, and ranged "from grave to gay." He was happiest in light and facetious verse; but some serious pieces, like his "Elegy on the Death of Washington," were greatly admired. He has now become a shadow of a name.

JOHN SHAW, in his pensive stanzas upon "An Autumnal Flower at Malta," reveals to us a nature keenly alive to the feeling of poetry, and makes us see how much beauty is continually wasted, not only in falling flowers and leaves, but in human lives. But, no! not wasted; the life of John Shaw, though unknown to succeeding generations, must have been a blessing to the circle of which he formed a part.

Occasionally in following Kettell, our rather prosy guide, we come upon a poem or passage which challenges our attention. Some such attraction stops us at the "Romance" of WILLIAM B. WALTER. It is in Pope's measure, of course, but with springy, elastic lines and well chosen words. We see that the author had faith in himself, and was waiting for posterity and fame. He glances over earth, and embraces time past, present, and to come. On goes the smoothly moving cohort of heroics, and the reader sometimes has hopes. But, no! they do not carry the heights; they sink, they fall, and here in this region of perpetual slumber they rest.

Among other surprises is to find a poem by WASHINGTON IRVING, "The Falls of the Passaic," the only one, it is said, he ever published. It is smooth and often beautiful; but it is evident that he would have won no renown as a poet comparable to that which crowned him as the author of "The Sketch Book."

A similar reflection comes after reading JAMES K. PAULDING'S poem, "The Backwoodsman."

A contemporary estimate of Mrs. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY (see page 86) is instructive. Kettell gives twenty pages to specimens of her verse, and ranks her with Mrs. Hemans and Bryant.

Most impressive and pathetic is the thought which comes in reading passages of "Yamoyden" by ROBERT C. SANDS. It is evident that the author looked on Nature and life with ardently appreciative eyes; that he felt the beauty of morning, and the sights and sounds of wood and lake, as keenly as did the greatest of our poets. The objective elements of poetry are all in his verse, but the creative power of the poet was not his. He could sketch what he saw, but could not create the before unperceived. His soul must have been tortured by the limitations of his brain, and by surging emotions he was destined never to express. Not a poet, but in full view of a poet's domain; burning with desire, yet unsatisfied; master in his own soul of the realm of Nature, but powerless to take possession and show his title.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH will long be remembered by "The Old Oaken Bucket," — a poem with a single scene, but linked with all memories of country life. Prosaic pumps have displaced the simple old-fashioned apparatus, but in every boy's mind it is still the bucket "dripping with coolness" which rises from the well.

Equally fortunate was FRANCIS S. KEY with his "Star Spangled Banner." He appears to have written little else, but the pulses of Americans will thrill for centuries to come when that inspired song is heard.

And who was HENRY PICKERING? Does any one know

or read his verse? Yet his poems have much mild beauty, quite as much as the poems printed in magazines of to-day. Has the world been unjust to Pickering, or is it lenient to modern versifiers?

And SARA JOSEPHA HALE, high-priestess of Apollo, sister of the Muses, when the *Lady's Book* and the gorgeous *Annual* flourished! It would be vain to attempt an enumeration or an estimate of her tales and her books of verse.

We must pass over Governor ENOCH LINCOLN's rural "Village" and JOHN C. MCCALL's "Troubadour," and must barely mention the poems of NATHANIEL APPLETON HAVEN. Evidently in his day he was considered a poet, for at his death in 1826 was published a selection from his Works, with a memoir by Professor Ticknor. But the specimens given by Kettell are quite inferior to those of many of the unknown whose dead and dry remains we are contemplating.

If beauty, grace, and refined taste were enough to give life to poetry, then should GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE be remembered as a poet. But with the exception of a few fortunate hymns, such as "Softly now the light of day," his verses are wholly neglected. Still, the reader following Kettell, as an antiquarian would follow Old Mortality, must pause long enough to sigh over the wreck of so many high hopes.

Kettell now and then is touched by a sudden enthusiasm, and then he lifts his voice and prophesies. JAMES A. HILLHOUSE was an object of his admiration, — Hillhouse, the author of "Hadal, a Dramatic Poem," and of "Judgment, a Vision;" and after some preliminary discussion, he places Hillhouse among the great masters of poetic art. But what has become of Hillhouse?

ALBERT G. GREENE, of Providence, is posed by Kettell as

a serious poet ; and a solemn extract from a solemn poem is printed in evidence. But Greene has a sounder title to our regard as the author of an Address to the Weathercock, and of the well known ballad of " Old Grimes."

WILLIAM H. BRADLEY, Doctor of Medicine, also of Providence, was touched by the fever of imitation, and made some stanzas with grotesque and amusing rhymes quite in the style of Byron's " Beppo." Still, Byron is read and Bradley is not.

In his third volume Kettell approves of RICHARD H. DANA and of JAMES G. PERCIVAL, and gives numerous specimens of their poems.

EDWARD EVERETT was another writer of prose who was the author of one fine poem. His " Dirge of Alaric " is full of vigor, and is wrought with admirable art.

It would seem that when oblivion has closed over a poem or romance no human power can draw it from its repose. MARIA A. BROOKS, of Medford, Mass., wrote a poem entitled " Zophiel," which was much admired. She was patronized by Southey, who christened her Maria del Occidente. But " Zophiel " passed into the silences, and of the beautiful Maria only one passionate song survives, —

" Day in melting purple dying," etc.

Lately a lady of critical ability, — herself a poet of some reputation, — undertook to resuscitate " Zophiel," and to interest the public in the forgotten favorite of old days. " Zophiel " appeared for a moment, but only as a dim shade, and again faded from view.

One well remembered poem is often enough to preserve a name ; and EDWARD COATES PINKNEY, of Maryland, has left a " Health " which defies time : —

" I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone."

The memory of the sentiment lingers even when the words have become dim.

If ever a mortal needed elbow-room it was JOHN NEAL. He hustled through the world, and accomplished much, such as it was, — many novels, many poems, and much criticism. He was furiously in earnest, and from his very audacity drew much attention. Kettell calculated (1829) that Neal's published writings were enough to fill fifty duodecimo volumes; and he lived long after that, to write. Yet of all his novels and of all his poems not one lives to show what manner of man he was. Schoolboys remember him on declamation days, when they hear his description of the "fierce gray bird with a sharpened beak," and their elders have a tender memory of his "Birth of a Poet," in which are some fine lines.

Another single poem stands like a monument to HENRY WARE, JR., —

"To prayer! to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And Earth in her Maker's smile awakes," etc.

It shows us how far back is the beginning of BRYANT'S well-earned fame when we find in Kettell so many of his familiar and beautiful poems. It is sometimes difficult to believe that our favorites were known and admired before 1829. Kettell's specimens are "The Ages," "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl," "The Murdered Traveller," "An Indian Story," "Hymn to the North Star," "Song of the Stars," "Autumn Woods," "The Close of Autumn."

If there were space, mention might be made of SAMUEL WEBBER, who wrote "Logan, an Indian Tale," in octosyllabic verse, running as smoothly as Scott's; of LEVI FRISBIE, whose lines are instinct with feeling; of Mrs. LITTLE, who wrote a poem upon a New England Thanksgiving.

Occasionally the writer is tempted to confess an error of judgment, a short-coming, in respect to some poet who should have had a place in this collection. If there is such an error, it is in regard to JOHN G. C. BRAINERD. Reading in Kettell once more Brainerd's "Fall of Niagara," it seems poor amends to quote, but it is the only amends left. This is the poem : —

"The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from His 'hollow hand,'
And hung His bow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake
'The sound of many waters,' and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

"Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh, what are all the notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet by thy thund'ring side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? A light wave
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might."

His poem is little less than sublime. And his "Epi-
thalamium," how simple and exquisite!

"I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun," etc.

His autumn meditation catches the eye : —

"The dead leaves strew the forest walk,
And withered are the pale wild-flowers," etc.

Every line reveals the soul of a poet. Yes, Brainerd deserves an honored place, rather than mere mention in the Addenda. Born in New London, Conn., in 1796, he was an early victim to consumption, and died in his native place in 1828. Whittier edited his poetical remains with loving care. They are not many, but they prove his birth-right, and ought to preserve his memory.

"Sunrise from Mount Washington" by RUFUS DAWES. Is this poem known to any of the legion of versifiers of our time? The Muse of Dawes is sometimes a trifle fantastic, but few word-painters of scenery have surpassed this vivid picture.

Other names appear. SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD was mentioned with admiration sixty years ago. His possibilities were thought to be great. And HANNAH F. GOULD, — her verses were in all the newspapers and in all the reading books.

As to LONGFELLOW, Kettell gives him a place, but judiciously forbears comment upon his merits. "He is now in Europe," says the editor.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE, the witty editor of the Louisville "Journal," is recalled, with his strings of easy rhymes and his amateurish worship of beauty. Prentice was once a name and a power, and made and unmade reputations.

The dainty N. P. WILLIS is highly praised by Kettell, not without caution as to the need of sharp revision of careless verses. There are many specimens given, mostly of "Scripture Scenes," and no end of good wishes.

The editors of that early time — especially in Boston — appear to have been mostly poets. We can only give a few names: JAMES W. MILLER, of the Boston "Literary Gazette;" JAMES G. BROOKS, of the New York "Morning

Courier ;" FREDERIC S. HILL, of the Boston "Daily Advertiser ;" CHARLES J. LOCKE, editor of the Boston "Spectator ;" and OLIVER C. WYMAN, of Boston, a writer for newspapers.

EMMA C. EMBURY, the fair "Ianthé," was one of the circle of writers who sustained the fashion-plate magazines : how familiar their names to men of sixty !

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK was one of the editors of the old Knickerbocker Magazine, a periodical which *absorbed* more than its editors created.

More forgotten names arise. Here is GRENVILLE MELLEN, of whom Kettell says : "He is a writer of fertile imagination, and is peculiarly happy in the expression of tender and delicate sentiment."

WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, a clergyman of Springfield, Mass., wrote poems which once were quoted. Most elderly readers remember his "Hymn of Nature," —

"God of the earth's extended plains," etc.

In the poems of JOSEPH H. NICHOLS there are passages which might be worth quoting, although the name is wholly lost.

But here is GEORGE LUNT, a scholar, a poet, and an able man, who lived on into our own times. He had the poetic instinct, and he wrought his verses with care. If he did not achieve fame it was not for want of aspiration. His verse was always creditable and sometimes admirable ; but the great works which Fame crowns were not his.

We pass over GEORGE P. MORRIS, so long the associate of Willis, and the Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL, with his sweet and saintly thoughts. We see the name of RICHARD HENRY WILDE, and remember his pensive stanzas, beginning,

"My life is like a summer rose."

We come upon the name of WHITTIER, the last in the third volume ; and though he was then young, with his work and his renown all before him, it is pleasing to read the opinion of Kettell that "his verses show a more than common maturity of powers."

Adieu to Samuel Kettell ! Who could take up his task where he left it, and give us specimens from the innumerable verse-makers since 1829 ?

It has been stated before that often no clear line of division is possible between the authors chosen for this work and those who have been omitted. Among the latter are some whose absence will be regretted by many. One is JONES VERY, a rare and delicate genius who ought to be better known. Another is DAVID A. WASSON, a man of varied powers, and the author of strong and stimulating verse. In conception he is among the great ; in execution he is faulty almost beyond remedy. He attains to conventional measure and rhyme by evident effort, and few of his pieces can be read melodiously. He was not *master* of versification, but was enslaved and often crippled by it. Those who read for the thought will not mind these defects ; but the defects are a fatal bar to popularity, and, in the end, to recognition among the accepted poets. Mr. Wasson was also an essayist of the school of Emerson, and was held in high esteem by a large circle of admirers.

Another of the Emersonian group was JOHN WEISS, a brilliant man, who wrote the Life of Theodore Parker, and did other excellent work.

A friend reminds us of a notable omission in this retrospect, — that of ISAAC McLELLAN, a poet still living, who was born in Portland, Me., in 1806, and was associated in early days as a writer with N. P. Willis, and with C. Gaylord

Clarke of the "Knickerbocker." His life has been full of literary activity, and the respect in which he is held shows that he has written well. To outlive early fame is almost like moving away from one's shadow. Yet how rarely poetry survives even half of man's allotted three-score-and-ten!

The novel is necessarily ephemeral, and very few writers of fiction are remembered beyond their generation. Were all the authors of this class included, the size of this volume would be doubled. Many meritorious writers of historical and other works are omitted for the reason that they have not left any permanent mark upon literature. No man makes such a mark except by virtue of some individual, characteristic qualities of style. The more closely a writer follows conventional forms the sooner oblivion falls upon him.

After more than thirty years' reading, and with a sincere desire to choose the best, it is with diffidence that the writer pens the last word. There are so many things which remain in doubt. Another editor might omit many of the "Builders" and bring in as many others. But, on the whole, for a well-read public of average intellect and taste, the writer believes this to be a fair selection, and perhaps as good as could be made within the present limits.

I N D E X.

	PAGE		PAGE
ADAMS, John	47	Dwight, John Sullivan	192
Adams, William T.	266	Dwight, Timothy	52
Alger, William R.	256		
Allston, Washington	64	EDWARDS, Jonathan	40
Ames, Fisher	57	Ellis, George Edward	205
Audubon, John James	66	Emerson, Ralph Waldo	120
		Everett, Edward	91
BALL, Benjamin West	269		
Bancroft, George	108	FIELDS, James T.	217
Barlow, Joel	53	Franklin, Benjamin	44
Beecher, Henry Ward	189	Frothingham, Octavius B.	250
Bird, Robert M.	126	Fuller, Margaret	161
Boker, George H.	255		
Brooks, Charles Timothy	194	GODWIN, Park	210
Brownson, Orestes A.	125	Greene, Geo. Washington	171
Bryant, William Cullen	88		
Bushnell, Horace	115	HALE, Edward E.	243
		Halleck, Fitz-Greene	96
CARY, Alice	238	Hamilton, Alexander	55
Channing, William Ellery	67	Hawthorne, Nathaniel	127
Child, Lydia Maria	118	Hedge, Frederic Henry	131
Clarke, James Freeman	159	Higginson, Thos. Wentworth	259
Cooper, James Fenimore	82	Hildreth, Richard	147
Cranch, Christopher P.	187	Hillard, George S.	150
Curtis, George William	261	Holland, Josiah G.	231
		Holmes, Oliver Wendell	152
DANA, Richard H.	81	Hopkins, Mark	117
Dana, Richard H., Jr.	207	Howe, Julia Ward	228
Dorr, Julia C. R.	279		
Drake, Joseph Rodman	95	IRVING, Washington	73
Draper, John William	183		

	PAGE		PAGE
JEFFERSON, Thomas . . .	49	QUINCY, Edmund . . .	149
Judd, Sylvester . . .	195	Quincy, Josiah . . .	59
KENNEDY, John Pendleton .	97	READ, Thos. Buchanan . .	245
King, Thomas Starr . . .	273	SARGENT, Epes . . .	199
LELAND, Charles G. . .	264	Saxe, John Godfrey . . .	209
Longfellow, Henry W . .	135	Sedgwick, Catharine M. . .	85
Lowell, James Russell . .	218	Sigourney, Lydia Huntley .	86
Lowell, Robert T. S. . .	211	Simms, William Gilmore .	133
MANN, Horace . . .	102	Sprague, Charles . . .	87
Marsh, George Perkins . .	112	Stoddard, Richard H. . .	283
Melville, Herman . . .	233	Story, William W. . .	225
Mitchell, Donald G. . .	248	Stowe, Harriet Beecher . .	184
Motley, John Lothrop . .	201	Street, Alfred Billings . .	172
PALFREY, John Gorham . .	100	Sumner, Charles . . .	178
Palmer, John W. . . .	281	TAYLOR, Bayard . . .	275
Park, Edwards A. . . .	151	Thoreau, Henry D. . . .	213
Parker, Theodore . . .	164	Trumbull, John	51
Parkman, Francis . . .	252	Tuckerman, Henry T. . .	197
Parsons, Thomas W. . . .	230	WARE, William	107
Parton, James	239	Wayland, Francis	106
Paulding, James K. . . .	62	Webster, Daniel	69
Peabody, Andrew P. . . .	181	Whipple, Edwin P. . . .	227
Percival, James Gates . .	98	White, Richard Grant . .	247
Phillips, Wendell	175	Whitman, Walt	235
Pierpont, John	78	Whitney, Adeline D. T. . .	272
Poe, Edgar Allan	167	Whittier, John G. . . .	143
Porter, Noah	174	Willis, Nathaniel P. . . .	140
Prescott, William H. . . .	103	Winthrop, Robert C. . . .	157
		Wirt, William	60
		Woolsey, Theodore Dwight	113

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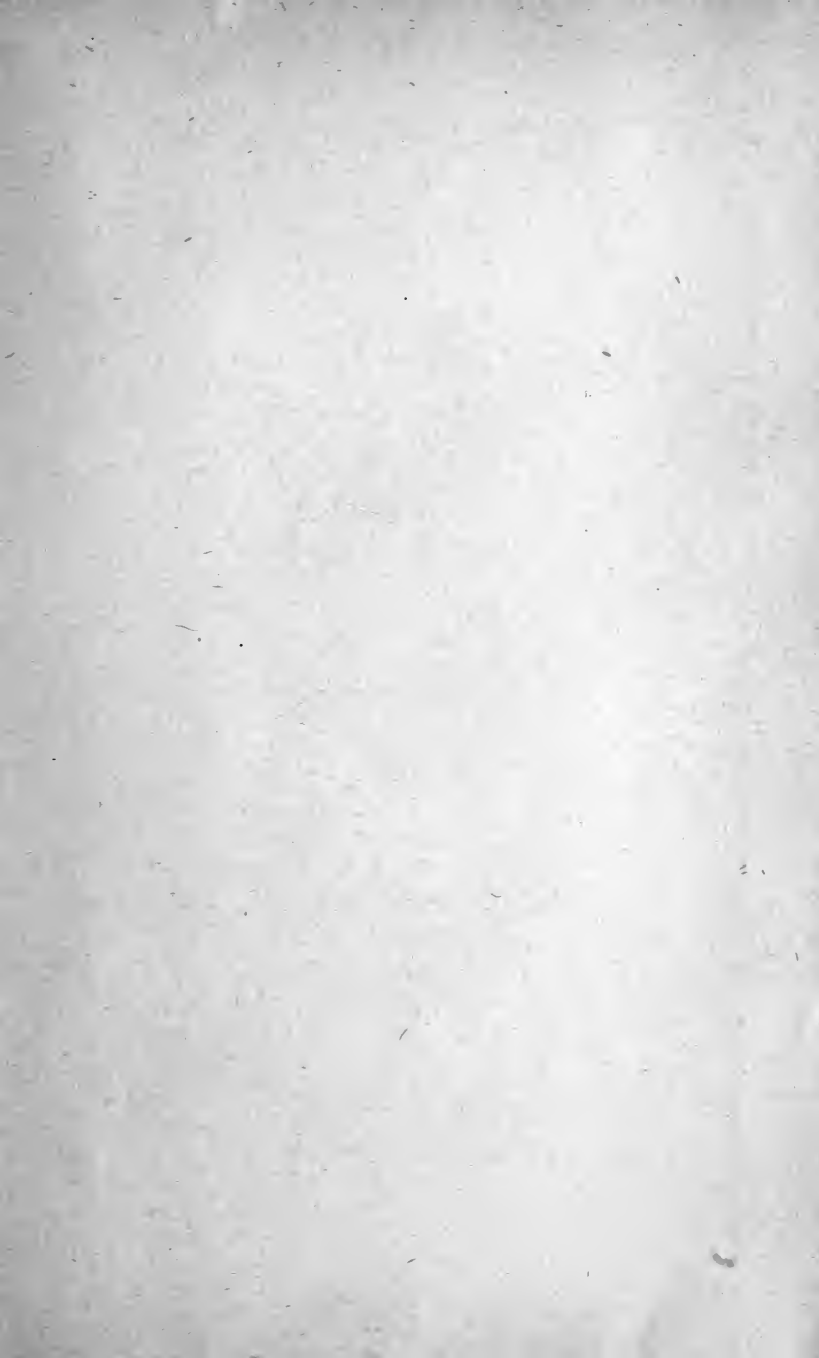
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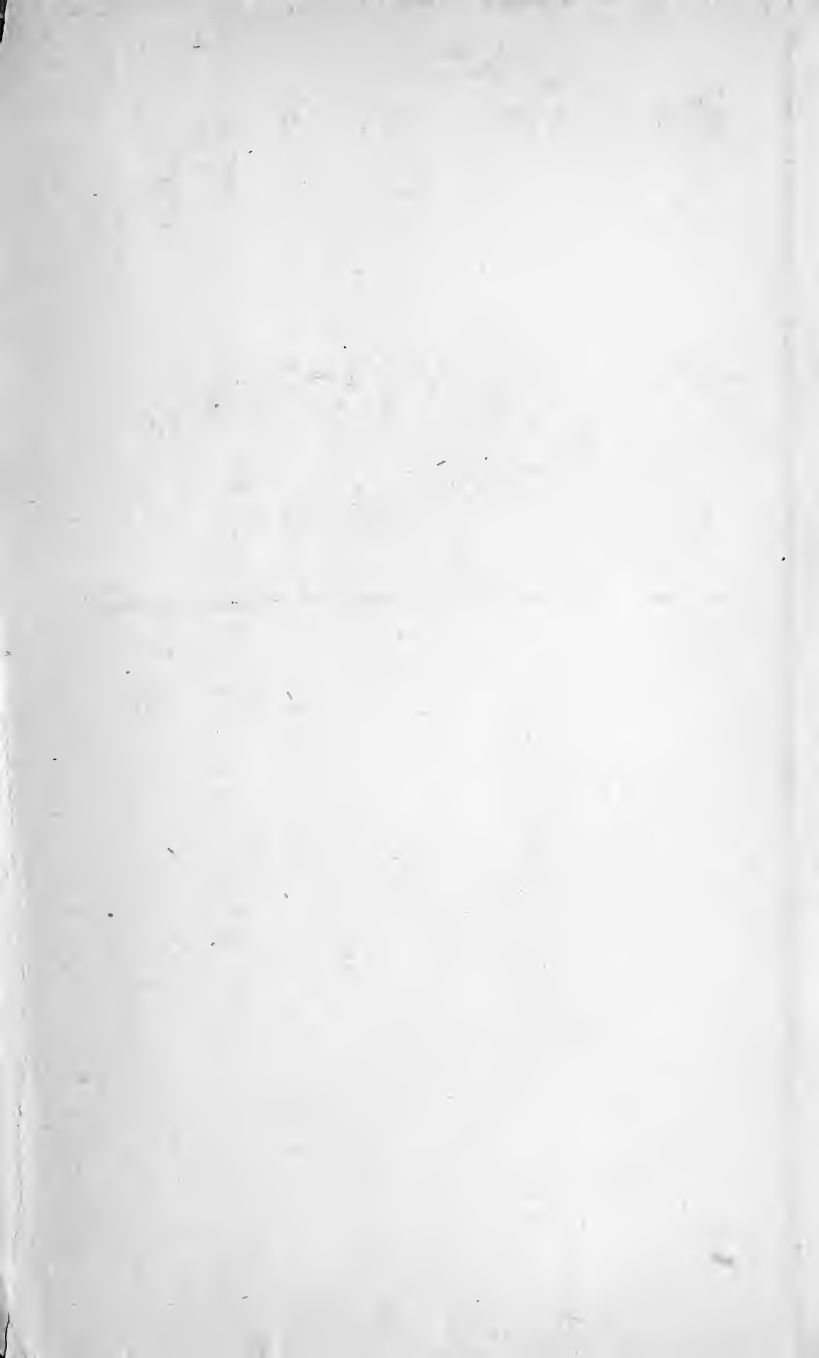
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